

• OVID'S  
METAMORPHOSIS  
ENGLISHED,

BY  
GEORGE SANDYS.

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*The Eighth Edition.*

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TO THE  
Most High and Mighty Prince  
**CHARLES,**  
King of Great Britain, France,  
and Ireland.

SIR,

YOur Gracious Acceptance of the first Fruit of my Travels, when You were our Hope, as now our Happiness, hath actuated both Will and Power to the finishing of this Piece ; being limn'd by that unperfect Light which was snatcht from the hours of the Night and Repose : For the Day was not mine, but dedicated to the Service of your Great Father and Your self ; which had it proved as fortunate, as faithful in me and others more worthy, we had hoped, e're many Years had turned about, to have presented you with a rich and well peopled Kingdom, from whence now, with my self, I lonely bring this Composure,

Inter Viētrices Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.

It needeth more then a single Denization, being a double Stranger sprung from the Stock of the ancient Romans, but bred in the New World, of the rudeness whereof it cannot but participate ; especially having Wars and Tumults to bring it to light, in stead of the Muses. But however unperfect, Your Favour is able to supply, and to make it worthy of Life, if You judge it not unworthy of Your Royal Patronage. Long may you live to be, as You are, the Delight and Glory of Your People ; and slowly, yet surely, exchange Your mortal Diadem for an immortal. So wishes

Your Majesties most humble Servant,  
GEORGE SANDYS.

ANTOT

Major High and Major Bins

# СЕМЯНО

Wise of Great Britain, 1865.

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## THE FIRST BOOK.

## THE ARGUMENT.

The World ferm'd out of Chaos. Man is made.  
The Ages change. The Giants Heav'n invade.  
Earth turns their Bloud to Men. Jove's Flaines clin-  
Elycaon, now a Wolf. The World is drown'd. (found  
Mankind cast Stones before. All quicquid Earth  
Renews the rest, and gives new Monsters Birth.  
Apollo Python kills. Heart wounded, loves  
Last flying Daphne! She a Laurel proves.  
Jove to make a Cow, to mask foul Deeds.  
Hermes an Herdsman, Syrinx chang'd to Reeds.  
Dead Argus Eyes adorn the Peacock's Train.  
The Cow to Jove transforms again.

O F Bodies chang'd to ether shapes I sing,  
    Assist, you Gods, (from you those Changes spring)  
And from the World's first Fabrick to these Times,  
    Deduce my never-discontinued Rhymes.

The Sea, the Earth, all-covering Heav'n unfram'd;  
One face had Nature, which they Chaos nam'd:  
An undigested Lump; a barren Load,  
Where jarring Seeds of things ill-join'd abode.  
No Titan yet the World with light adorns;  
Nor waxing Phœbe fill'd her wim'd Horns.

A

Nor

## 2 METAMORPHOSIS,

Nor hung the self-poiz'd Earth in thin Air plac'd;  
 Nor *Amphitrite* the vast shore imbrac'd.

35 With Earth was Air and Sea: The Earth unstable,  
 The Air was dark, the Sea unnavigable:

No certain Form to any one assign'd:

This That relists. For in one Body joyn'd,  
 The Cold and Hot, the Dry and Humid fight,

20 The Soft and Hard, the Heavy with the Light.  
 But God, the better Nature, this decides,  
 Who Earth from Heav'n, the Sea from Earth divides;

And purer Heav'n extracts from grosser Air.

All which unfolded by his prudent Care,  
 From that blind Mass, and happily dis-joyn'd,

25 With strifeless Peace, He to their Seats confin'd.  
 Forthwith up-sprung the quick and weightless Fire,  
 Whose flames unto the highest Arch aspire,

The next, in levity and place, is Air,

Gross Elements to thicker Earth repair,

30 f-clogg'd with Weight. The Waters flowing round  
 Politis the last, and solid *Tellus* bound.

What God soever this Division wrought,

And every part to due Proportion brought;

First, lest the Earth unequal should appear,

35 He turn'd it round in figure of a Sphear.

Then Seas diffus'd, commanding them to roar  
 With rustling Winds, and give the Land a Shore.

To those he added Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense;  
 And Rivers, whom their winding Borders fence.

40 Of these not few Earth's thirsty Jaws devour;

The rest, their Streams into the Ocean pour;

When in that liquid Plain, with freer Wave,

The foamy Cliffs in stead of Banks they lave,  
 Bids Trees increase to Woods, the Plains extend,

The rocky Mountains rise, and Vales descend.

45 Two equal Zones, on either side dispose

The measur'd Heav'ns; a fifth, more hot than those.

As many lines th' included Globe divide,

I'th' midst unsufferable Beams reside:

50 Snow Cloaths the other two: The Temperate hold  
 'Twixt these their Seats, the Heav's well mixt with Cold

As Earth, as Water upper Air out-weights;

So much deth Air, Fire's lighter balance raise.

There he commands the changing Clouds to stray;

55 There abounding terrours mortal Minds dismay;

And

- And, with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow :  
 Yet not permitted every way to blow,  
 Who hardly now to tear the World refrain,  
 60 (So Brothers jarr) though they divided reign.  
 To *Perjis* and *Sabas*, *Eurus* flies,  
 Whose Gums perfume the blushing Morn's up-rise.  
 Next to the Evening, and the Coast that glows  
 With setting *Phaebus*, flowry *Zeph'rus* blows.  
 65 In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his Reign,  
 Beneath *Bootes* and the frozen Wain.  
 The Land to this oppos'd doth *Auster* steep  
 With fruitful Showrs, and Clouds which ever weep.  
 Above all these, he plac'd the liquid Skies ;  
 Which, void of earthly Dregs, did highest rise.  
 Scarce had he all this orderly dispos'd,  
 Whenas the Stars their radiant Heads disclos'd,  
 70 (Long hid in Night) and shone through all the Skie.  
 Then, that no place should unpossess'd lie,  
 Bright Constellations, and fair-figured Gods,  
 In Heav'ly Mansions fixt their blest abodes :  
 The glittering Fishes to the Flouds repair,  
 75 The Beasts to Earth, the Birds resort to Air.  
 The nobler Creature, with a Mind possest,  
 Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.  
 That Maker, the best World's Original,  
 Either him fram'd of Seed Celestial :  
 80 Or Earth, which late he did from Heav'n divide,  
 Some sacred Seeds retain'd to Heav'n ally'd ;  
 Which with the living Stream *Prometheus* mixt,  
 And in that artificial Structure fixt  
 The Form of all th' all-ruling Deities.  
 And whereas others see with down-cast Eyes,  
 85 He with a lofty Look did Man indeu,  
 And bade him Heav'n's transcendent Glories view.  
 So that rude Clay, which had no Form afore,  
 Thus chang'd, of Man the unknown Figure bore.  
 The *Golden Age* was first ; which uncompl'd,  
 And without Rule, in Faith and Truth excell'd.  
 90 As then there was not Punishment nor Fear,  
 Nor threatening Laws in Brass prescribed were,  
 Nor suppliant crouching Pris'ners shook to see  
 Their angry Judge : But all was safe and free.  
 To visit other Worlds no wounded Pine  
 95 Did yet from Hills to fathoms Seas decline.

## METAMORPHOSIS,

Then un-ambitious Mortals knew no more,  
But their own Country's Nature-bounded Shore.  
Nor Swords nor Arms were yet : No Trenches round  
Belieg'd Towns, nor strifeful Trumpets sound :  
The Souldier of no use. In firm content  
100 And harmless Ease their happy days were spent.  
The yet free Earth did of her own accord  
(Untorn with Plows) all sorts of fruit afford.  
Content with Nature's un-enforced Food,  
They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,  
105 Sour Cornels, what upon the Bramble grows,  
And Acorns, which Jov's spreading Oak bestows.  
Twas always Spring : Warm Zephyrus sweetly blew  
On smiling Flowers, which without setting grow.  
Forthwith the Earth, Corn (un-manured) bears,  
110 And every year reviews her golden Ears,  
With Milk and Nectar were the Rivers fill'd,  
And Honey from green Holly-Oaks distill'd.  
But after *Saturn* was thrown down to Hell,  
*Jove* ruin'd ; and then the *Silver Age* betel :  
More base than Gold, and yet than Brals more pure.  
*Jove* chang'd the Spring (which always did endure)  
To Winter, Summer, Autumn, hot and cold :  
The shornted Springs the Year's fourth part uphold.  
Then first the glowing Air with fervour burn'd ;  
120 The Rain to Ice-icles by bleak Winds turn'd,  
Men Houses built, late hous'd in Caves profound,  
In plashed Bowers and Sheds with Osiers bound.  
Then first was Corn into long Furrows thrown,  
And Oxen under heavy Yoaks did groan.  
125 Next unto this succeeds the *Bronze Age* ;  
Worse-natur'd, prompt to horrid War and Rage ;  
But yet not wicked. Stubborn *H'.* is the last,  
Then blushtleis Crimes which all degrees surpast.  
The World surround, Shame, Truth and Faith depart :  
130 Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art ;  
Force, Treason, and the love of wicked gain. (strain)  
Their Sails those Winds which yet they knew not  
And Ships, which long on lofty Mountains stood,  
Then p'ow'd th' impractis'd Bosom of the Fload.  
The Ground as common earth as Light or Air,  
135 By limit-giving Geometry they share,  
Nor with rich Earth's just-nourishments content,  
For Treasure they her scatter'd Islands rent.

The

- 140 The powerful Evil which all Power invades,  
By her well hid and wrapt in Srygian shades,  
Curst Steel, more curst Gold, she now forth brought  
And bloudy-handed War, who with both fough't  
All lyd by spoll. The Host his Guest betrays;
- 145 Sons, Fathers-in Law : Twixt Brethren Love decays.  
Wives Husbands, Husbands Wives attempt to kill;  
And eruel Step-Mothers pale Poisons fill.  
The Son his Father's hasty Death desires:  
Foul'd Piety, trod under Foot, expires.
- 150 Afries, last of all the Heav'ly Birth,  
Afrighted leaves the Bloud-defiled Earth.  
And that the Heav'ns their safety might suspect,  
The Giants now Celestial Thrones affect;  
Who to the Skies congested Mountains rear.
- Then Jove with Thunder did Olympus rear;  
155 Sleep Pelion from under Ossa thrown.  
Prest with their Birthes, their huge Bodies groan,  
And with her Children's Bloud the Earth imbrûd:  
Which she, scarce throughly cold, with Life indu'd,  
And gave thereto, t' uphold her Stock, the Face
- 160 And Form of Man : A God-contemning Race,  
Greedy of Slaughter, not to be withstood;  
Such as well shew's, that they were born of Bloud.  
Which when from Heav'n Saturnius did behold,  
He sigh'd, revolving what was yet untold,
- 165 Of fell Lycaon's late inhuman Feast.  
Just Anger, worthy Jove, inflam'd his Breast,  
A Synod call'd, the summoned appear.  
There is a Way well seen, when Skies be clear,  
The Milky way'd; by this the Gods resort
- 170 Unto th' Almighty Thunderer's high Court.  
With ever open Doors, on either hand,  
Of noble Deities the Houses stand;  
The Vulgar dwell disperit: The chief and great  
In Front of all their shining Mansions seat.
- 175 This glorious Roof I would not doubt to call  
(Had I but boldnes lent me) Heav'n's White-hall.  
All set on Marble Seats, he leaning on  
His Ivory Scptier, in an higher Throne,  
Did twice or thrice his dreadful Tresses shake;
- 180 (The Earth, the Sea, the Stars (though fix'd) quake).  
Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, spake:

## 6 METAMORPHOSIS,

- I was not more perplext in that sad time,  
For this World's Monarchy, when, bold to climb,  
The Serpent-footed Giants durst invade.
- 185 And would on Heav'n their hundred Heads have laid.  
Though fierce the Foe, yet did that War depend  
But of one Body, and had soon an end,  
Now all the Race of Man I must confound,  
Where-ever *Nereus* walks his wavy Round.  
And this I vow, by those infernal Flouds,  
Which slowly glide through silent *Stygan Woods*.
- 190 All Cures first sought; such Parts as Health reject  
Must be cut off, lest they the sound infect.  
Our Demi-Gods, Nymphs, Sylvans, Satyrs, Fawns,  
Who haunte clear Springs, high Mountains, Woods and  
(Since yet on them we please not to bellow) (Lawns,  
195 Celestial Dwellings) must subist below.  
Think you, you Gods, they can in safety rest,  
When me (of Lightning, and of you possest,  
Who both at our Imperial pleasure sway)  
The stern *Lycœn* practis'd to betray?
- 200 All bluster, and in Rage the Wretch demand.  
So when bold Treason fought with impious hand,  
By *Cæsar's* Bloud t' out race the *Roman Name*,  
Mankind and all the World's affighted Frame,  
Astonish'd at so great a Ruin, shook:
- 205 Nor thine for thee less thought, *Augustus*, took,  
Than they for *Jove*. He, when he had supprest  
Their Murmur, thus proceeded to the rest:  
He hath his Punishment; remit that Care.  
The Manner how, I will in brief declare.
- 210 The Times accus'd (but as I hop'd bely'd)  
To try, I down from steep *Olympus* slide.  
A God, transform'd like one of human birth,  
I wandred through the many-peopled Earth.  
'Twere long to tell, what Crimes of every sort
- 215 Swarm'd in all parts; the truth exceeds Report.  
Now past den-dreadful *Mænibus* confines,  
*Gyllene*, cold *Lycœus* clad with Pines,  
There where th' *Arcadians* dwell, when doubtful  
Drew on the dewy Chariot of the Night, (light  
I entered his un hospitable Court.
- The better Vulgar to their Pray'r's resort,  
220 When I by *Sigas* had shewn a God's repair,  
*Lycœn* first desides their zealous Prayer;

Then

Then said, we straight th' undoubted Truth will try,  
Whether he be immortal, or may die.

In dead of Night, when all was whist and stil,  
Me in my Sleep he purposed to kill.

225 Nor with so toul an Enterprise content,  
An Hostage murthers from *Molossia* sent.  
Part of his lever'd, scae-dead, Limbs he boils;  
Another part on hissing Embers broils;

230 This set before me, I the House o' return'd,  
With vengeful Flames, which round about him burn'd.  
He, frightened, to the silent Desart flies;

There howls, and Speech with lost endeavour tries.  
His self-like Jaws still grin: More than for Food

235 He slaughters Beasts and yet delights in Blood.  
His Arms to Thighs, his Cloaths to Bristles chang'd;  
A Wolf; not much from his first Form estrang'd.  
So hoary Hair'd, his looks so full of Rape,

So fiery Ey'd, so terrible his Shape.

240 One House that Fate, which all deserve, sustains:  
For through the World the fierce *Erimys* reigns;  
You'd think they had conspir'd to Sin. But all  
Shall swiftly by deserved Vengeance fall.

*Jesus's words a Past approve, and his Intent*

245 Exasperate; the rest give their Consent.  
Yet all for Man's Destruction griev'd appear.  
And ask, what Form the widowed Earth shall bear?  
Who shall with Odours their cold Altars feast?

Must Earth be only by wild Beasts profest?

250 The King of Gods recoraforts the Despair,  
And biddeth them impose on him that Care;  
Who propos'd, by a strange original  
Of better People, to supply their Fall.

And now about to let his Lightning fly,  
He fear'd lest so much Flame should catch the Sky.

255 And burn Heav'n's Axe-Tree. Besides, by Doom  
Of certain Fate he knew the time should come,  
When Sea, Earth, ravisht Heav'n, the curious Frame  
Of this World's Mafs, should shrink in purging Flame.

He therefore those Cyclopean darts rejects,

260 And different natur'd Punishments elects:  
To open all the Floud-Gates of the Sky,  
And Man by inundation to destroy.  
Rough Boreas in *Eolian* Prison laid,

And those dry Blasts which gathered Clouds invade,

## 8 METAMORPHOSIS.

- Out flies the South, with dropping Wings, who shrouds  
 265 His terrible Aspect in pitchy Clouds ; (Shows,  
 His white Hair streams, his Beard big-swoln with  
 Mists bind his Brows, Rain from his Bosom pours.  
 As with his Hands the hanging Clouds he crusht,  
 They rost'd, and down in Shows together rush't.
- 270 All-colour'd Iris, Jove's Messenger,  
 To weeping Clouds doth Nourishment confer,  
 The Corn is lodg'd, the Husbandmen despair ;  
 Their long Year's Labour lost with all their Care.  
 Jov. n. content with his Aetherial Rages,
- 275 His Brother's Auxiliary Flouds ingages.  
 The Streams convented ; 'Tis too late to use  
 Much speech, said Neptune ; all your Powers effuse,  
 Your Doors unbar, remove what e're restrains  
 280 Your liberal Waves, and give them the full Reins.  
 Thus charged, they return, their Springs unfold,  
 And to the Sea with headlong fury roll'd.  
 He with his Trident strikes the Earth : She shakes,  
 And way for Water by her motion makes,  
 285 Through open Fields now rush the spreading Flouds,  
 And hurry with them Cattel, People, Woods,  
 Houses, and Temples with them Gods inclos'd.  
 What such a Force (un-overthrown) oppos'd,  
 The higher-swelling Water quite devours,
- 290 Which hidesth aspiring Tops of swallow'd Tow'rs.  
 Now Land and Sea no different Visage bore ;  
 For all was Sea, nor had the Sea a Shore,  
 One takes a Hill : One in a Boat deplores  
 295 O're Corn, o're drawnd Villages he fails.  
 This from high Elms intangled Fishes hales.  
 In Fields they Anchor cast, as Chance did guide ;  
 And Ships the under-lying Vineyards hide.  
 Where Mountain-loving Goats did lately graze,
- 300 The Sea-Calf now his ugly Body lays.  
 Groves, Cities, Temples, cover'd by the Deep,  
 The Nymphae admire : In Woods the Dolphins keep,  
 And chafe about the Boughs : The Wolf doth swim  
 Amongst the Sheep : The Lion (now not grim)  
 305 And Tigres tread the Waves : Swift Feet no more  
 Avail the Harr, nor wounding Turks the Boar.  
 The wandring Birds, hid Earth long sought in vain,  
 With weary Wings descend into the Main.

Linen.

The First Book.

9

- Lascious Seas o're drowned Hills now fier,  
310 And unknown Surges airie Mountains beat.  
The Waves the greater part devour; the rest  
Death with long-wanted Sustenance opprest.  
The Land of *Phocis*, fruitful when a Land,  
• Divides *Aonia* from th' Aeian Strand;  
315 But now a part of the insulting Main,  
Of sudden-swelling Waters a vall Plain.  
There his two Heads *Parnassus* doth extend  
To touched Stars, whose Tops the Clouds transcend.  
On this *Dedication's* little Boat was thrown:  
With him his Wife: The rest all overflown.  
320 *Corycian* Nymphs and Hill-Gods he adores;  
And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.  
None was there better, none more just than he:  
And none more reverenc'd the Gods than she.  
*Tove* when he saw that all a Lake was grown,  
325 And of so many Thousand Men but one,  
One of so many Thousand Women, left,  
Both guiltless, pious both, and all bereft.  
The Clouds (now chas'd by *Boreas*), from him throws,  
And Earth to Heaven, Heaven upto Earth he shows.  
330 Nor Seas persist to rage: Their aweful Guide  
The wild Waves Calms, his Trident laid aside;  
And calls b'cu *Triton*, riding on the Deep,  
(Whose Mantle Nature did in purple steep).  
And bids him his loud-sounding shel! inspire,  
And give the Clouds a signal to retire.  
He his wreath'd Trumpet takes (as given in charge)  
335 That from the turning bottom grows more large:  
To which when he gives breath, 'is heard by all,  
From far-uprising *Phœbus* to his fall.  
When this the watery Deity had set  
To his large Mouth, and sounded a retreat;  
All Clouds it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew:  
340 And all the Clouds, that heard the same, withdrew.  
Seas now have Shores: Earth Streams their Chancels  
They link, and hills above the Waters peep. (keep  
Earth re-ascends: As Waves decrease, so grow  
The Forms of things, and late hid fig. res shew.  
And after a long day, the Trees extend  
Their bared tops; with mud their branches ben't.  
The World's restor'd. Which when in such a state,  
So deadly silent, and so desolate,

## 10 METAMORPHOSIS,

350 *Deucalion* saw, with Tears which might have made  
Another Floud, he thus to *Pyrrha* said :

O Sister ! O my Wife ! the poor remains  
Of all thy Sex, which all in one contains !  
Whom human Nature, one Paternal Line,  
Then one chaste Bed, and now like Dangers joyn !

355 Of what the Sun beholds from East to West,  
We two are all : The Sea intombs the rest.

Not yet can we of life be confident ;  
The threatening Clouds strange Terrors still present.  
O ! What an Heart wouldst thou have had, if Fate  
Had ta'ne me from thee, and prolong'd thy Date !

So wild a Fear, such Sorrows, so forlorn

360 And comfortless, how couldest thou have born ?  
If Seas had suck'd thee in, I would have follow'd  
My Wife in death, and Seas should me have swallow'd.  
O, would I could my Father's Cunning use,  
And Souls into well-modell'd Clay infuse.

365 Now all our mortal Race we Two contain,  
And bur a Pattern of Mankind remain.

This fair, both wepr, both Pray'rs to Heav'n ad-  
And seek their Oracle in their Distress. (dres,  
Forthwith descending to *Cephalus* Ficud; (Med,  
Which in known Banks now ran, though thick with

370 They on their Heads, and Garments, Water throw,  
And to the Temple of the Goddess go,  
At that time all defil'd with Moss and Mire ;  
The unfrequented Altar without Fire.

Then humbly on their Faces prostrate lay'd,

375 And kissing the cold Stones, with fear thus pray'd.  
If Powers Divine to just Desires consent,  
And angry Gods do in the end relent,  
Say, *Themis*, how shall we our Race repair ?

O, help the drown'd in Water and Despair.

380 The Goddess, with Compassion mov'd, reply'd,  
Go from my Temple ; both your Faces hide ;  
Let Garments all unbraced loofly flow ;  
And your great Parent's Bones behind you shrow.  
Amaz'd, first *Pyrrha* silence breaks, and said,

385 By me the Goddess must not be obey'd ;  
And trembling, Pardon craves : Her Mothers Ghost  
She fears would suffer, if her Bones were lost.  
Mean while they ponder, and re-iterate  
The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate.

Then

390 Then *Promethides Epimethida*

Thus recollecteth, lost in her Distress :  
Or I the Oracle misunderstand,  
Or, the just Gods no wicked thing command.  
The Earth is our great Mother ; and the Stones  
Therein contain'd, I take to be her Bones.  
These, sure, are those we should behind us throw.

395 Although *Titania* thought it might be so,

Yet she misdoubts. Both with weak Faith rely  
On aiding Heav'n. What hurt was it to try ?  
Departing with Heads veil'd and Cloaths unbrac't,  
Commanded Stones they o're their Shoulders cast.

400 Did not Antiquity avouch the same,

Who would believ't ? The Stones less hard became :  
And as their natural hardness them forsook,

So by degrees they Mans Dimensions took,

405 And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increast;

And yet not manifestly Man exprst :

But like rough-hewn, rude Marble Statues stand,

That want the Work-man's lait Life-giving hand.

The Earthy parts, and what had any Juice,

Were both converted to the Body's use :

Th' unflexible and solid turn to Bones :

410 The Veins remain that were when they were Stones.

Those thrown by Man the form of Men induc :

And those were Women, which the Woman threw.

Hence we an hardy Race, inur'd to pain :

415 Our Actions our Original explain.

All other Creatures took their numerous Birth,

And Figures from the voluntary Earth.

When that old humour with the Sun did sweeten,

And slimy Marshes grew big with Heat,

420 The pregnant Seeds, as from their Mother's Womb,

From quickning Earth both Growth and Form assume.

So when seven-Chanel'd Nile forsakes the Plain,

When ancient Bounds retiring Streams contain,

425 And late-left Slime Æthereal Fervours burn,

Men various Creatures with the Glebe up turn.

Of those, some in their very time of Birth,

Some lame ; and others half alive, half Earth.

430 For Heat and Moisture, when they temperate grow,

Forthwith conceive, and Life on things bestow.

From striving Fire and Water all proceed :

Discordant Concord's ever apt to breed.

## 12 METAMORPHOSIS,

- 435 So Earth, by that late Deluge muddy grown,  
When on her Lap reflecting *Titan* shone,  
Produc'd a world of Forms; restor'd the late,  
And other unknown Monsters did create.  
Huge *Python*, thee against her will she bred;  
A Serpent whom the new-born people dread;  
440 Whose Bulk did like a moving Mountain show.  
Behold, the God that bears the Silver Bow  
Will then inur'd to strike the lying Deer,  
Or the swift Roe, who every shadow fear.)  
That Terror with a Thousand Arrows slew,  
And through black Wounds the clouted Poison drew.  
445 Then left the well-deserved mem'ry  
Of such a Praise in future times should die,  
He instituteth celebrated Games  
Of free contention, which he *Pythia* names,  
Who ran, who wrastled best, or rak'd the ground  
With swiftest Wheels, the Oaken Garland crown'd.  
450 The Laurel was not yet: All sorts of Boughs  
*Ajax* then bound about his radiant Brows.  
*Peneian Daphne* was his first believ'd.  
Not Chance, but Cupid's Wrath, that fury mov'd.  
Whom *Delius* (proud of his late Conquest) law,  
455 As he his pliant Bow began to draw;  
And said, Lascivious Boy, how ill agree  
Thou anst these Arms, to i manly far for thee!  
Such suit our Shoulders, who e strong Arm confounds  
Both Man and Beast with never-mising Wounds;  
460 That *Python* bristled with thick Arrows quell'd,  
Who o're so many poys'ned Axes swell'd.  
Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame  
Desires we know not; nor our praises claim.  
Then *Venus* Son; Self-praised ever be:  
All may thy Bow trans-fix, as mine shall thee.  
465 So far as Gods exceed all earthly Pow'rs,  
So much thy glory is excell'd by ours.  
With that he breaks the Air with nimble Wings,  
And to *Parnassus* shady Summer springs.  
Two different Arrows from his Quiver draws,  
One Hate of Love, the other Love doth cause.  
470 What caus'd was sharp, and had a golden Head:  
But what repuls'd was blunt, and tipt with Lead.  
The God This in *Peneia* fixt: That struck  
*Apoll's* Bones, and in his Matrow stuck.

Forth

- Forthwith he loves; a Lover's name she flies :  
 And, emulating un-wed *Pharbe*, joys  
 475 In Spoils of savage-Beasts and Sylvan *Lares* ;  
 A fillet binding her neglected Hairs.  
 Her many sought : But she, averse to all,  
 Unknown to Man, not brooking such a Thrall,  
 Frequentes the pathless VVoods; and hates to prove,  
 480 Nor cares to hear, what *Hymen* is, or Love.  
 Oft said her Father, Daughter, though dost owe  
 A Son-in-law who Nephews may bestow.  
 But she, who Marriage as a Crime eschew'd,  
 (Her Face with blushing Shame fac'dneis imb'u'd).  
 485 Hung on his Neck with fawning Arms, and said,  
 Dear Father, give me leave to live a Maid :  
 This Boon *Diana's* Sire did her afford.  
 He, too indulgent, gave thee his Accord :  
 But thee thy Excellency countermands ;  
 And thy own Beauty thy desire withstands.  
 490 Apollo loves, and fain would *Daphne* wed.  
 What he desires, he hopes ; and is miss-led  
 By his own Oracles. As Stubbles burn,  
 As Hedges into sudden blazes turn,  
 Fire set too near, or leit by chance behind  
 495 By Passengers, and scatter'd with the VVind :  
 So springs he into Flames : A Fire dath move  
 Through all his Veins ; Hope faeds his barren Love.  
 He on her Shoulders sets her Hair unrest.  
 O what, said he, if these were neatly drest !  
 He sees her Eyes, two Stars, her Lips which kiss.  
 Their happy selves, and longs to last their Blis ;  
 500 Admires her Fingers, Hands, her Arms half-bare,  
 And Parts unseen conceives to be more rare.  
 Swifter than following VVinds away she runs.  
 And him, for all this his intreay shans.  
 Stay, Nymph, I pray thee, stay. I am no Foe.  
 505 So Lambs from VVolves, Hau'st fly from Lions so ;  
 So from the Eagle springs the trembling Dove :  
 They from thir Deaths, but my pursuit is Love.  
 VVot's me, if thou shoidst fall, or Thorns should race  
 Thy tender Legs, whilst I inforce the Chace !  
 510 These Roughs are craggy : Moderate thy hast ;  
 And, trust me, I will not pursue so fast.  
 Yet know who 'tis you please : No Mountaineer,  
 No home-bred Clown, nor keep I Cattel here.

From

From whom thou fly'st thou knowst not, (tilly Fool!)

515 And therefore fly'st thou. I in *Delphos* rule;

*Ionian Claros, Lycian Pataray,*

And Sea-girt *Tenedos* do me obey.

*Jove* is my Father. What shall be, hath been,  
Or is, by my instructive Rays is seen.

Immortal Verse from our Invention springs,  
And how to strike the well-concording Strings.

My Shafts hit sure: Yet he one surer found,

520 Who in my empty Bosom made this Wound.

Of Herbs I found the Virtue; and through all  
The World, they me the great Physician call.

Ay me, that Herbs can Love no Cure afford!

That Arts, relieving all, should fail their Lord!

525 More had he said, when she, nimble with Dread,

From him and his unsight Courtship fled.

How graceful then! the Wind, that obvious blew,  
Too much betray'd her to his amorous View,

And play'd the wanton with her fluent Hair.

530 Her Beauty by her Flight appear'd more rare.

No more the God will his intreaties lose,

But, urg'd by Love, with all his force pursues.

As when a Hare the speedy Grey-hound spies,

His Feet for Prey, she hers for Safety plies;

535 Now bears he up, now; now he hopes to fetch her,

And with his Snout extended strains to catch her:

Noa knowing whether caught or no, she slips

Out of his wide-stretch'd Jaws and touching Lips.

The God and Virgin in such Strife appear;

He quickned by his Hope, she by her Fear.

540 But the Pursuer deth more nimble prove,

Enabled by th' industrious Wings of Love.

Nor gives he time to breathe: Now at her Heels,

His Breath upon her dangling Hair she feels.

Clean spent and fainting, her affrighted Bloud

Forsakes her Cheeks. She cries unto the Floud,

545 Help, Father, if your Streams contain a Power.

May Earth, for too well pleasing, me devour:

Or, by transforming, O destroy this Shape,

That thus betrays me to undoing Rape.

Forthwith a numness all her Limbs posselt,

And slender Films her softer Sides invent,

550 Hair into Leaves, her Arms to Branches grow:

Her late swift Feet, now Roots, are less than slow.

- Her graceful Head a leafy Top sustains.  
 One Beauty throughout all her Form remains.  
 Still *Pharus* loves. He handles the new Plant,  
 And feels her Heart within the Bark to pant ;  
 555 Imbrac'd the Tree, as he would her have done,  
 And kist the Boughs : The Boughs his Kisses shun.  
 To whom the God, although thou canst not be  
 The Wife I wish'd ; yet shalt thou be my Tree.  
 Our Quiver, Harp, our Treasures never shorn,  
 My Laurel, thou shalt evermore adorn ;  
 560 And brows triumphant, when they *Io* sing,  
 And to their Capitol their Trophies bring.  
 Thou shalt defend from Thunder's blasting stroke  
*Augustus* Doors, on either side the Oak,  
 And as our un-cut Hair no-change receives ;  
 565 So ever flourish with unfading Leaves.  
 Here *Paeon* ends. The Laurel all allows :  
 In sign whereof her grateful Head she bows,  
 A pleasant Grove within *Aemonia* grows,  
 Call'd *Tempe*, which high ragged cliffs inclose.  
 570 Through this *Peneus*, pour'd from *Pindus*, raves,  
 And from the bottom rowsl with foaming Waves,  
 That by steep Down-falls, tumbling from on high,  
 Ingender Mills, which Smoak-like upward fly ;  
 That on the dewy tops of Trees distil,  
 And more than neighbouring Woods with Noises fill.  
 Here, in a Cave, his Court and Residence  
 575 The great Floud keeps, here Justice doth dispense  
 To Streams, and gentle Nymphs that Streams frequent.  
 The Flouds that native were with one confine  
 First thither came, as yet at self Debate,  
 Whether to comfort or congratulate.  
 580 Cool *Sperchius*, slow *Amphyrysus*, *Apidan* ;  
 Swift *Aes*, *Enipeus* that troubled ran.  
 Then forthwith those who (as their Sources bend)  
 To Seas their Waves (with Wandrings weary) send.  
 All but old *Inachis* ; who, in his Cave's  
 Obscure Recess, with Tears augments his Waves ;  
 585 For *Io* mourns as lost ; nor yet knows he  
 Whether above or under Earth she be :  
 But her, whom he not any where could find,  
 He thinks is no where : Fear distracts his Mind.  
 As from her Fathers Streams the Nymph return'd,  
*Saturnius*, seeing her, in Passion burn'd.

O Virgin worthy *Jove*, whose Bed must bide  
 590 What God I know not, though a Man no less;  
 Here in these Woods, laid he, or these, repose,  
 Whilst thus the World with fainting fervour glows.

Nor fear among the Savages to venture:

595 A God protecting, thou maist safely enter.  
 Nor one of vulgar Rank; but he that bears  
 Heav'n's Scepter, and the Clouds with Thunder bears.  
 O! Hy nor. (For she fled.) The pastures past  
 Of *Lerna*, and *Lyrcea*'s gloomy Walk,  
 He in the Air a sable Cloud display'd,  
 600 Caught, and devirginates the struggling Maid.

Meanwhile with wonder *Juno* doth survey  
 Those dusky Clouds that mode a Night of Day:  
 And finding that they neither took their birth  
 From vap'rous Streams, nor from the humid Earth,  
 605 For her mist Husband searcheth Heav'n, as one  
 To whom his Stealths so often had been known.  
 Whom when she could not find, Deceiv'd am I,  
 Or wrong'd, she said. Down from th' enauell'd Sky  
 She slides to Earth. The foggy Clouds withdraw  
 610 At her command. Her coming *Jove* foret'w,  
 And changes *Inachis* into a Cow;  
 Whose Form even *Juno* pleas'd, demanding, how  
 She thither came, whose was she, of what Herd?  
 As ignorant of what she more than fea'd.

615 *Jove* scorns (her importunity to shifte)  
 Her born of Earth. *Sarissa* begs the Gift.  
 What should he do? Be cruel to his Love?  
 Or, by denying her, Suspicion move?  
 Shame that pernades, and Love doth thus dismude,  
 But stronger Love Shame under foot hath laid.

620 Yet doubts, if he should such a thing deny  
 His Wife and Sister, twould the Fraud descry,  
 Obtain'd, not forthwith Fear the Goddess left,  
 Distrusting *Jove*, and jealous of his Threat,  
 Until delivered to *Argus* guard.

625 An hundred Eyes his Head's large circuit starr'd;  
 VVhereof by turns, at once two only slept;  
 The other watch'd, and still their Marions kept.  
 VVhich way so-e're he stands, he *Io* spies;  
*Io*, behind him, was before his Eyes.

630 By day she graz'd abroad: Sol under ground,  
 He hous'd her, in unworthy Halter bound.

- On Leaves of Trees and bitter Herbs she fed ;  
(Poor Soul !) the Earth, not always green, her Bed ;  
And of the Torrent drinks. With Hands up-heav'd  
635 She thought to beg for Pity : How deceiv'd !  
She low'd, when she began to make her Moan ;  
And trembled at the Voice which was her own.  
Unto the Banks of *Inachus* she stray'd ;  
Her Father's Banks where she so oft had play'd.  
640 Beholding in his Stream her horned Head,  
She starts, and from her self, self-frighted, fled.  
Her Sisters nor old *Inachus* her knew.  
Which way so-e're they went, she would pursue,  
And suffer them to stroke her ; and doth move  
Their wonder with her strange express'd Love.  
645 He brought her Grass : She gently lick'd his Hands,  
And kiss'd his Palms ; nor longer tears withstands.  
And had she then had Words, she had display'd  
Her Name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his Aid,  
For Words, she Letters with her foot imprest  
650 Upon the Sand, which her sad Change profest.  
Wo's me, cry'd *Inachus*, (his Arms and th'ows  
About her snowy Neck) O wo of woes !  
Art thou my Daughter, throughout all the Round  
Of Earth so sought, that now, not found, are found ?  
655 Lefs wasthy Lefs, lefs was my Misery :  
Dumbi wretch, (alas !) thou canst not make reply.  
Yet, as thou canst, thou dost : Thy Lowings speck,  
And deep-setch'd Sighs that from thy Bosom break.  
I, ignorant, prepar'd thy Marriage-bed : -  
My hopes a Son-in-law and Nephews fed.  
660 Now from the Herald thy Issue must descend.  
Nor can the length of time my Sorrows end,  
Accurst, in that a God. Dear's sweet relief  
Hard Fates deny to my immortal Grief.  
This said, his Daughter (in that shape below'd)  
The Star-ey'd *Argus*, far from thence remov'd  
665 When, mounted on a Hill, the wary Spy  
Surveys the Plains that round about him lie.  
The King of Gods those Sorrows she endur'd  
Could brook no longer, by his fault procur'd ;  
But calls his Son, of fulgent *Pleias* brod,  
670 Commanding him to cut off *Argus* Head.  
He wings his Heels, puts on his Felt, and takes  
His drouie Rod, the Tow'r of *Jove* forsakes,

And,

## 18 METAMORPHOSIS,

And, winding, stoops to Earth. The changed God  
 His Hat and Wings lays by, retains his Rod,  
 With which he drives his Goats, (like one that feeds  
 The bearded Herd) and sings t' his slender Reeds.

Much taken with that Art, before unknown,  
 Come, sit by me, said Argus, on this Stone:  
 No place affordeth better Paiturage,  
 Or Shelter from the Sun's offensive rage.  
 Pleas'd *Atlantides* doth him obey,  
 And with discourse protracts the speedy Day:  
 Then, singing to his Pipe's soft Melody,  
 Endeavours to subdue each wakeful Eye:  
 The Herds-man strives to conquer urgent Sleep:  
 Though seiz'd on half, the other half do keep  
 Observant Watch. He asks who did invent  
 (With that he yawn'd) that late-found Instrument?

Then thus the God his charmed Ears inclin'd  
 Amongst the *Hannætides Nonstrines*

(On cold *Arcadian* Hills) for Beauty fam'd  
 A *Naias* dwelt, (the Nymphs her *Syrinx* nam'd)  
 Who oft deceiv'd the Satyrs that parl'd,  
 The rural Gods, and those whom Woods include,  
 In Exercises and in chaste desire.

*Diana* like, and such in her attire.  
 You either in each other might behold;  
 Save that her Bow was Holm, *Diana's* Gold:  
 Yet oft mistook. *Pax* crown'd with Pines, returning  
 From steep *Lycæus*, saw her, and Love-burning

Thus said, fair Virgin, grant a God's request,  
 And be his Wife. He ceas'd to tell the rest.

She from his Prayers fled, as from her Shame,  
 Till to smooth *Lason's* sandy Banks she came:  
 There stopt, implores the liquid Sisters Aid;

To change her Shape, and pity a forc'd Maid.  
*Pan*, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* clapt  
 Between his Arms, Reeds for her Body grasp'd.  
 He sighs: They, stirr'd therewith, report again  
 A mournful Sound, like one that did complain:  
 Rep'r with the Muick, yet, O suyce, (said he)

Together ever thus converse will we.  
 Then of unequal wax-joyn'd Reeds he fram'd  
 This seven-fold Pipe: Of her 'twas *Syrinx* nam'd.  
 Thus much about t' have said, *Cyrene* spies

How leaden Sleep had seal'd up all his Eyes.

Then,

- Then, silent, with his Magick rod he strokes  
 Their languish't Lights, which sounder Sleep provokes ;  
 And with his Fauchion lops his nodding Head :  
 Who's Bloud besmear'd the hoary Rock with red.
- \* There lies he, of so many Lights the Light  
 Put forth ; his hundred Eyes set in one Nighr.  
 Yet that those starry Jewels might remain,  
*Saturnia* fixt them in her Peacock's Train.
- 725 Inflam'd with Anger and impatient haft,  
 Before sad *Io*'s Eyes, and thoughts, she plac'd.  
*Erimys* Snakes ; and through the World doth drive  
 The Conscience-stung, affrighted Fugitive.  
 Thou, *Nile*, to her long Toil an end didst yield.
- 730 Approaching thee, she on thy Margent kneel'd ;  
 Her Looks (such as she had) to Heav'n up throws.  
 With Tears, Sighs, Sounds (expressing worldleis Woes)  
 Shee seem'd Jove to accuse, as too ingrate,  
 And to implore an end of her hard Fate.
- 735 He clips his Wife, and her intreats to free  
 Th' unjustly plagu'd. Be confident (said he)  
 She never more shall cause thy Grief or Fear.  
 His Vow he bids the Stygian Waters hear.  
 Appeals'd, the Nymph receov'd other first Look,
- 740 So fair, so sweet : The Hair her Skin forsook ;  
 Her Horns decrease ; large Eyes, wide Jaws contract ;  
 Shoulders and Hands become again exact ;  
 Her Hoofs to Nails diminish : Nothing now,  
 But that pure White, retains she of the Cow.
- 745 Then on her Feet her Body she erects,  
 Now born by two. Her self she yet suspects,  
 Nor dares to speak aloud, lest she should hear  
 Her self to low, but softly tries with Fear.  
 Now she, a Goddess, is ador'd by thosse
- That shine in linen Stoles where *Niles* flows.
- Hence sprung Jove's *Epaphus*, no less divine ;  
 Whose Temples next unto his Mother's joyn.  
 Equal in years (nor equal Spirit wants)  
 The Sun-got *Phaeton* ; who proudly vaunts  
 Of his high Parentage, nor will give place.  
*Inachides* puts on him this Disgrace :  
 Fool, you your Mother trust in things unknown,  
 And of a Father boast, that's not your own.
- 750 *Phaeton* blusht : His Shame his Rage repels :  
 Who straight to *Glymen* the Slander tells ;
- And,

## 20 METAMORPHOSIS,

And Mother, said he, (to your grief's increase)

760 I, free, (and lie so lofry) held my peace;  
Asham'd that such a tainture should be lay'd  
Upon my bloud, that could not be gainfaid.  
But if I be descended from above,  
Give proof thereof, and this Reproach removē.

He hangs about her Neck, by her lowe Head,

765 By *Merops*, by his Sister's Nuptial Bed;  
Intreats her to produce some certain Gage,  
That might assurē his question'd Parentage.  
Mbold with her Son's Inreafy, more inflam'd  
With indignation to be so detain'd,  
She casts her Arms to Heaven; and looking on  
Sol's radiant Orb, thus said: If swear, my Son,  
By yon fair Tape that so bright appears

770 With far projected Beams, who sees and hears;  
That Sun whom none behel'd, who Light and Heat  
Affords th' inform'd World, did alsec beget.  
If not, may Jezebel deny his Sight  
And rovity Eyes let his be his last Light.

775 Nor far removed doth his Palace stand  
His first Uprise coults upon our Land:  
If that thy heart do serve thee, thither go  
And there thy Father of thy Father know.  
Hereat joy'd, *Akæton* enlightened grew,

Whose crowning thoughts no less than Heav'n purſue.  
His *Kakupis* past, and *Inde* which tries

780 With burning Boasts, he climis the Sun's Uprise.

OVID'S

metamorphosis in five books by Ovid  
from morion's translat. and notes by John  
Milton and others: vols. I & II  
first translat. and notes by John Milton  
second translat. and notes by John Milton  
third translat. and notes by John Milton  
fourth translat. and notes by John Milton  
fifth translat. and notes by John Milton



# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

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## THE SECOND BOOK.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Rash Phaeton fires the World. His Sisters mourn  
His Tragedy; who into Poplars turn;  
Their Tears to Amber; Cygnus to a Swan.  
Jove Phoebe like, Calisto found a Man:  
Her, Juno made a Bear. She, and her Son,  
Advanced Stars, thus fill the Ocean Iban.  
Coronis, now a Croon, flies Neptune's fright.  
Nyctimene is made the Bird of Night.  
The 500-officious Raven, late so fair,  
Is plumb'd with black. Ocyrhoe grows a Mare.  
Phobus an Herdsman: Mercury, twice such;  
Who turns betwixting Battis into Touch.  
Envious Aglauros, to a Statue, full  
Of her mind's spot. Love Jove converts to a Bull.

**S**O L's lofty Palace on high Pillars rais'd,  
Shone all with gold, and stones that Fame-like  
The Roof of Ivory, divinely deckt; (blaz'd:  
The two-leav'd Silver doors bright raises project.  
The Workmanship more admiration cray'd:  
For curious Nulciber had there ingrav'd  
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orb'd Ground,  
The arched Heavens. Blew Gods the billows crown'd;  
Shape-

- Shape-changing *Proteus*, Triton shrill, the tall  
 10 Big-brown'd *Aegaeon*, mounted on a Whale,  
*Gray Doris*, and her Daughters, heavenly-fair:  
 Some sit on Rocks, and dry their Sea green Hair ;  
 Some seem upon the dancing Waves to glide ;  
 Others on backs of crooked Fishes ride.  
 Amongst them all, no Two appear the same,  
 Nor differ more than Sisters well became.
- 15 The Earth had salvage Beasts, Men, Cities, Woods,  
 Nymphs, Satyrs, rural Gods, and chrystral Flouds,  
 Above all these, Heav'n's radiant Image shines,  
 On both sides deck'd with six resplendent Signs.  
 To this bold *Phaeton* made his Ascent,
- 20 And to his doubted Father's presence bent ;  
 Yet forc'd to stand aloof : For mortal sight  
 Could not endure t' approach so pure a Light.  
*Sol*, cloath'd in Purple, sits upon a Throne  
 Which clearly with traluent Emeralds shone.
- 25 With equal-ranging Hours on either hand,  
 The Days, the Months, the Years, the Ages stand :  
 The fragrant Spring with flowry Chaplets crown'd :  
 Wheat-ears the brows of naked Summer bound :  
 Rich Autumn smear'd with crusht *Lycæus* Bloud :  
 Next hoary-headed Winter quivering stood.
- 30 Much daunted at these sacred Novelties,  
 The fearful Youth all-seeing *Phæbus* spied ;  
 Who said, What hither drew thee, *Phaeton*,  
 Who art, and worthily, my dearest Son ?  
 He thus reply'd, O thou resplendent Light,  
 Who all the World rejoicest with thy sight,  
 O Father, (if allow'd to use that Name,  
 35 Nor *Clymene* by thee disguise her Shame,)  
 Produce some Sign that may my Birth approve,  
 And from my thoughts these wretched Doubts remove.  
 He from his Brows his shining Raies displac'd,  
 And, bidding him draw near, his Neck imbrac'd.  
 40 By Merit, as by Birth; to thee is due  
 That Name, said he, and *Clymene* was true.  
 To clear all Doubts, ask what thou wilt, and take  
 Thy granted Wish. Bear witness, thou dark Lake,  
 The Oath of Gods, unto our Eyes unknown.
- 45 These Words no sooner from his Lips were flown,  
 But he demands his Chariot, and the sway  
 Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged day.

- The God repents him of the Oath he made,  
50 And, shaking his illustrious Tresses, said,  
Thy Tongue hath made mine err, thy Birth unblest.  
O, would I could break Promise. This Request,  
I must confess, I only would deny.  
And yet, dissuade I may. Thy Death doth lie  
Within thy Wish. What's so desir'd by thee  
55 Can neither with thy Strength nor Youth agree.  
Too great Intentions set thy Thoughts on fire.  
Thou, mortal, dost no mortal thing desire;  
Through Ignorance affecting more than they  
Dare undertake, who in *Olympus* sway.  
60 Though each himself approve; except me, none  
Is able to supply my burning Throne.  
Not that dread Thunderer who rules above  
Can drive these Wheels: And who more great than  
Steep is the first Ascent, which in the prime (Jove?)  
Of springing Day, fresh Horses hardly climbe.  
65 At Noon through highest Skies their course they bear,  
Whence Sea and Land even we behold with fear.  
Then down the Hill of Heav'n they scour amain  
With desperate Speed, and need a steady Rein;  
That *Tethys*, in whose wavy Bowers I lie,  
Each Evening dreads my downfall from the Skie.  
70 Besides, the Heav'ns are daily burried round,  
That turn the Stars to other Motions bound.  
Against this Violence my way I force,  
And counter-run their all-o're-bearing Course.  
My Chariot had, can thy frail Strength ascend  
75 The obvious Poles, and with their Force contend?  
No Groves, no Cities fraught with Gods, expect;  
No marble Fanes with wealthy Offerings deckt.  
Through salvage Shapes and Dangers lies the way:  
Which couldst thou keep, and by no error stray?  
80 Between the Bull's sharp Horns yet must thou go,  
By him that draws the strong *Amonian* Bow,  
The deathful Scorpion's far out-bending Claws,  
The shorter Crab's, the roaring Lion's Jaws.  
Nor easie is't those fiery Steeds to tame,  
85 Who from their Mouths and Nostrils vomit Flame.  
They, heated, hardly of my Rule admit;  
But, head-strong, struggle with the hated Bit.  
Then, lest my Bounry, which would save, Should kill,  
Beware, and whilst thou maist, reform thy will.

- 90 A Sign thou crav'st, that might confirm thee mine :  
I by dehorting give a certain Sign ;  
Aprov'd a Father by Paternal tear.  
Look on my Looks, and read my Sorrows there.  
O, would thou couldst descend into my breast,  
And apprehend my vexed Soul's unrest.
- 95 And, lastly, all the wealthy World behold :  
Of all that Heav'n's enrich, rich Seas unfold,  
Or on the pregnant-bosom'd Earth remain,  
Ask what thou wilt, and no Repulse fultain.  
To this alone I give a forc'd Consent ;  
No Honour, but a true-nam'd Punishment.  
Thou for a Blessing begg'd the worst of Harms.
- 100 Why hang'it thou on my Neck with fawning Arms ?  
Distrust not, we have sworn ; but ask, and take  
What thou canst wish : Yet wiser Wishes make.
- 105 In vain dehort'd, he his Promise claim'd,  
With Glory of so great a Charge inflam'd.
- 110 The wilful Youth thea llingring Phabns brought  
To his bright Chariot by Vulcan wrought :  
The Beam and Axle-tree of massie Gold ;  
On Silver Spoaks the golden Fillies rowl'd ;  
Rich Gems and Chrysolites the Harness deckt,
- 115 Which Phabus Beams with equal light reflect.  
Whilst this admiring Phaeton surveys,  
The wakeful Morning from the East displays  
Her purple Doors, and odoriferous Bed  
With plenty of dew-dropping Roses spred.
- 120 Clear Lucifer the flying Stars doth chalc,  
And, after all the rest, resigns his place.  
When Titan saw the dawning ruddy grew,  
And how the Moon her silver Horns withdrew,  
He bad the light-foot Hours without delay
- 125 To joyn his Steeds. The Goddesses obey,  
Who from their lofty Mangers forthwith led  
His fiery Horses, with Ambrofia fed.  
With sacred Oil anointed by his Sire,  
Of virtue to repulse the rage of Fire,
- 130 He crowns him with hi. Rays ; then thus began  
With doubted Sighs which following Woes fore-rais :
- 135 Le not thy Father still advise in vain.  
Son, spare the Whip, and strongly use the Rein.  
They of their own accord will run too fast :  
Tis hard to moderate their flying Halt.

- Not drive along the five directer Lines,  
 130 A broad and beaten path obliquely winds,  
 Conteined with three Zones, which doth avoid  
 The distant Poles ; the Track thy Wheels will guide.  
 135 Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high,  
 That temperate Warmth may Heav'n and Earth supply.  
 A lofty course will Heav'n with fire infest ;  
 A lowly, Earth : the safer Mean is best.  
 Nor to the folded *Snake* thy Chariot guide,  
 Nor to the *Altar* on the other side,  
 140 Between these I drive. The rest I leave to Fate ;  
 Who better prove, than thou, to thy own state.  
 But while I speak, behold, the humid Night  
 Beyond th' *Hesperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flight.  
*Aurora's* Splendour re-inthrones the Day.  
 We are expected, nor can longer stay,  
 145 Take up the Reins, or, while thou maist, resule ;  
 And not my Chariot, but my Counsel use.  
 While on a firm foundation thou dost stand,  
 Not yet possest of thy ill-wisht Commands.  
 Let me the World with usual influence chear :  
 And view that light which is unsafe to bear.  
 150 The generous and gallant *Phaeton*,  
 All Courage, vaults into the blazing Throne,  
 Glad of the Reins, nor doubtful of his Skill,  
 And gives his Farther thanks against his will.  
 Meanwhile the Sun's swift Horse, hot *Pyraeus*,  
 Light *Ethon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eos*,  
 155 Neighing aloud, inflame the Air with Heat,  
 And with their thundring Hoofs the Barriers beat.  
 Which when hospitious *Tethys* once withdrew,  
 (Who nothing of her Nephew's danger knew)  
 And gave them scope, they mount the ample Sky,  
 And cut the obvious Clouds with Feet that fly.  
 Who, rais'd with plumed Pinions, leave behid  
 160 The glowing East and lower Eastern Wind,  
 But *Phaebus* Horses could not feel that fraught :  
 The Chariot wanted the accustom'd Weight,  
 And as unballast Ships are rockt and tost  
 With tumbling Waves, and in their steerage lost :  
 So through the Air the lighter Chariot reels,  
 165 And joult, as empty, upon jumping Wheels.  
 Which when they found, the beaten path they flur.  
 And (straggling) out of all subjection run.

- He knows not how to turn, nor knows the way :  
 170 Or had he known, yet would not they obey.  
 The Cold, now hot *Tomes* sought in vain  
 To quench their heat in the forbidden Main.  
 The Serpent next unto the frozen Pole,  
 Benumb'd and hurtless, now begins to roll  
 With actual Heat, and long forgotten Ire  
 175 Resumes together with Aetherial Fire.  
 'Tis said, that thou, *Bootes*, ran'st away,  
 Though slow, though thee thy heavy Wain did stay.  
 But when from top of all the arched Sky  
 Unhappy *Phaeton* the Earth did eye,  
 180 Pale sudden Fear un-nerves his quaking Thighs,  
 And in so great a Light benights his Eyes.  
 He wisht those Steeds unknown, unknown his Birth,  
 His Suit ungranted: Now he covers Earth;  
 Now scorns not to be held of *Merop's* Bloud,  
 185 Rapt as a Ship upon the high-wrought Foud,  
 By salvage Tempests chas'd which in despair  
 The Pilot leaveth to the Gods, and Pray'r.  
 What should he do? Much of the Heav'ns behind,  
 Much more before; both measur'd in his Mind.  
 190 The never-to-be-eaten West surveys,  
 And then the East. Lost in his own Amaze  
 And Ignorance, he cannot hold the Reins,  
 Nor let them go; nor knows his Horses names:  
 But stares on Terror-striking Skies (possess'd  
 By Beasts and Monsters) with a panting Breast.  
 There is a place in which the *Scorpion* bends  
 195 His compast claws, who through two signs extends:  
 Whom when the Youth beheld, strew'd in black Swo  
 Of Poison, and with turn'd-up Tail to threat  
 A mortal wound; pale fear his Senses strook,  
 And slackned reins lets fall from hands that shook.  
 200 They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,  
 Within controwled Errour scour th' Sky,  
 Through unknown airy Regions, and tread  
 The way which their disordered Fury led.  
 Up to the fixed Stars their course they take;  
 205 And stranger Sphears with smoaking Chariot take:  
 Now climb, now by steep Precipices descend,  
 And nearer Earth their wandring-rate extend:  
 To see her Brother's Steed beneath her own  
 The Moon admires: The Clouds like Comets shone  
     Invadinc

- Invasive Fire the upper Earth assail'd  
 210 All chapt and con'd, her pregnant Juice exhal'd.  
 Trees feed their Ruin; Grals gray-headed turns;  
 And Corn by that which did produce it burns.  
 But this was nothing. Cities with their Tow'rs,  
 215 Realns with their People funeral Fire devours.  
 The Mountains b'aze: high *Athos*, but too high:  
 Fount-fruitful *Ida*, never till then dry;  
*Oete*, old *Tmolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*,  
 Muse-haunted *Helicon*, *Oegrian Aenus*.  
 220 Loud *Etna* roareth with her doubled Fires;  
*Pernassus* groans beneath two flaming Spires.  
 Steep *Othrys*, *Cyndus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glow;  
 And *Rhodope*, no longer cloath'd with snow.  
 The *Phrygian Dindymus* in Cinders mounts;  
 Cold *Caucasus* in frosty *Scythia* burns.  
 High *Mycale*, divine *Citheron*, wail;  
 225 *Pindus*, and *Offa* once on *Pelion* cast,  
 More great *Olympus*, (which before did staine)  
 The airy *Alps*, and cloudy *Apennine*,  
 Then *Phaeton* beheld on every side  
 The World on Fire, nor could such Heat abide;  
 And at his deadly-dry and galping Jaws  
 The scalding Air, as from a Furnace, draws;  
 230 His Chariot redder than the Fire it bore;  
 And, being mortal, could endure no more.  
 Such clouds of Ashes, and ejected Coals,  
 Muffled in Smoak which round about him roll,  
 He knows not where he is, nor what succeeds;  
 Dragg'd at the pleasure of his frantick Steeds:  
 235 Men say the *Ethiopians* then grew fwart,  
 Their bloud exhaled to the outward part.  
 A sandy Desart *Lybia* then became,  
 Her full Veins emptied by the thirsty flame.  
 With Hair unbound and torn the Nymphs, distraigl'd  
 Bewail their Springs. *Baotia Dirce* fought  
 240 *Argos Amimone*, *Ephyne* the fair  
*Pirine* mist. Nor Streams securer are.  
 Great *Tanais* in boiling Chanel fumes;  
*Teuthranean Caylus* heat-consumes;  
*Ismenius*, old *Peneus*, *Erymanthus*,  
 Yellow *Lycormas* to be twice-burnt *Xanthus*.  
 245 *Meander*, running in a turning Maze,  
*Mygagan Malas*, and *Euros*, is blaze.

- Euphrates, late investing Babylon,  
250 Orontes, Phasis, Ister, Thermodon,  
Ganges, Alpheus, Sperchius Flames infold:  
And Tagus floweth with dissolved Gold.  
The Swans that ravish with their melody  
Maonian Banks, now in Cayster fry.  
To farthest Earth affrighted Nilus fled,  
255 And there conceal'd his yet-unfound-out Head;  
Whilst his seven dusty Channels streamless lie.  
Ismarian Hebrus, Strymon now are dry:  
Hesperian streams, Rhene, Rhodanus, the Po,  
260 And Scepter-destinat Tiber glow.  
Earth cracks; to Hell the hated light descends,  
And frightened Pluto with his Queen offends,  
The Ocean shrinks, and leaves a field of Sand,  
Where new discover'd Rocks and Mountains stand,  
That multiply the scatter'd Cyclades,  
Late cover'd with the deep and awful Seas,  
265 The fishes to the bottom dive: nor dare  
The sportless Dolphins tempt the sultry Air.  
Long boil'd alive, the monstrous Phoca die,  
And on the brine with turn'd-up bellies lie.  
With Doris and her Daughters, Nereus raves;  
Who hide themselves beneath the scalding waves.  
270 Thrice-wrathful Neptune his bold arm up held  
Above the Flouds: whom thrice the Fire repel'd.  
Yet foodful Tellus with the Ocean bound,  
Amidst the Seas, and Fountains now unfound  
(Self-hid within the womb where they were bred)  
275 Neck-high advanceth her all-bearing Head,  
(Her parched fore-head shadow'd with her hand)  
And, shaking, shook whatever on her stand:  
Wherewith a little shrunk into her breast  
Her sacred tongue her sorrows thus exprest:  
If such thy Will, and I deserve the same,  
280 Thou chief of Gods, why sleeps thy vengeful Flame?  
Be't by thy fire, if I in fire must fry:  
The Author lessens the Calamity.  
But, whilst I strive to utter this, I choke.  
View my sing'd hair, mine eyes half-out with smoke!  
The sparkling cinders on my Visage thrown!  
285 Is this my recompence? the favour shown  
For all my service? for the fruit I have born?  
That thus I am with Plough and Harrows torn;

- Wrought ourthroughout the year? that Man and Beast  
Sustain with food? and you with incense feast?  
 296 But say, I merit ruin, and thy hate:  
What hath thy Brother done (by equal Fate  
Elected to the wavy Monarchy,)  
That Sea should sink, and from thy presence fly?  
If neither he, nor I thy pity move,  
Pity thy Heaven. Behold! the Poles above  
 297 At either end do fume: and should they burn,  
Thy habitation would to ruin turn.  
Distrested *Atlas* shoulders shrink with pain,  
And scarce the glowing Axletree sustain.  
If Sea, if Earth, if Heaven should fall by fire,  
Then all of us to *Chaos* must retire.  
 300 O! quench these flames: the miserable state  
Of things relieve, before it be too late.

This said, her voice her parched tongue forsook,  
Nor longer could the smothering vapours brook;  
But, down into her self withdrew her head,  
Near to th' infernal Caverns of the dead.  
 305 *Jove* calls the Gods to witness, and who lent  
The straying Chariot; should not he prevent,  
That All would perish by one destiny;  
Then mounts the highest Turret of the Sky,  
From thence inur'd to cloud the space-ful Earth:  
And give the Flame fore-running Thunder birth.  
But, there, for wafted clouds he fought in vain,  
 310 To shade, or cool the scorched Earth with rain.  
He thunders, and with hands that cannot erre,  
Hurles lightning at th' audacious Charioteer.  
Ham struck he from his seat, breath from his breast,  
Both at one blow, and flames with flames supprest.  
The frightened Horses, plunging several waies,  
 315 Break all their tire: to whom the Bit obeys:  
The reins, torn beams, crackt spokes, disperst abroad,  
Scorch'd Heav'n was with the Chariot's ruins strow'd.  
But, soul-less *Phaeton* with blazing hair,  
 320 Shot head-long through a long descent of Air;  
As when a falling Star glides through the Sky,  
Or seems to fall to the deceived eye.  
Whom great *Eridanus* (far from his place  
Of birth) receiv'd and quench'd his flagrant face:  
 325 Whose Nymphs interr'd him in his Mother's womb;  
And fixt this Epitaph upon his Tomb:

- Here Phaeton lies; who though he could not guide  
His Father's Steeds, in high attempts he di'd.  
Phabus with grief withdrew. One day did run  
About the World, they say, without the Sun,  
Which flamy funerals illuminate  
That good, derived from a wretched Fate.  
When Clymene had said what could be said  
In such a grief, half-soul'd, in black array'd,  
She fills the Earth, she wanders through, with groans,  
First seeking his dead Corps, and then his Bones:  
Intern'd in Foreign Lands she found the last:  
Her feeble Limbs upon the place she cast,  
And bath'd his name in tears, and strictly press'd  
The carved Marble with her bared breast.  
Nor less th' Heliades lament, who fled  
From drowned Eyes, vain offerings to the dead:  
Who with remoreless hands their bosoms tear,  
And wailing, call on him that cannot hear.  
With joined horns four Moons their Orbs had fill'd,  
Since they their customary plaints upheld:  
When Phaebusa, thinking to have cast  
Her self on Earth, cry'd ah! My feet stick fast!  
Lanpetie, pressing to her Sisters aid,  
As suddenly with fixed roots was staid.  
A third, about t' have torn her scatter'd hair,  
Tore off the leaves which on her crown she bare.  
This grieveth at her stiff and senseless thighs:  
Shee, that her stretcht-out arms in branches rise.  
And whilst with wonder they themselves beheld,  
The creeping bark their tender parts infold:  
Then, by degrees, their Bellies, Breasts, and all,  
Except their Mouths, which on their Mother call.  
What should she do? But run to that, to this,  
As fury drove, and snatch'd a parting kiss?  
But yet, not so suffic'd, she strove to take  
Them from themselves, and down the braches brake:  
From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.  
O pity, Mother! (still the wounded cry'd)  
Nor tear us in our Trees! O! now adieu!  
With that, the bark their lips together drew.  
From thence clear dropping trees, tears yearly flow:  
They hardned by the Sun, to Amber grow,  
Which, on the Moisture-giving River spent,  
To Roman Ladies, as his gift is sent.

- Schenelian Cygnus* at that time was there,  
A kin to *Phaeton*; in love, more near,  
He, leaving State (who in *Liguria* reign'd,  
370 Which Cities great and populous contain'd)  
Fill'd with complaints the River-chiding floods,  
The sedgy banks, and late augmented Woods,  
At length, his voice grew small: White plume contend's  
In whiteness with his hair: His neck ascends.  
375 Red films unite his toes: Arms turn to wings:  
His Mouth, a flat blunt bill, that sadly sings,  
Becomes a Swan, remembering how unjust  
*Jove's* Lightning was, nor Heaven, nor him will trust.  
Whom Lakes and Ponds (detesting fire) delight;  
380 And Flouds, to Flames in nature oppolite.

The woeful Father to dead *Phaeton*,  
Himself neglecting (all his lustre gone,  
As when eclipsit) day, light, his own life hates;  
And loved grief, with anger, aggravates;  
385 Refusing to illuminate the Earth.

Enough, too much, my toil! born with the birth  
Of Time; (as restless;) without end, regard,  
Or honour: Recompens'd with this reward:  
Some other now may on my Chariot fit.  
If all of you confess your selves unfit;

390 Let *Jove* ascend: That he (when he shall try)  
At length may lay his murther-thundring by.  
Then will he find, that he, who could not guide  
Those fire-hooft Steeds, deserv'd not to have di'd.

The Gods stand round about him, and request  
395 That endless night might not the World invest.  
Even *Jove* excus'd his lightning, and intreats:  
Which, like a King, he inter mixt with threats,  
Displeased *Phabus*, hardly reconcil'd,  
Takes up his Steeds: As yet with horrour wild  
On whom he vents his spleen: And, though they run,  
400 He lashes, and upbraids them with his Son.

The thunderer then walks the ample Round  
Of Heavens high walls, to search if all were sound:  
When finding nothing there by fire decay'd;  
He Earth, and human industries survey'd.  
*Arcadia* chiefly exercis'd his cares;  
405 There Springs and Streams, that durst not run, repairs;  
The Fields with Grass, the Trees with Leaves indues,  
And withered Woods with vanish't shades renews.

Off passing to and fro, a *Nemacrine*

420 The God inflam'd ; her beauty, more divine  
 'Twas not her Art to spin, nor with much care  
 And fine variety to trick her hair ;  
 But, with a Zone her looser garments bound,  
 And her rude tresses in a fillet wound ?

Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bow :

425 A Squire of *Phœbe's*. *Mealus* did know  
 None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng.  
 But, Favourites in favour last not long,  
 The parted Day in equal ballance held,  
 A Wood she enter'd, as yet never fell'd.

There from her shoulder she her Quiver takes,  
 430 Unbends her bow ; and, tir'd with hunting, makes  
 The flow'ry mantled Earth her happy bed ;  
 And on her painted Quiver laies her head.

When *Jove* the Nymph without a guard did see  
 In such a posture ; This stealth, said he,  
 My Wife shall never know : or, say, she did

435 Who, ah, who would not for her sake be chid ?  
 Diana's shape and habit then indu'd,  
 He said ; My Huntress, where haft thou pursu'd  
 This Mornings Chase ? She rising, made reply ;  
 Hail Pow'r more great than *Jove* (though *Jove* stood by)

In my esteem — — He smil'd : and gladly heard  
 440 Himself, by her, before himself prefer'd.  
 And just. His killis too intemperate grow ;  
 Not such as Maids on Maidens do bestow.

His strict embracements her narration staid ;  
 And, by his crime, his own deceit betray'd.  
 445 She did what Woman could to force her Fate :  
 (Would *Juno* saw : it would her spleen abate)

Although as much as Woman could she strove :  
 What Woman, or, who can contend with *Jove* ?  
 The Victor hies him to the æthereal States.

The Woods as guilty of her wrongs, she hates ;  
 Almost forgetting as from thence she flung,

450 Her Quiver, and the Bow by which it hung.  
 High *Menalus*, *Dityma* with her train  
 Now entering, pleased with the quarry slain,  
 Beheld, and call'd her : call'd upon she fled ;  
 And in her semblance *Jupiter* doth dread.

455 But, when she saw th' attending Nymphs appear ;  
 She troaps amongst them, and diverts her fear.

Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!

VVith eyes scarce ever rais'd she hangs the Head:

Nor perks she now as she was wont to do,

By *Cynthia's* side, nor leads the starry crue.

450 Though mure she be, her violated shame

Self-guilty blushes silently proclaim:

But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid

Had soon espi'd, they say, her slie Nymphs did.

Nine Crescents now had made their Orbs compleat;

455 VVhen, faint with labour, and her brother's heat,

She takes the shades; close by the murmuring

And silver current of a fruitful Spring.

The place much prais'd, the stream as cool as clear-

Her fair feet glads. No Spies, said she, be here:

Here will we our dis-robed bodies dip.

460 *Calisto* blush'd: the rest their fair limbs strip.

And her perforce uncloath'd that sought delaiess;

VVho, with her body, her offence displaies.

They all abashit, yet loth to have it spis'd,

Striving her belly with their hands to hide;

465 Avant, laid *Cynthia*, get thee from our train;

Nor, with thy limbs, this sacred Fountain stain:

This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;

VVhole thoughts, to fitter times, revenge defer:

Nor long delaiess: for, *Arcas* (which more scorn-

And grief provok'd) was of the Lady born.

470 Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;

Must thou be fruitful too, to blaze my shame,

And propagate the wrong? And must he be

A living infamy to *Jove* and me?

I'le not indure't. That so self-pleasing shape,

475 VVhich drew my Husband to thy willing Rape,

I'le not spoil. This said, her Hair she wound

About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.

Her hands, for pity heav'd (so smooth, so fair!)

Grew forthwith rough, and horrid with black hair,

Her dainty hands (which swift deform'd

480 Converts re paws) the place of feet supply.

The mouth, so prais'd by *Jove* (that late to sin

Entic'd a God) now horribly doth grim.

And, left she might too powerfully beseech,

She instantly bereft her of her speech:

In stead whereof, a noise ascends her Hoarse

And rumbliing throat, which terrorit doth inforce;

B 5 Although

Although a Bear, her mind she still posses'd,  
And with continual groans her grief exprest;  
With paws stretcht up to heaven, accus'd her fate:  
And whom she could not call, she thought ingrate.

490 How oft afraid to keep the Woods alone,  
Sought she the house and fields that were her own!  
How often, chased by the following ery,

Th' affrighted Huntres from her Hounds did fly!  
Oft she (the Woods wild foragers espis'd)

Forgetting what she was, her self would hide:  
A Bear; yet trembles at the sight of Bears;

495 And Wolves (her Father then amongst them) fears.

VVhen (lo!) Lycaon's Grand-child thither drew,  
Thrice five years old, nor of his Mother knew:

VVhile he pursues the chase and salvage spoils,  
(The Erymanthian VVoods begirt with toils)

500 Her he encounters. Arcas seen, she strid,  
And would have ta'ne acquaintance. He, afraid,  
Stared upon her with a constant eye;  
And backward stept, as she approached nigh.  
About to wound her undefended breast:

505 The King of Gods, who did the tact derest,  
VVith them, the crime withdrew, and both convey'd

To heaven: now neighbouring Constellations made.  
Saturnia fwell'd to see her Rival shine

Amongst the Stars. She stoops to Neptune's brine;

510 Gray Tethys and the e'd Oceanus

(Graced by the Deities) accosting thus:

Ask you, why I, the Queen of Gods, am come  
From blest aboads? another holds my room.

VVhen Night's black Mantle shall the VVorld infold?

515 My wounds (those honour'd Stars) you may behold;  
There where the shorlest Circle at the end  
Of all the turning Axletree, doth bend.

VVho would not injury the VVife of Jove,

VVhen our worst punishments preferments prove?

520 How great our Act! how is our power dispair'd!

Unform'd a VVoman, and a Goddess made,

Thus we the glory scourge! Thus, thus, we our

Revenge advance! such, and so great our power!

Let him unbeast the Beast (as heretofore

*Phorinis*) and her wanton shape restore.

525 VVhy doth he not Lycaon's Daughter wed,

Rejecting me, and place her in his bed?

But, yet who erice my careful Nurses were,  
If my indignities do touch you near,  
Command you that the seven *Triones* keep  
Their lazie VVain out of your sacred Deep.  
From thence, those stars, the price of whoredom, drive;  
Nor let th' impure in your pure Surges dive.

They both assent. Her Peacocks to the Skies  
Their Goddess draw; late stuck with *Argus* eyes.  
Thou too, thou prating Raven, turn'd as late  
From white to black, by well-deserved Fate.

535 (The spotless silver Dove was not more white,  
Nor Swans which in the running brooks delight;  
Nor yet that vigilant Fowl, whose gagling shafts  
Hereafter free th' attempted Capitol)  
Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee undo:  
And what was white, is now of sable hue.

540 The Palm, *Coronis* of *Larissa* bare  
From all th' *Aemonian* Dames for matchless fair.  
VVho dearly, *Delphian*, was belov'd by thee;  
As long as chaste, as from detection free.  
But, *Phœbus* Bird her scapes did soon descry:  
Nor could they charm th' inexorable Spy:  
VWhom, flying to his Lord, the Crew pursues  
(As talkative as he) to know the news:

545 And, knowing, said: Thy self thou dost ingage  
By thankless service, slight not my preface.  
Know what I was and am: through all my time  
My actions sift: thou'l find my faith my crime.  
For *Pallas*, on a day, in chest compes'd  
Of Attick Oliers, privately inclos'd  
Her *Erichthonius* (whom no VVoman bare)  
Committed to the custody and care  
550 Of three fair Virgin-Nymphs, that Daughters were:  
To prudent *Cecrops*, who two shapes did bear:  
Nor told what it contain'd, but charg'd that they  
Her secrets should not to themselves betray.  
These from a Elm I (un-espi'd) espy.

555 Fair *Herse* and *Pandrosa* faithfully  
Perform their charge. *Aglæuros* then did call  
Her fearful sisters, and unites withal  
The wicker Cabinet; whose twigs contain  
An infant, raised on a Dragon's train.  
This, I my Goddess told; and for reward,  
Am now cashiered from *Mnervi*'s Guard,

- 565 The Bird of Night preser'd. Beware by me:  
Not too officionly tell all you see.  
Truth is, I never to that place aspir'd ;  
She gave it me, unsought to, undesir'd ;  
Werc *Pallas* aske, though angry, yet know I  
570 That angry *Pallas* would not this denie.  
Me had King *Cornelius*, great in fame,  
Through happy *Phycis*, by a Royal Dame.  
Rich suitors I (despite me not) had store,  
My beauty wreckt me. Walking on the Shoar,  
As leisurely as now I use to go,  
575 Cold *Nepcune* saw me, and with lust did glow.  
The time, his pray'rs and praifes spent in vain ;  
What would not yield, he offers to constrain,  
And follows me that fled. The harder strand  
Behind me lef, and tir'd with yielding sand  
To Gods and Men I cry. No human aid  
580 Was then at hand : a Maid relieves a Maid,  
For, as to heaven my trembling arms I threw ;  
My arms cole-black with hovering feathers grew.  
My robe I from my shoulders thought to throw :  
But, what was plume, and to my skin did grow.  
With hands to beat my naked breast I try :  
585 But, neither breast to beat, nor hands had I.  
Running, in sand I sunk not as before ;  
But, me the scarce-touch'd Earth, unburthen'd bore.  
Forthwith, I lightly through the Air aseend ;  
590 And on *Minerva* without blame attend.  
But, what was this ; when she, whose wicked deeds  
Unwoman'd her, in our last grace succeeds ?  
For, knew (no more then through all *Lesbos* spred)  
*Nyctimene* defil'd her Father's bed,  
595 Though now a Bird ; yet, full of guilt, the sight,  
The Day, she shuns : and masks her shame in Night.  
About her all our winged troops repair ;  
And, with invictives, chase her through the Air.  
To her the Raven : Mischief thee surprize  
For staying me : Vain omenis I despise ;  
600 Then forward flew, and told the hurtful truth  
Of lost *Cornis*, and th' *Aemonian* youth.  
The harp drops from his hand, and from his head  
The Laurel fell, his chearful colour fled.  
Transported with his rage, his Bow he took,  
And with inevitable arrow strook.

That

- 605 That breast, which he so oft to his had join'd :  
She shrieks; and from the deadly wound doth wind  
The biting steel, pursu'd with streams of bloud,  
That bath'd her pure white in a crimson floud :  
And said ; Though this be due, yet *Phæbus*, I,
- 610 Might first have teem'd : Now, two in one must die.  
She faints : Forc'd life in her bloud's torrent swims :  
And stiffning cold benums her senseless Limbs.  
His cruelty to her he lov'd, too late,  
He now repenteth, and himself doth hate,  
Who lent an ear, whom rage could so incense :
- 615 He hates his bird, by whom he knew th' offence;  
He hates his Art, his Quiver, and his Bow :  
Then takes her up, and all his skill doth show -  
But (ah!) to late to vanquish Fate he tries.  
And Surgery, without success, applies.
- 620 Which when he saw, and saw the funeral pile  
Prepared to devour so dear a spoil ;  
He deeply groans (for no celestial eye  
May shd a rear) as when a Cow stands by  
And lows aloud to see th' advanced maul
- 625 Upon the forehead of her suckling fall.  
And now uncar'd for odours pour'd upon her,  
And undue death with all due rites doth honour.  
But, *Phæbus*, not induring that his seed,  
(And that by her) the greedy Fire should feed,
- 630 Snarct it both from her womb, and from the flame :  
And to the two-shap'd *Chiron* brought the same.  
The whit-plum'd Raven, who reward expects,  
He turns to black ; and for his truth rejects.  
It pleas'd the Half horse to be so employ'd ;
- 635 Who in his honourable trouble joy'd.  
Behold ! the Centaur's daughter with red hair,  
Whom formerly the Nymph *Caricle* bare  
By the swift River, and Ocyroe nam'd ;  
Who had her Father's healthful Art disclaim'd,
- 640 To sing the depth of Fates : Now, when her breast  
Was by the prophesying rage poslefst,  
And that th' included God inflam'd her mind ;  
Beholding of the Babe, she thus divin'd :  
Health-giver to the world, grow, Infant, grow ;
- 645 To whom mortality so much shall owe.  
Fled Souls thou shalt restore to their abodes :  
And once against the pleasure of the Gods.

## 38 METAMORPHOSIS,

To do the like, thy Grandfires flames den:  
 And thou, begotten by a God, must die.  
 Thou, of a bloodless corps, a God shalt be  
 650 And Nature twice shall be renew'd in thee,  
 And you, dear Father, not a Mortal now,  
 To whom the Fates eternity allow;  
 Shall wish to die, then when your wound shall smart  
 With Serpents blood, and slight your helpless Art.  
 Relenting Fates will pity you with death,  
 655 Against their Law, and stop your groaning breath.  
 Not all yet said, her sighs in storms arise,  
 And ill-abroading tears burst from her eyes.  
 Then, thus: My Fates prevent me: Lo, they tie  
 My falt'ring tongue, and farther speech deny.  
 660 Alas! These arts not of that value be,  
 That they should drew the wrath of Heaven on me:  
 O, rather would I nothing had fore-known!  
 My looks seem now not human, nor my own.  
 I long to feed on Grafs, I long to run  
 About the spacious fields, Wo's me, undone!  
 Into a Mare (my kindreds shape) I grow.  
 665 Yet why throughout? My Father but half so.  
 The end of her complaint you scarce could hear  
 To understand: Her words confused were.  
 Forthwith, nor words, nor neigbings, she exprest:  
 Her voice yet more inclining to the beast:  
 Then neigh'd out-right, within a little space,  
 670 Her down-thrust arms upon the Meadow piec.  
 Her fingers join: One hoof five nails unite:  
 Her head and neck enlarge; not now upright:  
 Her trailing garment to a train extends:  
 Her dangling hair upon her crest descends:  
 675 Her voice and shape at once transform'd became,  
 And to it self the Monster gives a name.  
 Old *Chiron* weeps; and *Phebus* vainly cries  
 On thee to change the changeless Destinies.  
 Admit thou could'st: That from thy self expell'd,  
 680 Then *Eris*, and *Misericordia* p'itures held.  
 It was the time when, cloath'd in Near-herbs weeds,  
 Thou plaid'st upon unequal seven-fold Reeds:  
 Whilst thee thy Pipedelights, whilst cares of love  
 685 Thy Soul possets, and other cares remove;  
 Thy Oxen in the fields of *Pylos* stray:  
 Observed by the crafty son of May,

- Forthwith he secretly conveys them thence,  
In untrackt Woods concealing his offence.  
None saw but *Battus*, in that Country bred ;  
Who wealthy *Neleus* famous horses fed,  
Him only the misdoubts : Then, (ta'ne apart)  
Stranger, said *Mercury*, whate're thou art ;  
If any for his Herd by chance enquire,  
Conceal thy knowledge : And receive, for hire,  
695 This white-hair'd Cow. He took her and repli'd,  
Be safe ; thy thest shall sooner be descri'd  
By yonder stone, than me, and shew'd a stone,  
*Jove's* son departs, and straight returns unknown  
(A seeming Clown in form and voice) who said :  
700 Saw'lt thou no Cattel through these fields convey'd ?  
Dereft the thest ; in their recovery jois ;  
And, lo, this Heifer, wit'h her Bull is thine.  
He (the reward redoubl'd) answer'd, there  
Beneath those Hills, beneath those Hills, they were.  
705 Then, *Hermes*, laughing loud ; What knave, I say,  
Me to my self, me to my self betray ?  
Then, to a touch-stone turn'd his perjur'd breast ;  
Whose nature now is in that name express.  
Hence he, who bears the Caduceus, springs  
Through boundless air ; and views, from stretcht-out  
710 *Munychian* fields, *Minerva's* loved foil, (wings.  
*Lycenna*, exercis'd with learned toil.  
By chance, upon that day it did befall,  
When to her Fane, prepar'd for festival,  
In crowned Baskets on their shining hair,  
The Virgin-train her sacrifices bare :  
715 Returning, these the winged God doth view ;  
Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.  
As when a greedy Kite fresh intrails spies,  
Fearing to stoop for those that sacrifice,  
Strikes Circle's through the Air, nor far removes ;  
But, with fixt eyes reveres to what he loves :  
720 So swift *Cygnus* o're the *Attack tow'rs*,  
In airy windings, circularly scours.  
As Lucifer out-shines each other Star ;  
As silver *Phœbe*, Lucifer ! So far  
725 Did *Hera* all the other Virgins strain ;  
The glory of that pomp, and of her train.  
Love strucke, he burns as in the Air he hung.  
A bullet by *Bellonian* Slinger-bung,

increaseth

- Increaseth so in fervour as it flies ;  
 730 And finds the fire it had not, in the skies.  
 From Heaven, he stoops to more afflicted Earth ;  
 Not now disguis'd like one of human birth ;  
 Such confidence his beauteous parts impart ;  
 Which though divine, he strives to grace by art.  
 735 He curls his hair ; his mantle wrought with gold.  
 He in the most becoming garb doth fold ;  
 And his fine feet adorns : Then, in his hand  
 Takes his sleep-causing and expelling wand.  
 Three rooms there were within the fair contest  
 Of *Cecrop's* house, with Ivory arches deckt.  
 740 *Pandrosa*, and *Aglauros* on each side  
 Of *Herse* lay ; *Aglauros* first esp'ld  
 The fly-approaching *Mercury* : His name  
 She boldly asks, and why he thither came.  
 To whom, *Pleimes* nephew ; he am I,  
 745 Who on *Jove's* errands (*Jove*, my Father) fly.  
 And to be plain, to *Herse* faithful prove :  
 And be an Aunt unto our fruitful love.  
 Thy sister's beauties this repair inforce :  
 I pray thee of a lover take remorse.  
 So star'd she on him, and as much amaz'd :  
 750 As when she on *Minerva's* secrets gaz'd :  
 Who asks a maf of treasure for her hire ;  
 And till t' were paid, constrain'd him to retire.  
 Wars angry Goddess cast on her a look  
 That darted fire ; and fetcht a sigh which shook  
 755 Her bosom, with the *Egis* which she wore :  
 Who calls to mind, how she, not long afore  
 Prophanely did, against her faith, discover  
 The *Lemnian* issue born without a Mother :  
 Now to her Sister, to the God, ingrate.  
 760 And by so base a means t' enrich her state.  
 Forthwith to *Envy's* cave her course she bent,  
 Furr'd with black filth, within a deep descent  
 Between two hills, where *Phabix* never shows  
 His chearful face ; where no wind ever blows ;  
 Replete with sadness, and unactive cold  
 765 Devoid of fire, yet still in smoke intoll'd.  
 Whither when as the fear'd in barrel came,  
 She staid before the house (that hateful frame  
 She might not enter) and the dark door stroke  
 With her bright lance, which straight in-sunder broke ;  
 There

- There saw she *Envu* lapping Vipers blood ;  
 770 And feeding on their flesh, but vices food ;  
 And, having seen her, turn'd away her eyes.  
 The Caitiff slowly from the ground doth rise  
 (Her half-devoured Serpent's laid aside)  
 And forward creepeth with a lazy stride.  
 Viewing her form so fair, her arms so bright ;  
 775 She groan'd and sigh'd at such a cheerful sight.  
 Her body more than meager, pale her hue ;  
 Her teeth all rusty : Still she looks askue ;  
 Her breast with gall, her tongue with poison swell'd :  
 She only laugh when she sad sights beheld.
- 780 Herever waking cares exile a soft sleep :  
 Who looks on good success with eyes that weep ;  
 Repining, pines : Who, wounding others bleeds :  
 And on her self revengeth her misdeeds.  
 Although *Tritonia* did the Hag thereof ;  
 Yet briefly thus her pleasure she exprest :
- 785 *Aglauros*, one of the *Cecropids* :  
 Dost thou infest with thy accurst disease ?  
 This said ; the hasty Goddess doth advance  
 Heavily, with her earth-repelling lance.  
*Envu* cast after her a wicked eye,  
 Mutters, and could for very sorrow die,
- 790 That such her power : A scraggy staff then took  
 Wreathed with thorns, and her dark Cave forsook :  
 Wrapt in black Clouds, which way soe'er she turns,  
 The Corn she lodges, flow'ry pastures burns,  
 Crops what grows high ; Towns, Nations, with her  
 Pollutes ; and Virtue persecutes to death.  
 When she the fair *Athenian* tow'r beheld,
- 795 Which so in wealth, in learned Arts, excell'd,  
 And feastful Peace ; to cry she scarce forbears,  
 In that she saw no argument for tears.  
 When she *Aglauros* lodging entred had,  
 She gladly executes what *Pallas* bade :  
 Her canker'd hand upon her breast she laid,
- 800 And crooked thorns into her heart convey'd,  
 And breath'd in baneful poison, which she sheds  
 Into her bones, and through her spirits spreads.  
 And that her envy might not want a cause,  
 The God in his divinest form she draws,  
 And with it, sets before her wounded eyes  
 Her happy Sister and their nuptial joys,

Augmenting all. These secret woes excite;  
And gnaw her soul. She sighs all day, and night;  
And with a slow infection melts away,  
Like Ice before the Sun's uncertain ray.

816 Fair *Hersè*'s happy state such heart-burn breeds  
In her black bosom, as when spiny weeds  
Are set on fire: which without flame consume,  
And seem (so small their heat) to burn with fume.  
Oft she resolves to die, suchights to shun:  
Oft, by disclosing, to have both undone.

817 Now fits she on the threshold to prevent  
The Gods access; who with lost blandishment,  
And his best art persuades. Quoth she, forbear,  
I cannot be remov'd if you stay here.  
I to this bargain he replied will stand;

820 The figured door then forces with his wands  
Striving to rise, to second her debate,  
Her hips could not remove, prest with dull weight.  
Again she strug'd to have stood on end  
But, those unslippe finevvs would not bind.

825 Incroaching cold now enters at her nials;  
And lack of blood lies veins blue branches pale.  
And as a Canker slighting helpless Arts,  
Creeps from th' infected to the sounder parts:  
So by degrees the winter of wan death

830 Congeals the path of life, and spots her breath:  
Nor strive she: had she strove to make her groan,  
Voice had no way; her neck and face now ston'd.  
There she a bloudie Stain sat, all freckn'd:  
Her spoilt mind the Marble did infect.

When *Atlas* sinder, on her prophane  
Of tongue and heart, this sharp revenge had ta'n;  
He from the City, nam'd by *Pallas* flew  
On mounting wings, and unto heaven withdrew.  
With whom, thus (his love concealing) jois'd:

835 Thou, faithful minister to my designs,  
Shoot swiftly through the Air unto that Land,  
Whose borders Northward of thy Mother stand,  
Which those inhabitants *Sidonia* name:

Behold yon royal Herd; conduct the same,  
From not far distant Mountains, to the shore:

This he dispatcht, with speed that went before.  
835 A human thought. There, oft the Princely Maid,

Accompani'd with *Tyrian* Virgins, plaid,

Love.

Love and high Majesty agree not well;

Nor will together in one bosom dwell.

That Pow'r, from whom whate'er hath being, springs;

That King of Gods, who three-fork'd lightnings flings;

850 Whose nod the World's unfixt foundation shakes,

The figure of a sensual Bull now takes;

And, lowing walks upon the tender grass

Amongst the Herd; though he their form surpasses.

His colour whiter than untrodden Snow,

Before still moist and thawing After blow.

855 The flesh, in swelling rolls adorns his neck:

His broad-spread breast, long dangling dew-laps deck.

His horns though small, yet such as Art invite

To imitate, than shining gems more bright:

His eyes no wrath, his brows no terror threat;

His whole aspect with shining peace replete.

The beast, Agenor's daughter doth admire,

86 So wondrous beautiful, so void of ire.

Though such, at first she his approach did dread,

Yet forthwith sought; and then with flowers him fed.

The Lover joys: till he his hopes might feast.

He lift her hands; ah, scarce defers the soft!

865 Now, on the springing grass, he frisks and plays:

His sides now on the golden sands he lays.

Her fear subdued, she strokes his proser'd breast:

Her Virgin-hands his horns with garlands dress.

The royal Maid, who now no courage lackt,

870 Ascends the Bull, not knowing whom she backt.

He, to the Sea approaching, by degrees

First dips therein his hoots, anon his knees:

Then, rushing forward, bears away the prize.

She shrieks, and to the shore reverns her eyes.

875 One hand his horri, the other held behinde A off

Her lighter garments swelling with the wind.

OVID'S

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## THE THIRD BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Ariadne from Dragons late-sown teeth wife.  
By his own Hounds the Hart Adonis dies.  
Juno's Bel Dame. Scudel-dash frie  
In wiste imbraces. Bacchus from Jove's thigh  
Takes second birth. The wile Tiresias twice  
Doth change his Sex. Scudel-Echopines' a voice :  
Self-lov'd Narcissus to a Daffodil.  
Bacchus, a Boy. The Tyrrhen's ship stands still,  
With Ivy mor'd. Strange shapes the Sirens fright:  
Who Dolphin turn, and still in shipe delight.*

**A**ND now the God, arriving with his Rape,  
At sacred Crete, resumes his heavenly shape.  
The King, his Son to seek his Daughter sent,  
Foredoomed to perpetual banishment,  
Except his fortune to his wish succeed :  
How pious, and how impious in one deed ! (quire?)  
Earth wandred through (Jove's thefts who can ex-  
He shuns his Country, and his Father's ire :  
With Phœbus Oracle consults to know  
What Land the Fates intended to bestow.  
**10** Who, thus : In desart fields observe a Cow,  
Yet never yoak'd, nor servile to the Plow;  
Follow her slow conduct, and where she shall  
Repose, there build : The place Baetis call.

Scarce

- Searce *Cadmus* from *Gastalian* Cave descended,  
15 When he an Heifer saw, by no man tended,  
Her neck ungall'd with groaning servitude,  
The God ador'd, he foot by foot pursu'd.  
*Cephissus* floud, and *Panope* now past,  
20 She made a stand; to heaven her forehead cast,  
With lofty horns most exquilitely fair;  
Then, with repeated lowings fill'd the air:  
Looks back upon the company she led;  
And, kneeling makes the tender grass her bed.  
Thanksgiving *Cadmus* kist the unknown ground;  
25 The stranger fields and hills saluting round.  
About to sacrifice to heav'ns high King,  
He sends for Water from the living Spring.  
A Wood there was, which never Axe did hew;  
In it a Cave, where Reeds and Osiers grew,  
30 Root with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;  
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.  
The lurking Snake of *Mars* this hold possest;  
Bright scal'd, and shining with a golden crest;  
His bulk with poison swoln, fire-red his eyes:  
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth comprise;  
35 This fatal Well th' unlucky *Tyrians* found;  
Who with their down-let pitcher, rais'd a sound.  
With that, the Serpent his blue head extends;  
And suffering air with horrid hisses rends.  
The water from them fell: their colour fled:  
40 Who all astonisht, shook with sudden dread.  
He wreaths his scaly folds into an heap;  
And fetcht a compass with a mighty leap:  
Then bolt-upright his monstrous length displays  
More than half way, and all the Wood surveys.  
Whose body, when all seen, no less appears,  
45 Than that which parts the two celestial Bears.  
Whether the *Tyrians* sought to fight, or fly,  
Or whether they through fear could neither try,  
Some crasht he twixt his jaws, some claspt to death,  
Some kills with poison, others with his breath.  
50 And now the Sun the shortest shadows made.  
Then *Cadmus*, wondring why his servants staid,  
Their foot-steps trac'd. An hide the Hero wore,  
Which late he from a slaughtered Lion tore:  
His Arms a dart, a bright Steel-pair'd Spear,  
And such a mind as could not stoop to fear.

When

- 55 When he the Wood had entered, and there view'd  
 The bodies of the slain with bloud imbru'd,  
 Th' inslitting Victor quenching his dire thirst  
 And their succ't wounds; he sigh'd, as heart would burst:  
 Then said, I will revenge, O faithful Mates,  
 Your murthers, or accompany your Fates.  
 With that he lifted up a mighty stone,
- 60 Which with a more than manly force was thrown.  
 What would have batter'd down the strongest wall,  
 And shiv'red tow'rs, doth give no wound at all,  
 The hardness of his skin, and scales that grow  
 Upon his armed back, repulse the blow.
- 65 And yet that strong defence could not so well  
 The vigour of his thrilling Dart repel;  
 Which through his winding back a passage rends,  
 There sticks, the steel into his guts descends:  
 Rabid with anguish, he reverts his look  
 Upon the wound; and then the Javelin took
- 70 Between his teeth; it every way doth wind:  
 At length, rugg'd out, yet leaves the head behind,  
 His rage increas'd with his augmenting pains:  
 And his thick-panting throat swells with full veins.  
 A cold white fro: h surrounds his poi'sitous jaws:
- 75 On thund'ring Earth his trailing scales he draws:  
 Who from his black and *Stygian* maw ejects  
 A blasting breath, which all the Air infects.  
 His body now, he circularly bends:  
 Forthwith into a monstrous length extends:
- 80 Then rul'het on like show'r-incencted Flouds;  
 And with his breast o're-bears the obvious Woods.  
 The Prince gave way; who with the Lion's spoil  
 Sustain'd th' assault; and forc'd a quick recoil,  
 His Lance fixt in his jaws. What could not feel,  
 He madly wounds; and bites the biting steel.
- 85 Th' invenom'd go'e, which from his palate bled,  
 Converts the grafts into a dusky red:  
 Yet flights the hutt, in that the Snake withdrew;  
 And so, by yielding did the force subdued.  
 Till *Agenorides* the steel imbru'd  
 In his wide throat, and still his throat pressur'd:  
 Until an Oak his back-retrait withstood:
- 90 There, he his neck transfixt. With it, the Wood.  
 The tree bends with a burthen so unknown,  
 And, lashed by the Serpents tail, doth groan.

- While he survey'd the greatness of his foe,  
 95 This voice he heard (from whence he did not know)  
   Why is that Serpent so admir'd by thee?  
   Ageron's Son a Serpent thou shalt be.  
   He speechless grew; pale fear repell'd his blond;  
 100 And now uncurled hair like bristles stood.  
   Behold! Man's Pauress, *Pallas* (from the sky  
   Descending to his needful aid) stood by:  
   Who bad him in the turn'd up furrows throw  
   The Serpents teeth, that future men might grow.  
   He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:  
 105 And therein sow'd the seed of human birth.  
   Lo (past belief!) the Clods began to move:  
   And tops of Lances first appear'd above:  
   The Helmets nodding with their plumed Crest;  
   Forthwith, fulgent Pouldrons, plated breasts;  
   Hands with offensive weapons charg'd, insue:  
 110 And Target-bearing troops of Men up-grew.  
   So in our Theater's solemnities,  
   When they the Arras raise, the Figures rise:  
   Afore the rest, their faces first appear;  
   By little and by little then they rear  
   Their bodies, with a measure-keeping hand,  
   Until their feet upon the Border stand.  
 115 Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the sight  
   Of such an Host; address't him to the fight.  
   Forbo'r, (a new born Souldier cri'd) t' ingage  
   Thy better fortune in our civil rage!  
   With that, he on his Earth-bred Brother flew:  
   At whom a deadly dart another threw.  
 120 Nor he that kill'd him, long survives his death;  
   But through widewounds expires his infant breath.  
   Slaughter, with equal fury, runs through all:  
   And by uncivil civil blows they fall.  
   The new-sprung Youth, who hardly life possest,  
 125 New panting, kick their Mothers bloody breast.  
   But five surviv'd: Of whom *Echion* one;  
   His arms to Earth by *Pallas* counsel thrown.  
   He craves the love he offers. All accord  
   As Brothers should: And what they take afford.  
   ~~Si donian~~ *Cadmus* these assist to build  
 130 His lofty walls; the Oracle fulfill'd.  
   Now flourisht *Thebes*: Now did thy exile prove  
   In shew a blessing; those that rule in love.

- And war, thy Nuptials with their Daughters grace :  
 By such a Wife to have so fair a race ;  
 So many Sons and Daughters, Nephews too  
 (The pledges of their peaceful beds) issue ;  
 And they now grown to excellence and power,  
 But, Man must censur'd be by his last hour :  
 Whom truely we can never happy call,  
 Afore his death, and closing Funeral.
- In this thy every way so prosperous state,  
 Thy first mis-hap sprung from thy Nephew's fate :  
 Whose brows unnatural branches ill adorn ;  
 By his ungrateful Dogs in picces torn.
- Yet fortune did offend in him, not he :  
 For, what offence may in an errour be ?  
 With purple bloud, slain Deer the hills imbrue :  
 And now high noon the shades of things withdrew ;  
 While East and West the equal Sun partake.
- Thus, then *Hyantus* to his Partner spake,  
 That trod the Mazes of the pathless Wood :  
 My Friends, our nets and javelins reek with bloud :  
 Enough hath been the fortune of this day ;  
 To morrow, when *Aurora* shall display  
 Her rosie cheeks, we may our spoils renew.
- Now, *Phæbus*, with inflaming eye doth view  
 The crani'd Earth : Here let our labour end :  
 Take up your toils. They gladly condescend.
- A Vale there was with Pines and Cypris crown'd,  
 Gargathy call'd; for *Diana*'s love renown'd.  
 A shady Cave posset the inward part,  
 Not wrought by hands : There Nature witty Art  
 Did counterfeit : A native Arch she drew,
- With Pumice and light Tofusses, that grew.  
 A bubling Spring, with streams as clear as Glass,  
 Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted Grafts.  
 The weary Huntress usually here laves  
 Her Virgin Limbs, more pure than those pure waves.
- And now her Bow, her Javelin, and her Quiver ;  
 Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliver :  
 Her light impoyerish't Robes another held :  
 Her buskins to untie. The better skill'd  
*Ismenian Groale*, her long hair wound.
- In pleated wreaths : Yet was her own unbound ;  
 Near *Hyle*, *Niphe*, *Rhamis*, *Pœnas*, (still  
 Employ'd) and *Phiale* the Layers fill.

While

While here *Titania* bath'd, (as was her guise)  
Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tir'd with exercise,  
175 And wand'ring through the Woods, approach'd this  
With fatal steps : So destiny him drove. (Grove  
Enter'd the Cave with skipping Springs bedew'd ;  
The Nymphs all naked, when a Man they view'd,  
Clapt their re-sounding breasts, and fill'd the Wood  
180 With sudden shrieks : Like Ivory pales they stood  
About their Goddess. But she, far more tall,  
By head and shoulders over-tops them all.  
Such as that colour which the Clouds adorns  
Shot by the Sun-beams, or the rosie Morn's ;  
185 Such flush'd in *Dian*'s cheeks, being naked ta'ne.  
And though environ'd by her Virgin-Train,  
She side-long turns, looks back, and wifht her Bow :  
Yet what she had she in his face did throw.  
190 With vengeful Waters sprinkled, to her rage  
These words she adds, which future fate presage :  
Now tell, how thou hast seen me disarray'd ;  
Tell, if thou canst, I give thee leave. This said,  
She to his Neck and Ears new length imparts ;  
195 T' his Brow the Antlers of long-living Harts :  
With Legs and Feet his Arms and Hands supply'd ;  
And cloath'd his body in a spotted Hide.  
To this, Fear added. *Autoneius* flies,  
And wonders at the swiftness of his Thighs.  
200 But when his Locks he in the River view'd.  
He would have cry'd, Woe's me ! no words insu'd :  
His words were groans. He frets with galling tears :  
Checks not his own, yet his own Mind he bears.  
What should he do ? Go home, or in the Wood  
205 For ever lurk ? Fear this, Shame that withstood.  
While thus he doubts, his Dogs their Master view.  
*Black-foot* and *Tracer*, opening first, pursue :  
Sure *Tracer*, *Gnossus*, *Black-foot*, *Sparta* bare.  
Then all fell in, more swift than forced Air.  
210 *Spie*, *Ravener*, *Clime-cliff* ; these *Arcadia* bred :  
Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirl-wind*, eager *Follow-dread*.  
*Hunter*, for scent ; for speed, *Flight* went before.  
Fierce *Salvage*, lately gaunched by a Boar ;  
215 *Greedy*, with her two whelps ; grim *Wolf-got Ranger* ;  
*Stout Shepherd*, late preserving Flocks from danger ;  
*Gaunt Catch*, whose race from *Sicyonia* came ;  
*Patch*, *Courser*, *Blab*, rash *Tiger* never tame ;

## 50 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Blanch, Mourner, Royser, Wolf* surpassing strong ;  
 And *Tempest*, able to continue long ;
220. *Swift*, with his Brother *Churl*, a *Cyprian* hound ;  
*Bold Snatch*, whose Table Brows a white star crown'd  
*Cole*, Ihag-hair'd *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,  
 Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Creet* ;  
*White-tooth* and *Ringwood*, (others not t' express.)
- 225 O're Rocks, o're Crags, o're Cliffs that want acceſſ,  
 Through streightned ways, &c where there was no way.  
 The well-mouth'd Hounds pursue the Princely Prey.  
 Where oft he went to follow, now he flies,  
 Flies from his Family : in thought he cries,
- 230 I am *Aetæon*, servants, know your Lord.  
 Thoughts wanted words. High skies the noise record  
 First *Collier* pinch'd him by the haunch : in flung  
 Fierce *Kill-deer*; *Hill-bred* on his Shoulder hung.  
 These came forth laſt, but croſt a nearer way
- 235 A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay  
 In rush the rest ; who gripe him with their fangs.  
 Now is no room for Wounds. Groans speak his pangs.  
 Though not with human voice, unlike an Hart :  
 In whose lamentations the known Rocks bear a part.
- 240 Pitcht on his knees, like one who pity crav's,  
 His silent looks in stead of Arms he waves.  
 With usual shout's their Dogs the Hunters shear ;  
 And seek, and call *Aetæon*. He (too near)  
 245 Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all  
 For being absent at his present fall.  
 Present he was, that abtent would have been ;  
 Nor would his cruel Hounds have felt, but seen.  
 Their snouts they in his body bathe, and tear
- 250 Their Master in the figure of a Deer.  
 Nor, till a thousand wounds had life disſeis'd,  
 Could quiver-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.  
 'Twas censur'd variously : for many thought  
 The punishment far greater than the fault.  
 Others so four a Chastity commend,
- 255 As worthy her. And both their parts defend.  
*Jove*'s Wife not so much blam'd or prais'd the deed,  
 As she rejoiceth at the wounds that bleed  
 In *Cadmus* family, who keeps in mind  
*Europa*'s rape, and hateth all the kind.  
 New new occasions fresh displeasure move :
- 260 For *Semele* was great with child by *Jove*.

The

- Then thus she scolds: O, what amends succeeds  
Our lost Complaints? I now will fall to 'deeds.  
If we be more than titulary great,  
If we a Scepter sway, if Heaven our seat,  
265 If *Jove's* fear'd Wife and Sister, (certainly,  
His Sister,) torment shall the Whore destrov.  
Yet with that theft perhaps she was content,  
And quickly might the injury repent:  
But, she conceives, to aggravate the blame,  
And by her belly doth her crime proclaim,  
Who would by *Jupiter* a Mother prove;  
270 Which hardly once hath happened to our love.  
So confident is Beauty. Yet shall she  
Fail in that hope: nor let me *Juno* be,  
Unless, by her own *Jove* destroy'd, she make  
A swift descent unto the Stygian Lake.  
She quits her Throne, and in a yellow Cloud  
Approach'd the Palace; nor dismiss't that Shroud,  
275 Till she had wrinkled her smooth skin, and made  
Her head all gray; while creeping feet convey'd  
Her crooked limbs; her voice small, weak and hoarse,  
Like *Beroe* of *Epidaurae*, her Nurse.  
280 Long talking, at the mention of *Jove's* Name,  
She ligh'd, and said; Pray Heaven, he prove the same.  
Yet much I fear; for many oft beguile  
With that pretext, and chastest beds defile.  
Though *Jove*, that's not enough. Give me a sign  
Of his Affection, if he be divine.  
Such, and so mighty, as when pleasure warms  
285 His melting Bosom in high *Juno's* Arms;  
With thee such, and so mighty, let him lie,  
Deckt with the Ensigns of his Deity.  
Thus she advis'd the unsuspecting Dame;  
Who begs of *Jove* a Boon without a name.  
To whom the God; Chuse, and thy choice posses:  
290 Yet that thy diffidency may be less,  
Witness that Power, who through obscure aboads  
Spreads his dull streams; the fear, and God of Gods.  
Pleas'd with her harm, of too much power to move,  
That now must perish by obsequious love,  
Such be to me, she said, as when th' Invites  
Of *Juno* summon you to *Venus* Rites.  
295 Her mouth he thought to stop: but now that breath  
Was mixt with air which sentenced her death.

## 32 METAMORPHOSIS,

Thea fetcht he sighs as if his breast would tear,  
(For she might not un-wish, nor he un-swear)

— And sadly mounts the Sky ; thence with him took  
The Clouds, that imitate his mournful look ;

300 Thick shovrs and tempests adding to the same,  
Loud thunder, and inevitable flame.

Whose rigour yet he striveth to subdue ;  
Not armed with that fire which overthrew  
The hundred-handed Giant ; 'twas too wild.

305 There is another lightning far more mild,  
By Cyclops forged with leis flame and ire,  
Which deathless Gods do call the Second fire.  
This to her Father's house he with him took.  
But (ah !) a mortal body could not brook  
Æthereal tumults. Her succels she mourns,  
And in those so desir'd embracements burns.

310 Th' unperfect Babe, which in her womb doth lie,  
Was ta'ne by Jove, and sew'd into his Thigh,  
His Mother's time accomplishing : Whom first  
By stealth his careful Aunt, kind Ino, nurst ;  
Then giv'n to the Nysedes, and bred

315 In secret Caves, with Milk and Honey fed.

While this on Earth befel by Fates decree,  
(The twice-born Bacchus now from danger free)

Jove weighty ears expelling from his breast  
With flowing Nectar, and dispos'd to jest

320 With well-pleas'd Juno, said, in Venus deeds  
The Female's Pleasure far the Male's exceeds.

This she denies. Tiresias must decide

The difference, who both delights had try'd.  
For two ingendring Serpents once he found,

325 And with a stroke their slimy twistsunbound ;  
And straight a Woman of a Man became.

Seven Autumns past, he in the eighth the same  
Re-finding, said, if such your pow'r so strange,

That they who strike you must their nature change,

330 Once more I'll try. Then struck, away they ran ;  
And of a Woman he became a Man.

He, chosen Umpire of this sportful strife,

Jove's words confirm'd. This next his froward Wife  
More than the matter crav'd. To wreak her spight,

335 His eyes she muzzled in eternal night,

Th' Omnipotent (since no God may undo  
Another's deeds) with Fates which should insure

Inform'd his intellect; and did supply  
His body's eye-sight with his mind's clear eye.

340 He giving sure replies to such as came,  
Through all th' Aonian Cities stretch'd his fame.  
First blew *Liriope* sad trial-made,  
How that was but too true which he had said:  
Whom in times past *Cepheus* floud imbrac'd  
Within his winding Streams, and forc'd the chaste,  
The lovely Nymph; who not unfruitful prov'd,

345 Brought forth a Boy, even then to be belov'd,  
*Narcissus* nam'd. Enquiring if old age  
Should crown his youth; he, in obscure presage,  
Made this reply, except himself he know.  
Long they no credit on his words bestow:

Yet did th' event the prophecie approve,  
350 In his strange roun, and new kind of love.

Now he to fifteen added had an year:  
Now in his looks both Boy and Man appear.  
Many a love-sick Youth did him desire;  
And many a Maid his beauty set on fire.  
Yet in his tender age his pride was such,

355 That neither Youth nor Maiden might him touch.

The Vocal Nymph this lovely Boy did spy,  
(She could not profer speech, nor yet reply)  
When, busie in pursuit of savage spoils,  
He drove the Deer into Isis cord-d toils.

*Echo* was then a Body, not a Voice:

360 Yet then, as now, of words she wanted choice;  
But only could re-iterate the close  
Of every speech. This *Juno* did impose.  
For, often when she might have taken *Juno*,

Compressing there the Nymphs, who weakly st ove,  
Her long discourses made the Goddess stay,

365 Until the Nymphs had time to runaway.

Which when perceiv'd, she said, For this abuse,  
Thy tongue henceforth shall be of little use.  
Those threats are dead: She yet ingeminates  
The last of sounds, and what she hears relates.

370 *Narcissus* seen, intending thus the chace,  
She forthwith glows, and with a noiseless pace  
His steps pursues. The more she did pursue,  
More hot (as nearer to her fire) she grew:  
And might be likened to a sulph'rous match,  
Which instantly th'approached flame doth catch.

## 54 METAMORPHOSIS,

- 375 How oft would she have woo'd him with sweet words !  
 But Nature no such liberty affords.  
 Begin she could not, yet full readily  
 To his expected speech she would reply.  
 The Boy, from his companions parted, said ;
- 380 Is any nigh ? I, *Echo* answ're made.  
 He round about him gazed, (much appall'd)  
 And cry'd out, Come. She him, who called, call'd.  
 Then looking back, and seeing none appear'd,  
 Why shun'it thou me ? The self-same voice he heard,
- 385 Deceived by the Image of his words.  
 Then let us joyn, said he. No sound accords  
 More to her wish, her faculties combine  
 In dear consent ; who answer'd, *Let us joyn.*  
 Flattering her self, out of the Woods she sprung ;  
 And would about his struggling Neck have hung.
- 390 Thrust back, he said, Life I shall this breast forsake,  
 Ere thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleasure take.  
*On me thy pleasure take*, the Nymph replies  
 To that disdainful Boy, who from her flies.  
 Despis'd, the Wood her sad retreat receives :  
 Who covers her ashamed face with leaves,  
 And sculks in desert caves. Love still possest
- 395 Her soul, through grief of her repulse increast.  
 Her wretched body pines with sleepless care :  
 Her skin contracts : her bloud converts to air.  
 Nothing was left, her now but voice and bones :  
 The voice remains ; the other turn to stones.
- 400 Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountains never found,  
 Yet heard in all : and all is but a sound.  
 Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in Mountains born  
 And sedgy brooks, the Boy had kill'd with scorn.  
 Thus many a youth he had afore deceiv'd.  
 When one thus pray'd, with hands to Heav'n upheav'd.  
 So may he love himself, and so despair.
- 405 *Rhamnusia* condescends to his just pray'r.  
 A Spring there was, whose silver waters were  
 As smooth as any mirror, nor less clear ;  
 Which neither Herds-men, tame nor savage Beast,
- 410 Nor wandring Fowl, nor scattered leaves molest ;  
 Girt round with Grafs, by neighbouring moisture fed,  
 And Woods, against the Sun's invasion spred.  
 He, tir'd with heat and hunting, with the Place  
 And Spring delighted, lies upon his face.

Quenching

- 415 Quenching his thirst, another thirst doth rise,  
Rais'd by the form which in that glass he spies.  
The hope of nothing doth his pow'rs invade:  
And for a body he mistakes a shade.  
Himself, himself distracts: who pores thereon  
So fixedly, as if of Parian stone.
- 420 Beholds his eyes, two stars; his dangling hair,  
Which with unshorn Apollo's might compare;  
His fingers worthy Bacchus, his smooth chin,  
His Ivory Neck, his heavenly face, wherein  
The linked Deities their Graces fix,  
Where Roses with unsullied Lillies mix.
- 425 Admirer all; for which to be admir'd:  
And uneonsiderately himself desired.  
The praises which he gives, his beauty claim'd.  
Who seeks, is sought: th' inflamer is inflam'd.  
How often would he kiss the flattering Spring!  
How oft with down-thrust arms sought he to cling
- 430 About that loved neck? Those couz'ning lips  
Delude his hopes; and from himself he slips.
- 435 Not knowing what, with what he sees he tries:  
And th' error that deceives, incites his eyes.  
O fool, that striv'it to catch a flying shade!  
Thou seek'it what's no-where: turn aside, 'twill fade.  
Thy form's reflexion doth thy sight delude;
- 440 Which is with nothing of its own indu'd.  
With thee it comes, with thee it staies, and so  
'Twould go away, hadst thou the power to go.  
Nor sleep nor hunger could the Lover raise:  
Who, laid along on that false form to gaze
- 445 With looks; which looking never could suffice,  
Quite ruinates himself with his own eyes.  
At length, a little lifting up his Head,  
You Woods, that round about your branches spread,  
Was ever so unfortunate a Lover?
- You know, to many you have been a cover.  
From your first growth to this long distant day,
- 450 Have you known any thus to pine away?  
I like and see: but yet I cannot find  
The lik'd and seen. O Love, with error blind!  
What grieves me more, no Sea, no mountain steep,  
No ways, no walls, our joys asunder keep,
- 455 Whom but a little water doth divide:  
And he himself desires to be enjoy'd.

As oft as I to kiss the Floud decline,  
So oft his lips ascend, to close with mine.

You'd think we toucht: So small a thing doth part  
Our equal loves. Come forth, what-e're thou art,

455 Sweet Boy, a simple Boy beguile not so:

From him that seeks thee, whither wouldst thou go?

My Age nor Beaury merit thy disdain:

And me the Nymphs have often lov'd in vain.

Yet in thy friendly shews my poor hopes live,  
Still striving to receive the Hand I give.

Thou smil'st my smiles: When I a tear let fall,

460 Thou shed'st another; and comfort it in all.

And lo, thy sweetly-moving lips appear  
To utter words that come not to our ear.

Ah! He is I, now, now I plainly see:

It is my shadow that bewitched me.

Love of my self me burns; (O, too too sure!)

I suffer in those flames which I procure.

465 Shall I be wo'd, or woo? What shall I crave,  
Since what I covet, I already have?

Too much hath made me poor. O you divine  
And favouring Powers, me from my self disjoyn.

Of what I love, I would be dispos'd.

This in a Lover is a strange request.

Now strength through grief decays: Short is the time

470 I have to live, extinguish'd in my prime.

Nor grieves it me to part with well-mist breath;

For grief will find a perfect cure in death:

Would he I love might longer life enjoy.

Now too ill-fated Lovers in one die.

This said, again he on his Image gaz'd;

475 Tears on the troubled water circles rais'd;

The motion much obscur'd the fleeting shade.

With that he cry'd, (perceiving it to vade)

O, whither wilt thou? Stay; nor cruel prove,

In leaving me, who infinitely love.

Yet let me see what cannot be possest,

And with that empty food my fury feast.

480 Complaining thus, himself he disarrays,

And to remorseless hands his breast displays;

The blows that solid Snow with Crimson stripe

485 Like Apples partly red, or Grapes scarlet ripe.

But in the water when the same appear,

He could no longer such a sorrow bear.

As Virgin-wax dissolves with fervent heat,  
Or morning Frost whereon the Sun-beams beat :  
So thaws he with the ardour of desire,  
490 And by degrees consumes in unseen fire.

His meagre cheeks now lost their red and white ;  
That life, that favour lost which did delight.  
Nor those divine proportions now remain,  
So much by *Echo* lately lov'd in vain.

Which when she saw, although she angry were,  
And still in mind her late repulse did bear ;

495 As often as the miserable cry'd  
Alas ! Alas ! the woeful Nymph reply'd :  
And ever when he struck his sounding breast,  
Like sounds of mutual sufferance exprest.

His last words were, still hanging o're his shade,  
500 Ah ! Boy belov'd in vain ! So *Echo* said.

Farewel. Farewel, figh'd she. Then down he lies :  
Death's cold hand shuts his self-admiring eyes ;  
Which now eternally their gazes fix.

505 Upon the waters of infernal Styx.  
The woeful *Naiades* lament the dead,  
And their clipt hair upon their brother spread.  
The woeful *Dryades* partake their woes.  
With botli sad *Echo* joyns at every clof :  
The Funeral Pile prepar'd, an Herse they brought  
To fetch his body, which they vainly sought.  
In stead whercof a yellow Flower was found,

510 With tufts of white about the button crown'd.  
This through *Achaia* spred the Prophet's fame,  
Who worthily had purchas'd a great name.

But proud *Echion*'s son, who did despise  
The righteous Gods, derides his Prophecies,  
515 And twits *Tiresias* with his ravish'd sight.

He shook his head, which age had cloath'd in white,  
And said, 'Twere well for thee, hadst thou no eyes  
To see the *Bacchanal* solemnities.

The time shall come (which I presage is near)  
520 When *Semeleian Liber* will be here :

Whom if thou honour not with Temples due,  
Thy Mother and her Sisters shall imbrue  
Their furious hands in thy effused bloud,  
And throw thy sever'd Limbs about the Wood.  
'Twill be, thy malice cannot but rebel :

525 And then thou'l say, the blind did see too well.

His mouth proud *Pentheus* stopt. Belief succeeds  
Fore-running threats, and words are scal'd by deeds.  
*Liber* is come, the fields with clamour sound:  
They in his Orgies tread a frantick round.  
Women with Men, the base and nobler sort.

530 Together to those unknown Rites resort.

You sons of *Mars*, you of the Dragon's race,  
(Said he) what fury doth your minds embase?  
Is brass of such a power, which Drunkards beat,  
Or sound of Horns, or Magical deceit;  
That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight,

535 Nor Death with all his terrors could affright,  
Loud women, wine-bred rage, a lustful Crew  
Of Beasts and Kettle-drums, should thus subdue?  
At you, grave Fathers, can I but admire,  
Who brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,

And fixt them here; now from that care so far

540 Estranged, as to lose them without War.

Or you, who of my ableage appear;  
Whole heads shoud Helmets, and not Garlands, wear;  
Nor leafy Javelins, but good Swords adorn  
The hands of Youth. O you, so nobly born,  
The Dragon's fiery fortitude induc,

Whose single valour such a number slew.

545 He in defending of his Fountain fell:

Do you th' Invaders of your fame repel.

~~He~~ flew the strong: do you the weak destroy,

And free your Country from foul infamy.

If Destinies decree that *Thebes* must fall,

May men, may warlike engines rase her Wall:

550 Let Sword and Fire our famish'd lives assault.

Then should we not be wretched through our fault,

Nor strive to hide our guilt, but Fortune blame,

And vent our pitied Sorrows without shame.

Now, by a naked Boy we're put to flight;

Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Arms delight,

555 But hair perfum'd with Myrrh, soft Anadems,

And purple Robes inchas'd with Gold and Gems.

Who shall confess (if you your aid deny)

His forged Father, and false Deity.

What? has *Acrisius* virtue to withstand

560 Th' Impostor, chased from the *Argive* Strand?

And shall this Vagabond, this Foreiuier,

Me *Pentheus* and the *Theban* State deter?

Go, (said he to his servants) go your way,  
And drag him hither bound : prevent delay.

Him *Cadmus*, *Athamas*, and all dissuade,

565 By opposition more interperate made.

Fury increaseth when it is withheld :

And then good counsel doth more harm than good.

So have I seen an unstopt Torrent glide

VVith quiet waters, scarcely heard to chide :

570 But when fain Trees, or Rocks, impeach'd his course,

To foam and roar with uncontrolled force.

All bloody they return. VVhere is, said he,

This *Bacchus*? *Bacchus* none of us did see,

Reply'd they : This his minister we found,

575 (Presenting one with hands behind him bound)

*A Thuscian* zealous in those mysteries.

On whom fierce *Pentheus* looks with wrathful eyes,

VVho hardly could his punishment defer.

Then thus ; Thou wretch, that others shalt deter,

580 Declare thy name, thy nation, parentage,

And why thou followest this new-fangled Rage.

He, in whom innocency fear o're-came,

Made this reply : *Acetes* is my name :

My life I owe to the *Maenian* earth ;

To none my fortune, born of humble Birth.

No Land my Father left me to manure,

585 Nor Herds, nor bleating Flocks: himself was poor.

The tempted Fish with Hook and Line he caught :

His Skill was all his VVealth. His Skill he taught,

And said, My Heir, successor to my Art,

Receive the Riches which I can impart.

590 He, dying, left me nothing; and yet all :

The Sea may I my Patrimony call.

Yet, lest I still should on those Rocks abide,

To Navigation I my time apply'd :

Observe d' th' *Olenian* Goat portending Rain ;

VVet *Hyades*, when stooping to the Main ;

595 *Taygeta*, and cold *Arctos*; the resorts

Of several winds; and harbour-giving Ports.

For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* Shoars,

And there arrived with industrious Oars.

Leaping a-shore, I made the Beach my bed.

600 VVhen aged Night *Aurora*'s blushes fled,

I rose, and bade my men fresh water bring,

Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.

Then

## 60 METAMORPHOSIS,

Then, from an Hill observ'd the winds accord;  
My Mates I call'd, and forthwith went aboard.

605 All here, the Master's Mate Opheltes cries:

And thinking he had light upon a prize,  
Along the shoar a lovely Boy convey'd,  
Adorned with the beauty of a Maid.

Heavy with wine and sleep, he reeled so,  
That, though supported, he could hardly go.

When I beheld his habit, gate and feature,

610 I could not think it was an human Creature.  
Fellows, I doubt what God, but sure, said I,  
This excellence includes a Deity.

Be propitious, whosoere thou art;  
Unto our industry success imparr,  
And pardon these who have offended thus.

615 Then Ditys said, Forbear to pray for us.

(Than he, none could the top-sail-yard bestride  
With lighter speed, nor thence more nimbly slide.)

This Libys, swart Melanthus (who the Prow  
Commanded) and Alcimedon allow,

Epopœus the Boat-swain; so all say,

620 Bewitched with the blind desire of prey.  
This Ship, said I, you shall not violate,  
With sacrilege of so divine a weight,  
Wherein I haue most interest and command:  
And on the hatches their ascent withstand.

Whereat the desperate Lycabas grew wild,

625 Who for a bloody murther was exil'd  
From Tuscany. Whilst I alone resist,  
He took me such a buffet with his fist,  
That down I fell; and had falleen over-board,  
If I (though sensles) had not caught a cord.

The wicked company the fact approve.

Then Bacchus (for 'twas he) began to move,

630 Asif awaken'd with the noise they made.

(His wine-bound senses now discharg'd) and said,  
What clamour's this? What do you? Sailers, whith  
Mean you to bear me? Ah! how came I hither?

Fear not, said Proreus: Name, where thou would'st be  
635 And to that Harbour we will carry thee.

Then, Friends, Lyæus said, for Naxos stand:  
Naxos my home, an hospitable Land.

By Seas, by all the Gods, by what ayails,

They swear they will, and bade me hoile up Sails.

Whic

- 640 Which trimm'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board side ;  
 What do'st thou Mad-man, Fool ? *Opheltes* cry'd.  
 Each tears his loss ; some whisper in mine ear :  
 Most say by signs, Unto the Lar-board steer.  
 Amaz'd, Some other hold the Helm, said I,  
 645 I'll not be tainted with your perjury.  
 All chafe and storm. What ? Said *Ethalion*,  
 Is all our safety plac'd in thee alone ?  
 With that, my office he upon him took,  
 And *Naxos* (altering her course) forsook.
- 650 The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)  
 From th' upper deck the Sea surveyed round ;  
 Then seem'd to cry. Sirs, this is not, said he,  
 That promis'd Shoar, the Land so wish'd by me.  
 What is my fault ? What glory is my spoil,
- 655 If Men a Boy, if many one beguile ?  
 I wept afore : But they my tears deride,  
 And with laborious Oars the Waves divide.  
 By him I swear (than whom none more in view)  
 That what I now shall utter is as true,  
 As past belief. The Ship, in those profound  
 660 And spacious Seas, so stuck as on dry ground.  
 They, wondring, ply'd their Oars, the sails displaid,  
 And strive to run her with that added aid.  
 When Ivy gave their Oars a forc'd restraint,
- 665 Whose creeping bands the sails with Berries paint.  
 He, head-bound with a wreath of clustered Vines,  
 A Javelin shook claspt with their leafy twines.  
 Stern Tigers, Lynxes (such unto the eye)  
 And spotted Panthers round about him lie,  
 All over-board now tumb'e ; whether 'twere  
 670 Out of infused madnes, or for fear.  
 Then *Medon* first with spiny fins grew black,  
 His form depressed, with a compast back.  
 To whom said *Lycabas* ; O more than strange !  
 Into what uncouth Monster wilt thou change ?  
 As thus he spake, his mouth became more wide,  
 675 His nose more hook'd : Scales arm his hardned hide.  
 Whilst *Libys* tugg'd an Oar that fixed stands,  
 His hands shrunk up, now fins, no longer hands.  
 Another by a Cable thought to hold,
- 680 But mist his arms. He fell ; the Seas infold  
 His maimed body, which a rail eft-soon,  
 Recieves, reversed like the horned Moon.

They

- They leap aloft, and sprinkle up the Floud ;  
 Now chase above, now under water scud :
- 685 And like lascivious Dancers frisk about ;  
 And gulped Seas, from their proud nostrils, spout.  
 Of twenty Sailers only I remain'd :  
 So many Men our complement contain'd.  
 The God my mind could hardly animate,  
 Trembling with horrour of so dire a Fate.  
 Suppress, said he, these tumults of thy fear ;
- 690 And now thy course for sacred *Dia* bear.  
 Arrived, I, by his implor'd consent,  
 Became his Priest; and thus his Feasts frequent.  
 Our ears are tir'd with thy long ambages,  
 Which wrath, said he, would by delay appease.  
 Go, servants, take him hence : Let his forc'd breath
- 695 Expire in groans : and torture him to death.  
 In solid Prison pent ; while they provide  
 Whips, Racks and Fire, the doors fly open wide :  
 And of themselves, as if dissolv'd by charms,  
 The fetters fall from his unpinion'd arms.
- 700 But now, not bidding others, *Pentheus* flings  
 To high *Cytheron's* sacred top, which rings  
 With frantick songs, and shrill-voic'd *Bacchanals*,  
 In *Liber's* celebrated Festivals.  
 And as the warike Courser neighs and bounds,
- 705 Inflam'd with fury, when the Trumpet sounds :  
 Even so their far-heard clamours set on fire  
 Stern *Pentheus*, and exasperate his ire,  
 In mid'k of all the spacious Mountain stood  
 A perspicable Champain, fring'd with Wood.  
 Here first of all his Mother him espies,
- 710 Viewing those holy Rites with prophane eyes,  
 She, first, upon him frantickly did run :  
 And first her eager Javelin pierc'd her son.  
 Come, Sisters, cry'd she, this is that huge Boar  
 Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds must
- 715 With that, in rush the sense-distracted Crew. (gore.  
 And all together the amaz'd pursue.  
 Now trembled he, now late-breath'd threats suppress:  
 Himself he blames, and his offence confess.  
 Who cry'd, Help, Aunt *Autonoe*; I bleed:
- 720 O let *Aetœn's* Ghost soft pity breed,  
 Not knowing who *Aetœn* was, she lops  
 His right hand off: The other *Ino* crops.

The wretch now to his mother would have thrown  
His suppliant hands : But now his hands were gone.

725 Yet lifting up their bloody stumps, he said,  
Ah, Mother! see. *Agave*, well appay'd,  
Shouts at the fight, casts up her neck, and shakes  
Her staring hair. In cruel hands she takes  
His head, yet gasping; *Io* sing, said she,  
*Io*, my Mates: This spoil belongs to me.

530 Not leaves now wither'd, nipt by Autumn's frost,  
So soon are ravish't from high Trees, and tost  
By scattering Winds, as they in pieces tear  
His minced Limbs. Th' *Ismenians*, struck with fear,  
His Orgies celebrate, his praises sing,  
And Incense to his holy Altars bring.

---

**O V I D ' S**

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# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

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## THE FOURTH BOOK.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Dercera a Fish. Semiramis a Dove.  
 Transforming Nais equal fate doth prove.  
 White Berries Lovers blood with black disfiles.  
 Apollo, like Eurynome, beguiles  
 Leucothee, buried quick for that offence ;  
 Who, Nectar sprinkled, sprouts to Frankincense.  
 Griev'd Clytie, turn'd t' a Flower, turns with the Sun.  
 Daphnis, to Stone. Sex changeth Scytheon.  
 Celmus a Loadstone. Curets got by showers.  
 Crocus and Snailax turn'd to little Flowers.  
 In one Hermaphrodite two bodies joyn.  
 Mineides, Bats. Sad Ino made divine,  
 With Melicert. Who Juno's fact upbraid,  
 Or Statues, or Cadmean Fowls are made.  
 Hermione and Cadmus, worn with woe,  
 Prove hurtless Dragons. Drops to Serpents grow.  
 Atlas a Mountain. Gorgon-touch'd Sea-weeds  
 To Coral change. From Gorgon's blood proceeds  
 Swift Pegasus : Chrysaor also takes  
 From thence his birth. Fair hair converts to Snakes.

BUT yet Alcithoe Mineides  
 The honour'd Orgies of the God displease.  
 Her Sisters share in that impiety ;  
 Who Bacchus for the Son of Jove deny.

And

- And now his Priest proclaims a solemn Feast ;  
 5 That Dames and Maids from usual labour rest ;  
 That wrapt in skins, their hair-laces unbound,  
 And dangling Tresses with wild Ivy crown'd,  
 They leafy Spears assume. Who prophesies  
 Sad haps to such as his command despise.  
 The Matrons and new-married Wives obey :  
 10 Their Webs, their un-spun Wool aside they lay,  
 Sweet odours burn, and sing; *Lyæus, Bacchus,*  
 \* *Nysæus, Bromius, Evan*, great *Iacchus*,  
 Fire-got, Son of two Mothers, the twice-born,  
 Father *Eleucus*, *Thyon* never shorn,  
*Lemæus*, planter of life-clearing Vines,  
 15 *Nyctileus*, with all names that *Greece* assigns  
 To thee, O *Liber*. Still dost thou injoy  
 Unwasted youth, eternally a Boy.  
 Thou'rt seen in Heav'n, whom all perfections grace ;  
 And when unhorn'd, thou haft a Virgin's face.  
 20 Thy conquests through the Orient are renown'd,  
 Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.  
 Proud *Pentheus* and *Lycurgus*, like prophane,  
 By thee (O greatly to be fear'd) were slain :  
 The *Thuscians* drench'd in Seas. Thou hold'st in awe  
 The spotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.  
 25 Light *Bacchides* and skipping *Satys* follow,  
 Whil'st old *Silenus* reeling still doth hollow ;  
 Who weakly hangs upon his tardy *Ais*.  
 What place so'e're thou entrest, sounding Brafs,  
 Loud Sack-buts, Timbrels, the confused cries.  
 30 Of Youths and Women, pierce the marble skies.  
 Thy presence we *Ilmenides* implore :  
 Come, O come, pleas'd. Thus they his Rites restore.  
 Yet the *Mineides* at home remain,  
 And with untimely Art his feast prophane :  
 Who either weave, or at the Diltaffs spin,  
 35 And urge their Maids to exercise their mail.  
 One said, as she the twisted thread out-drew,  
 While others sport, and forged Gods pursue,  
 Let us, whom better *Pallas* doth invite,  
 Our useful Labour season with delight.  
 40 And stories tell by turns ; that what past years  
 Deny our eyes, may enter at our ears.  
 They all agree, and bade the eldest tell  
 Her story first. She paus'd, not knowing well

## 66. METAMORPHOSIS.

Of many which to chuse t' insist upon:

- 45 The sad *Dercetis* of fam'd *Babylon*,  
(Who, as the *Palestines* believe, did take  
A scaly form, inhabiting a lake ;)  
Or of her Daughter, who with wing'd ascent  
High-pearch'd on Towers, there her old age spent ;  
Or of that *Nais*, who with charms most strange,  
50 And weeds too-pow'rful, human shapes did change  
Into mure Fishes, till a Fish she grew ;  
Or of the Tree whose berries chang'd their hue,  
The white to black by bloud's aspersion grown :  
This pleaseth best, as being most unknown.
- 55 She thus began, and draws the following wool.  
Young *Pyramus* (no youth so beautiful  
Through all the East) and *Thisbe* (who for fair  
Might with th' immortal Goddesses compare)  
Joyn'd houses, where *Semiramis* inclos'd  
Her stately Town, with walls of Brick compos'd.  
This neighbourhood their first acquaintance bred ;  
60 That grew to love ; Love sought a nuptial Bed,  
By Parents crost'd : Yet equal flames their bloud  
Alike incens'd, which could not be withstood.  
Signs only utter their unwitnest loves :  
But hidden fire the violenter proves.
- 65 A cranny in the paring wall was left,  
By shrinking of the new-laid mortar cleft :  
This for so many Ages undefcry'd  
(What cannot Love find out?) the Lovers spy'd ;  
70 By which their whispering voices softly trade,  
And Passion's amorous embassage convey'd.  
On this side, and on that, like Snails they cleave,  
And greedily each others breath receive.  
O envious walls, (said they) who thus divide  
75 Whom Love hath joyn'd ! O, give ~~us~~ way to slide  
Into each others arms. If such a bliss  
Transcend our Fates, yet suffer us to kiss.  
Nor are w' ingrate : Much we confess we owe  
To you, who this dear liberty bestow.  
At night they bid farewell. Their kisses greet  
80 The senseless Stones, with lips that could not meet.  
When from th' approaching Morn the Stars withdrew,  
And that the Sun had drunk the scorched dew,  
They at the usual Station meet again,  
And with soft murmurs mutually complain.

At

- At last, resolve in silence of the night  
85 To steal away, and free themselves by flight ;  
And, with their houses, to forsake the Town.  
Yet lest they so might wander up and down,  
To meet at *Ninus* Tomb they both agree,  
Under the shelter of a shady Tree.  
There an high Mulberry, full of white fruit,  
90 Hard by a living Fountain fixt his Root.  
The Sun, that seem'd too slow, his steeds bestows  
In restful Seas : From Seas wifht Night arose.  
Then *Thisbe* in the dark the doors unbarr'd ;  
And slipping forth, unmiffed by her Guard,  
95 Comes maskt to *Ninus* Tomb ; there in the cold  
Sits underneath that Tree : Love made her bold.  
When (lo) a Lionness, smear'd with the blood  
Of late-slain Beeves, approach'd the neighbour Flond,  
To quench her thirt. Far off by Moon light 'spy'd,  
100 Swift fear her flight into a Cave doth guide.  
Flying, her mantle from her shoulders fell.  
The fatal Lionnes, as from the Well  
Up to the rocky Mountain she withdraws,  
Found it, and tore it with her bloody jaws.  
105 When *Pyramus*, who came not forth so soon,  
Perceived by the glimpses of the Moon  
The footing of wild Beasts, his look grew pale,  
But when he spy'd her torn and bloody Veil ;  
One night (said he) two Lovers shall destroy :  
She longer life deserved to enjoy.  
110 The guilt is mine : 'Twas I (poor soul !) that slew thee,  
Who to a place so full of danger drew thee,  
Nor came before. You Lions, O descend  
From your aboads ; a wretch in pieces rend,  
Condemned by his self-pronounced doom,  
115 And make your entrails my opprobrious Tomb.  
But Cowards wish to die. Her mantle he  
Carries along unto th' appointed Tree.  
There having kist, and washt it with his eyes ;  
Take from our bloud, said he, the double dies.  
With that, his Body on his Sword he threw ;  
120 Which from the reaking wound he dying drew.  
Now, on his back, up spun the bloud in smoak ;  
As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,  
The waters at a little breach break out,  
And, hissing, through the airy Region spouse,

The

- 125 The Mulberries their former white forsake,  
And from his sprinkling bloud their crimson take.  
Now she, who could not yet her fear remove,  
Returns, for fear to disappoint her Love.  
Her eager spirit seeks him through her eyes,
- 130 Who longs to tell of her escap'd surprise.  
The place and figure of the Tree she knew ;  
Yet doubts, the berries having chang'd their hue.  
Uncertain, she his panting Lirabs descry'd,  
That struck the stained earth ; and starts aside.
- 135 Box was not paler then her changed look :  
And like the lightly-breath'd-on Sea the shooke.  
But when she knew 'twas he, (now dispossess  
Of her amaze) she streaks, beats her swoln breast,  
Pulls off her hair, embraces, softly rears
- 140 His hanging head, and fills his wound with tears.  
Then, kissing his cold lips, Wo'sme ! (she said)  
What cursed fate brak this division made ?  
O speake, my Pyramus. O look on me :  
Thy dear, thy desperate Thisbe calls to thee.
- 145 At Thisbe's name he opens his sun-eyes ;  
And having seen her, slurs them up, and dies.  
But when his empty Scabbard she had spy'd,  
And her known Rose, Unhappy Man ! she cry'd,  
These wounds from love, from thine own hand pro-
- 150 Nor is my hand too weak for such a deed. (exed :  
My love as strong. This, this, shall courage give,  
To force that life which much despairs to live.  
In death I'll follow thee ; instyl'd by all,  
The wretched Cause and Partner of thy Fall.
- Whom Death, that had (alas !) alone the might  
To pull thee from me, shall not disunite.
- 155 O you, our wretched Parents, (thus severe  
To your own blood,) my last Petition hear:  
Whom constant love, whom death hath joyn'd, iater,  
Without your envy, in one Sepulcher.  
And thou, O Tree, whose branches shade the slain,
- 160 Of both our slaughthers bear the lasting stain.  
In funeral habit ever cloath your brood,  
A living Monument of our mist bloud.  
This said, his sword, yet recking, she reverst,  
And with a mortal wound her bosom pierst.
- The easie Gods unto her wish accord ;  
That Parents also her desire afford.

165 The late white Mulberries in black now mourn ;  
And what the fire had left, lay in one Urn.

Here ended she. Some intermission made,

Leucothoe (her Sisters silent) said :

This Sun, who all direcketh with his light,

170 Weak Love hath ram'd; his loves we now recite.

He first discover'd the Adultery

Of Mars and Venus, (nothing scapes his eye)

And in displeasure told to Juno's son

Their secret stealths, and where the deed was done.

175 His spirits faint, his hands could not sustain

The work in hand. Forthwith he forg'd a chain,

With nets of brass, that might the eye deceive,

(Less curious far the webs which Spiders weave.)

180 Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close:

This he about the guilty bed bestows.

No sooner these Adulterers were met,

Than caught in his so strangely-forged net;

Who, struggling, in compell'd imbracements lay.

185 The Ivory doors then Vulcan doth display,

And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound.

Yet one, a wanton, wisht to be so found.

The heavenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told

Through all the Round, and mirth did long uphold.

190 Venus, incens'd, on him who this disclos'd

A memorable punishment impos'd.

And he, of late so tyrannous to love,

Love's tyranny in just exchange doth prove.

Hyperion's Son, what boots thy piercing sight,

Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light ?

For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,

195 Art now thy self inflam'd with new desires.

Thy melting eyes alone Leucothoe view,

And give to her what to the World is due.

Now, in the East thou hastnest thy up-rise ;

Now, slowly sett'st, even loth to leave the Skies.

And while that object thus exacts thy stay,-

200 Thou addest hours unto the Winter's day.

O'er in thy face thy mind's disease appears,

Affrighting all the darkned World with fears.

Not Cynthia's interposed Orb doth move

These pale aspects ; this colour springs from Love.

She all thy thoughts ingrost : Nor didst thou care

205 For Clymene, for her who Circe bare,

## 70 METAMORPHOSIS,

For *Rhodos*, *Clytie* who in love abounds,  
Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds.  
All, all, were buried in *Leucothoe*,  
Born in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.

210 As she in beauty far surpaſt all other :  
So much the Daughter far ſurpaſt the Mother.  
Great *Orchamus* was father to the Maid,  
VVho, ſeventh from *Belus Priscus*, *Persia* ſway'd.  
In low *Hesperian* Vales thoſe paſtures are,  
VVhere *Phæbus* horſes on *Ambroſia* fare.

215 There, tired with the trav'ls of the day,  
They renovate what labour doth decay.  
Now, while celeſtial food their hunger feeds,  
And night in her alternate reign ſucceeds,  
In figure of *Eurynome*, the God  
Approach'd the chamber where his life abode.

220 He spinning by a Lamp *Leucothoe* found,  
VVith twice fix hand-maids, who incloſ'd her round.  
Then kissing her, (her Mother now by Art)  
I have (ſaid he) a ſecret to impart:  
Maids, preſently withdraw. They all obey'd.

225 He, after he had cleared the chamber, ſaid ;  
The tardie Year I meaſure : I am he  
VVho ſee all Objec̄ts, and by whom all ſee ;  
The VVorld's clear eye : by thy fair ſelf I ſwear,  
I love thee above thought. She ſhook for fear ;  
Her Spindle and her Diftaff from her fell :

230 And yet that fear became her wond'rous well.  
Then his own forms and radiancy he took,  
Though with that unexpected preſence strook,  
Yet vanquish'd, by his beauty, her complaint  
She laid aside, and ſuffered his constraint.  
This *Clytie* vext, (not leſs affectionate

235 Before to her) who with a rival's hate  
Divulg'd the quickly-spreading infamy,  
And to her Father doth the fact defcry.  
VVho ſtern and Savage, shuts up all remorſe  
From her that stood subdued, ſhe laid, by force ;  
And *Sol* to witness calls. He his diſhonour

240 Inters alive, and casts a Mount upon her.  
*Hyperion*'s ſon this batters with his rays,  
And for her re-ascent a breach diſplaies :  
Yet could not ſhe advance her heavy head,  
But life, too hafthy, from her body tied.

Never

- 245 Never did *Phæbus* with such sorrow mourn  
Since wretched *Phaeton* the world did burn:  
Yet strives he with his influence to beget  
In her cold limbs a life-revoking heat.  
But since the Fates such great attempts withstand,  
250 He steepes the place and body in a floud  
Of fragrant Nectar, much bewails her end,  
And sighing, said; Yet shalt thou heaven ascend.  
Borthwith, her body thaws into a dew:  
VVhich from the moistned earth an odour threw.  
255 Then through the Hill a Shrub of Frankincense  
Thrust up his crown, and took his root from thence.  
Though Love might *Clytie's* sorrow have excus'd,  
Sorrow, her tongue; Day's King her bed refus'd.  
She, with distractèd passion, pines away,  
260 Derefleth company; all night, all day,  
Disfrobed, with her ruffled hair unbound,  
And wet with humour, fits upon the ground;  
For nine long days all sustenance forbears,  
Her hunger cloy'd with dew, her thirst with tears.  
Nor rose; but rivets on the God her eyes,  
265 And ever turns her face to him that flies.  
At length, to earth her stupid body cleaves;  
Her wan complexion turns her bloudless leaves,  
Yet streak'd with red: her perisht limbs beget  
A flower, resembling the pale Violet;  
VVhich with the Sun, though rooted fast, doth move;  
270 And, being changed, changeth not her love.  
Thus she. This wond'rous story caught their ears:  
To some the same impossible appears.  
Others, that all is possible, conclude,  
To true-styl'd Gods; but *Bacchus* they extrude  
All: whilst *Alcithoe*, call'd upon, doth run  
275 Her shuttle through the VWeb; and thus begun.  
T' omit the pastoral loves, to few unknown,  
Of young *Idean Daphnis*, turn'd to stone  
By that vext Nymph, who could not else allwage  
Her jealousie: such is a Lover's rage:  
280 And *Scython*, who his nature innovates,  
Now male, now female, by alternate Fates:  
VVith *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant,  
VVho of his faith when little *Jove* might vant:  
The shorn *Curetes*, got by falling showers,  
*Crocus* and *Smilax*, chang'd to pretty flowers,

I over.

## 72 METAMORPHOSIS,

I overpass; and will your ears surprize  
With sweet delight of unknown novelties.

Then know, how *Salmacis* infamous grew;

285 Whose too strong waves all manly strength undo,  
And mollifie, with their soul-softning touch:  
The cause unknown, their nature known too much.  
Th' *Idean* Nymphs nurst in secure delight  
The son of *Hermes* and fair *Aphrodite*.

290 His Father and his Mother in his look  
You might behold; from whom his name he took.  
When Summers five he thrice had multiply'd,

Leaving the fount-ful Hills of foster *Ide*, (light  
He wandred through strange Lands, pleas'd with the  
295 Of foreign streams; toil less'ning with delight.  
The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds  
Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds.

There lighted on a Pool, so passing clear,  
That all the glittering bottom did appear;  
Inviron'd with no marsh-loving Reeds,  
Nor piked Bull-rushes, nor barren weeds;

300 But living Turf upon the Border grew:  
Whose ever Spring no blasting Winter knew.  
A Nymph this haunts, unpractis'd in the chace,  
To bend a Bow, or run a strife-ful race.  
Of all the Water-Nymphs, this Nymph alone  
To nimble-footed *Dian* was unknown.

305 Her Sisters oft would say, Fie, *Salmacis*,  
Fie, lazie sister, what a sloth is this?  
Upon a Quiver or a Javelin seize,  
And with laborious hunting mix thine ease!

On Quiver nor on Javelin would she seize,  
Nor with laborious hunting mix her ease.

310 But now in her own Fountain baths her fair  
And shapeful Limbs, now kemb's her golden hair:  
Her self oft by that liquid mirror dreft;  
There taking counsel what became her best:  
Her body, in transparent Robes array'd,

Now on soft leaves or softer mols display'd:  
315 Oft gathers flowers; so when she saw the Boy  
Whom seen, forthwith she covets to enjoy;  
And yet would not approach, though big with hast,  
Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac'd,  
Her love-inveigling looks set to inware,  
Who merited to be reputed fair.

Sweet

Sweet Boy, said she, well worthy the abode  
 320 Of blest Celestials ! If thou be a God,  
 Then art thou *Cupid*; if of human race,  
 Happy the Parents whom thy person grace :  
 Thy Sister, if thou hast a Sister, blest :  
 Thy Nurse much more, who fed thee with her breast.  
 325 But (O) no less than deify'd is she  
 Whom Marriage shall incorporate to thee.  
 If any such, let me this treasure steal :  
 If not, be't I ; and our dear Nuptials seal.  
 This said, she held her peace: He blusht for shame,  
 330 Not knowing love, whom shamefac'dnes became.  
 So Apples shew upon the Sunny side ;  
 So Ivory with rich Vermilion dy'd :  
 So pure a red the silver Moon doth stain,  
 When auxil'ary Brass resounds in vain.  
 She earnestly intreats : Sister's kiss :  
 335 And now advancing to inabrace her bliss,  
 He, struggling, said, lascivious Nymph, forbear ;  
 Or I will quit the place, and leave you here.  
 Fair Stranger, tim'rous *Salmacis* reply'd,  
 'Tis freely yours: And therewith stept aside.  
 Yet looking back, amongst the shrubby Trees  
 340 She closely sculks, and crouches on her knees.  
 The vacant Boy, now being left alone,  
 Imagining he was observ'd by none,  
 Now here, now there, about the margin trips,  
 And in th' alluring waves his ancles dips.  
 Caught with the water's flatt'ring temp'rature,  
 345 He straight disrobes his body, (O, how pure !)  
 His naked beauty *Salmacis* amaz'd,  
 Who with unsatisfied longing gaz'd. (reur.  
 Her sparkling eyes shoot flame through this sweet er-  
 Much like the Sun reflected by a mirrour:  
 Now she impatiently her hope delays ;  
 350 Now burns t'imbrace ; now, half mad, hardly stays.  
 He swiftly from the bank on which he stood,  
 Clapping his body, leaps into the floud,  
 And with his rowing arms supports his Limbs :  
 Which through the pure waves glister as he swims ;  
 Like Ivory statues which the lite surpass,  
 355 Or like a Lilly in a chrystral glas.  
 He's mine, the Nymph exclaim'd : Who all unstrip'd,  
 And, as she spake, into the water skipt,

## 74. - METAMORPHOSIS,

- Hanging about the neck that did resist,  
 360 And with a malt'ring force th' unwilling kist ;  
 Now puts her hand bencath his scornful breast,  
 Now every way invadeth the distrest,  
 And wraps about the subject of her lust ;  
 Much like a Serpent by an Eagle trus't,  
 Which to his head and feet infettered clings,  
 And wreaths her tail about his stretcht-out wings.
- 365 So clasping Ivy to the Oak doth grow ;  
 And so the *Polypus* detains his foe.  
 But *Atlantiades*, relentless coy,  
 Still struggles, and resists her hop'd-for joy.
- 370 Invested with her Body ; Fool, said she,  
 Struggle thou mayst, but never shalt be free.  
 O you, who in immortal thrones reside,  
 Grant that no day may ever us divide.  
 Her wishes had their God. Ev'n in that space  
 Their cleaving bodies mix ; both have one face.
- 375 As when we two divided Cions join,  
 And see them grow together in one rine :  
 So they, by such a strict imbracement glu'd,  
 Are now but one, with double form indu'd.  
 No longer he a Boy, nor she a Maid ;  
 But neither, and yet either, might be said.
- 380 *Hermafroditus* at himself admires ;  
 Who half a Female from the spring retires,  
 His manly Limbs now softned, and thus prays,  
 With such a voice as neither sex betrays :  
 Swift *Hermes*, *Aphrodite*, him O hear,  
 Who was your son, who both your names doth bear.
- 385 May every maid that in this water swims  
 Return haif-woman, with infeebled Limbs.  
 His gentle parents sign to his request,  
 And with unkrown receits the spring infest.
- Here they conclude ; yet give their hands no rest,  
 390 But *Bacchus* slight, and still prophane his Feast.  
 Then suddenly harsh instruments surprize  
 Their charged ears, not extant to their eyes.  
 Sweet Myrrh and Saffron all the house perfume.  
 Their Webs (past credit) flourish in the loom.
- 395 The hanging wool to green-leav'd Ivy spreads,  
 Part, into Vines ; the equal-twisted threads  
 To branches run ; buds from the distaff shoot,  
 And with that purple paint their blushing fruit.

Now

- Now to the day succeeds that doubtful light,  
400 Which neither can be called day nor night.  
The building trembles; torches of fat Pines  
Appear to burn; the room with flashes shines,  
Fill'd with fantastical resemblances  
Of howling Beasts, whom blood and slaughter please.  
405 The Sisters to the smoaky roof retire;  
And, there disperst, avoid both light and fire.  
Thus while they corners seek, thin films extend  
From lightned Limbs, with small beams inter-penn'd.  
But how their former shapes they did for-go,  
410 Concealing darknes would not let them know.  
Nor are these little Light-detesting things  
Born up with feathers, but transparent wings.  
Their voice befits their bodies, small and faint,  
Wherewith they harshly utter their complaint.  
These houses haunt, in night conceal their shame,  
415 And of the loved Evening take their name.  
All *Thebes* now feared *Bacchus* celebrates,  
Whose wondrous pow'r his boasting Aunt relates.  
She only, of so many Sisters, knew  
No grief as yet, but what from them she drew.  
420 An happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,  
Nurse to a God. These caus'd her to surpass  
The bounds of her felicities, and made  
Vext *Juno* storm; who to her self thus said:  
What? Could that Strumpet's Brat the form disprise  
Of poor *Meonian* Sailers drent in Seas?  
A Mother urge to murther her own Son?  
425 And wing the three *Mineides* that spun?  
Can I but un-revenged wrongs deplore?  
Must that suffice? And is our pow'r no more?  
He teacheth what to do; learn of thy Foe:  
What Fury can, the wounds of *Pentheus* shew  
430 More than too much. Why should not *Ino* tread  
The path which late her frantick sisters led?  
A steep dark Cave, with deadly Yew replete,  
Through silence leads to Hell's infernal seat.  
By this dull *Styx* ejects a blasting fume:  
435 Here ghosts descend, whose bodies graves inhume.  
Amongst those thorns stiff Cold and Palenes dwell:  
The new-come ghosts nor know the way to Hell,  
Nor where the roomthy *Stygian* City stands,  
Or that dire Palace where black *Dis* commands.

## 76 METAMORPHOSIS,

- A thousand entries to this City guide:  
The gates still open stand on every side.
- 440 And as all Rivers run into the deep :  
So all unhoused souls do thither creep,  
Nor are they pestered for want of room ;  
Nor can it be perceiv'd that any come.  
Here Shadows wander from their Bodies sent,  
Some plead, and some the Tyrant's Court frequent :
- 445 Some in life-practis'd Arts employ their times ;  
Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.  
*Saturnia* stooping from her Throne of Air,  
(Her hate immortal) thither makes repair.  
As soon as she had entered the gate,  
The threshold trembled with her sacred weight.
- 450 Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddess dreads,  
And barketh thrice at once with his three heads.  
She calls the Furies, Daughters to old Night,  
Implacable, and hating all delight.  
Before the doors of Adamant they sit,  
And there with combs their snaky curl's unknit.
- 455 When they through gloomy darkness did disclose  
That form of Heaven, the Goddesses arose.  
The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.  
Here *Tityus*, for attempted Rape defam'd,  
Had his vast body on nine Acres spred,  
And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.  
From *Tantalus* deceitful water slips :  
And catcht-at fruitavoids his touched lips.
- 460 Thou ever seekeft, or roll'ft up in vain  
A stone, O *Sisyphus*, to fall again.  
*Ixion*, turn'd upon a restless wheel,  
With giddy head pursues his flying heel.  
The *Belides*, whom Kinsmens blood accuse,  
For ever draw the water which they lose.  
On all, *Saturnia* frowns, but most of all
- 465 At thee, *Ixion*; then a look lets fall  
On *Sisyphus*. And why, (said she) remains  
This brother only in perpetual pains ;  
When haughty *Athamas*, whose thoughts despise  
Both joye and me, abides in constant joys ?  
Then tells the cause of her approach, her hate,
- 470 And what she would, the fall of *Cadmus* state ;  
That *Athamas* the Furies would distract,  
And urge him to some execrable fact.

Impor-

- Importunately she soliceth,  
Commands, intreats, promises, with one breath.  
Incess'd *Tisiphone* her scelles shikes,
- 475 And tossing from her face the hissing Snakes,  
Thus said: You need not use long ambiges;  
Suppose all done already that may please.  
For sake this loathsome Kingdom, and repair  
To th' upper world's more comfortable air.  
Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to Heav'n withdrew:
- 480 Whom first *Thaumonissa Iris* purg'd with dew.  
Forthwith *Tisiphone* her garment takes,  
Dropping with bloud, and girt with knotted Snakes;  
About her head her bloody Torch she shook,  
And swiftly thosc accurs'd Abodes forsook.
- 485 Still sighing Sorrow, Horrore, Trembling, Fear,  
And ghastly Madnes, her associates were.  
The entred Palace groan'd; pale poison sois  
The polisht doors; the frightened Sun recois.  
Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, struck with dread  
And monstrous Apparitions, fought t' have fled.
- 490 But stern *Erynnis* their escape withstands;  
And stretching out her Viper-grasping hands,  
Shook her dark brows. The troubled Serpents hiss:  
Some, falling on her shoulders, there untwist;  
Others upon her ugly breast descend,  
Spit poison, and their forged tongues extend.
- 495 Two Adders from her crawling hair she drew;  
And those at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw.  
These up and down about their bosoms rowl;  
And with infus'd infection sad the soul.  
No wound upon their Bodies could be found:  
It was the Mind that felt the desperate wound.
- 500 She brought besides from her abhorred home  
The surfeit of *Echidna*, with the foam  
Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, still-wandring Errour,  
Oblivion, Mischief, Tears, infernal Terrore,  
Distracted Fury, an Affection fixt  
On murther; all together ground, and mixt
- 505 With bloud yet recking, boil'd in hollow bras,  
And stirr'd with Hemlock. While sad *Athamas*  
And *Ino* quake, she pours into their breasts  
The rageful poison; which their peace infests.  
Her flamy Torch then whisking in a round,  
510 (Whose circularly fire her conquest crown'd).

To Pluto's empty regiment she makes  
A swift descent, and there ungirts her Snakes.

Forthwith *Aeolides* with Poison boils ;  
Io, my Mates, he cries, here pitch your toils :  
Here late a Lionness by me was seen

515 With her two whelps. With that pursues the Queen,  
And from her breast *Learchus* snatched. The child  
Stretcht forth his little arms, and on him smil'd :  
Whom like a Sling about his head he swings,  
And cruelly against the pavement flings.

The Mother, whether with her grief distraught,

520 Or that the Poison on her senses wrought,  
Runs howling with her hair about her ears,  
And in bare arms her *Melicerta* bears ;  
Cries, *Eua Bacchus*. Juno laugh'd, and said,  
Thus art thou by thy Foster-child repaid.

525 There is a Rock that over-looks the Main,  
Hollow'd by fretting Surges, sconc'd from rain ;  
Whose craggy Brow to vaster Seas extends.  
This *Ino* (fury adding strength) ascends,  
Descending headlong, with the load she bears,

530 And strikes the sparkling waves, that fall in tears.  
Then *Venus*, grieving at her Niece's Fate,

Her Uncle thus intreats : O thou whose State  
Is next to *Jove's*, great Ruler of the Floud,

My suit is bold, yet pity thou my bloud,

535 Now tossed in the deep *Ionian* Seas,

And joyn them to thy watry Deities.

Some favour of the Sea I should obtain,

That am ingender'd of the foamy Main ;

Of which the acceptable name I bear.

*Neptune* affords a favourable ear ;

540 Who what was mortal from their beings took :

Then gave to either a Majestick look,

In all their faculties divinely fram'd ;

And her *Leucothea*, him *Palemon* nam'd,

The *Theban* Ladies, who her steps pursu'd,

Her last on the first Promontory view'd,

545 Then, held for dead, with hair and garments rent,

They beat their breasts, and *Cadmus* House lament.

Of little Justice, and much Cruelty,

All *Juno* tax. Endure (she said) shall I

Such blasphemies ? I'll make you monuments

550 Of my revenge. Threats usher their events.

When

- When one, of all the most affectionate,  
Cry'd, O my Queen, I will partake thy Fate:  
And thought to leap into the roaring Floud;  
But could not move; her Feet fast fixed stood.  
Another, who her bosom meant to bear,  
Perceiv'd her stiffned Arms to lose their heat.  
By chance her Hand, This stretcheth to the Main:  
Nor could her Hand, now stome, unstretch again.  
As She her violated Tresses rare,  
Her Fingers forthwith hardened in her hair.  
555 Their statues now those several gestures bear,  
Wherein they formerly surprized were.  
Some, Fowls became, now call'd Cadmeides;  
Who with their light wings sweep those gulfy Seas.  
Little knew Cadmus that his Children reign'd.  
In sacred Seas, and deathless states retain'd.  
Subdu'd with woes, with tragical events  
565 That had no end, and many dire oftents,  
He leaves his City, as not through his own;  
But by the fortune of the place or ethrown;  
And with his Wife Hermione, long tost,  
At length arriveth at th' Illyrian Coast.  
Now spent with grief and age, whilst they relate.  
570 Their former toils, and Familie's first fate;  
And was that Serpent sacred which I slew,  
(Said he) whose teeth into the Earth I threw  
(An uncouth Seed) when I from Sidon came?  
If this the vengeful Gods so much inflame,  
575 May I my Belly Serpent-like extend.  
His Bell'y lengthned e're his wish could end.  
Tough Scales upon his hardened outside grew;  
The blacks distinguished with drops of blue.  
Then, falling on his breast, his Thighs unite;  
580 And in a spiny progress stretcht out-right.  
His Arms (for Arms as yet they were) he spreads;  
And tears on Checks, thae yet were human, sheds.  
Come, O sad Soul, said he, thy husband touch,  
585 Whilst I am I, or part of me be such;  
Shake hands, while yet I have an Hand to shake;  
Before I totally induc a Snake.  
His Tongue was yet in motion, when it cleft  
In two: Forthwith of human speech bereft,  
He hisht, when he his sorrows sought to vent,  
The only Language now which Nature lent.

## 80 METAMORPHOSIS,

- 590 His Wife her naked bosom beats, and cries,  
Stay, *Cadmus*, and put off these prodigies.  
O strange! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders, breast,  
Thy colour, face, and (while I speak) the rest?  
You Gods, why also am not I a Snake?
- 595 He lickt her willing lips even as she spake ;  
Into her well-known bosom glides ; her waste  
And yielding neck with loving twines imbrac't.  
Amazement all the standers by posset ;  
While glittering combs their slippery heads invest.
- 600 Now are they two ; who crept, together chain'd,  
Till they the covert of the Wood obtain'd.  
These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,  
Do hurt to no man, nor man's presence fear.
- Yet were those sorrows by their Daughter's son  
605 Much comforted, who vanquisht *India* won ;  
To whom th' *Achaian* Temples consecrate ;  
Divinely magnify'd through either State.  
Alone *Acrius Abantiades*,
- Though of one Progeny, dissent from these :  
Who from th' *Argolian* City made him fly,  
And manag'd arms against a Deity.
- 610 Nor him, nor *Perses*, he for *Jove*'s doth hold ;  
(Begot on *Danae* in a show'r of gold)  
Yet straight repents (so prevalent is truth)  
Both to have forc'd the God, and doom'd the Youth.  
Now is the one inthrone in the skies :  
The other through Air's empty Region flies ;
- 615 And bears along the memorable spoil  
Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toil.  
And as he o're the *Lybian* Desarts flew,  
The bloud that dropt from *Gorgon*'s head straight grew  
To various Serpents, quickned by the ground.
- 620 With these those much infested Climes abound.  
Hither and thither, like a cloud of rain,  
Born by crois winds, he curs the airy Main,  
Far-distant earth beholding from on high,  
And over all the ample World doth fly :
- 625 Thrice saw cold *Artias*, thrice to *Cancer* prest ;  
Oft hurried to the East, oft to the West,  
And now, not trusting to approached night,  
Upon th' *Hesperian* Continent doth light ;  
And craves some rest, till *Lucifer* displays
- 630 *Aurora*'s blush, and she *Apollo*'s rays.

Huge-

Huge statur'd *Atlas Japetoides*

Here fway'd the utmost bounds of Earth and Seas ;  
Where *Titan's* panting Steeds his Chariot steep,  
And bathe their fiery fetlocks in the deep.

635 A thousand Herds, as many Flocks, he fed  
In those large Pastures, where no neighbours tread.

Here to their Tree the shining branches sue,  
To them their Leaves, to those the Golden Fruit.

Great King, said *Perses*, if high birth may move  
640 Respect in thee, behold the son of *Jove* ;

If admiration, then my Acts admire,  
Who rest and hospitable Rites desire.

He, mindful of this prophecy, of old

By sacred *Themis* of *Parnassus* told ;  
645 In time thy Golden fruit a prey shall prove,

O *Jove's* son, unto the son of *Jove* ;  
This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd

With solid Cliffs, that all access oppos'd :

The Guard whereof a monstrous Dragon held,  
And from his Land all Foreigners expell'd.

Be gone, said he, for fear thy glories prove

650 But counterfeit, and thou no son to *Jove*.  
Then adds uncivil violence to threats.

With strength the other seconds his intreats,  
In strength inferiour ! Who so strong as he ?

Since courtesy nor any worth in me,

Vext *Perses* said, can purchase my regard ;  
Yet from a guest receive thy due reward.

655 With that, *Medusa's* ugly head he drew,  
His own reversed. Forthwith *Atlas* grew  
Into a Mountain equal to the Man :  
His hair and beard to Woods and Bushes ran ;  
His arms and shoulders into ridges spred ;  
And what was his, is now the Mountain's head :

660 Bones turn to stone ; and all his parts extrude  
Into an huge prodigious altitude,  
(Such was the pleasure of the ever-blest)  
Whercon the Heav'ns with all their taper's rest.

*Hippocades* in hollow Rocks did close

665 The strife-ful Winds. Bright *Lucifer* arose,  
And rous'd up Labour. *Perses*, having ty'd  
His wings t' his feet, his faulchion to his side,  
Sprung into air : Below, on either hand,  
Innumerable Nations left : The Land

## 82 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Of *Ethiop* and the *Cephean* fields survey'd ;  
 670 There where the innocently-wretched Maid  
     Was for her Mother's proud impiety.  
     By unjust *Ammon* sentenced to die.  
     Whom when the Hero saw to hard Rocks chain'd,  
     But that warm tears from charged eye-springs drain'd,  
     And light winds gently fann'd her fluent hair,  
 675 He would have thought her Marble. Ere aware  
     He fire attracteth ; and, astonisht by  
     Her beauty, had almost forgot to fly.  
     He lighting said ; O fairest of thy kind,  
     (More worthy of those bands which Lovers bind,  
     Than these rude gyves,) the Land by thee renown'd,  
 680 Thy name, thy birth declare, and why thus bound.  
     At first the silent Virgin was afraid  
     To speak t' a Man, and modestly had made  
     A Vizard of her hands, but they were ty'd :  
     Yet, what she could, her tears their fountains hide.  
 685 Still urg'd, lest she should wrong her innocence,  
     As if ashamed to utter her offence,  
     Her Country she discovers, her own name,  
     Her beauteous Mother's confidence, and blame.  
     All yet untold, the Waves began to roar :  
     Th' apparent Monster (hast'ning to the Ihoar)  
 690 Before his breast the broad-spred Sea up-bears :  
     The Virgin shrieks : Her parents see their fears,  
     Both mourn, both Wretched : (but she justly so,)  
     Who bring no aid, but ecstasies of wo,  
     With tears that suit the time ; who take the leave  
     They'r loth to take, and to her body cleave.  
 695 You for your grief may have, the stranger said,  
     A time too long : Short is the hour of aid.  
     If sought by me, *Jove's* son, in fruitful gold  
     Begot on *Danae*, through a brazen Hold,  
     Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the shaky hair,  
 700 And boldly glide through uninclosed air ;  
     Me for your son you surely would prefer.  
     Add to this worth, that to deliver her  
     I'll try : (so favour me the Powr's divine)  
     That she, sav'd by my valour, may be mine.  
     They give consent, intreat what he doth offer :  
 705 And farther, for a Dowre their Kingdom profer.  
     Lo, as a Gally with fore-fixed prow  
     (Row'd by the sweat of Slaves) the Sea doth plow :

Even

- Even so the Monster furroweth with his breast  
 The foaming floud, and to the near Rock preft ;  
 Not farther distant than a Man might fling  
 710 A way-enforcing Bullet from a fling.  
 Forthwith the youthful illue of rich Show'rs,  
 Earth pushing from him, fo the blue sky towrs.  
 The furious Monster eagerly doth chase  
 His shadow, gliding on the Sea's smooth face.  
 And as *Jove's* Bird, when he from high surveys  
 715 A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rays,  
 Descends unfeen, and through his necks blue scales  
 (To shun his deadly teeth) her talons nails :  
 So swiftly stoops high-pitcht *Inachides*  
 Through singing air : Then on his back doth seize ;  
 720 And near his right fin sheathes his crooked fword  
 Up to the hilts ; who, deeply wounded, roar'd,  
 Now capers in the air, now dives below  
 The troubled waves, now turns upon his foe ;  
 Much like a chased Boar, whom eager Hotinds  
 Have at a Bay, and terrifie with sounds.  
 He with swift wings his greedy jaws avoids :  
 725 Now with his Faulchion wounds his scaly flides ;  
 Now, his shell-rough-cast back ; now, where the tail  
 Ends in a Fish, or parts expos'd to affail.  
 A stream mixt with his bloud the Monster flings  
 From his wide throat, which wets his heavy wings :  
 730 Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely  
 On their support. He sees a Rock hard by,  
 Whose top above the quiet waters stood,  
 But underneath the wind-incensed floud.  
 There lights ; and, holding by the Rock's extent,  
 His oft-thrust sword into his bowels sent.  
 735 The shoar rings with th' applause that fills the sky.  
 Then *Cepheus* and *Cassiope*, with joy,  
 Salute him for their son ; whom now they call  
 The Saviour of their House, and of them all.  
 Up came *Andromeda*, freed from her chains ;  
 The cause and recompence of all his pains.  
 740 Mean-while he washeth his victorious hands  
 In cleansing waves : And leſt the beachy Sands  
 Should hurt the Snaky head, the ground doth strew  
 With leaves, and twigs that under water grew ;  
 Whereon *Medu/a*'s ugly face he lays.  
 The green, yet juicy and attractive, sprays

- 745 From the toucht Monster stiffering hardness took,  
And their own native pliancy forsook.  
The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder try  
On other sprigs, and in the isle joy :  
They sow again their Seeds upon the deep.
- 750 The Coral now that property doth keep,  
Receiving hardness from felt air alone ;  
Beneath the Sea a twig ; above, a stone.  
Forthwith three Altars he of Turf erects,  
To *Hermes*, *Jove*, and her who War affects.  
*Minervie's* on the right, on the left hand
- 755 Stood *Mercurie's*: *Jove's* in the midst did stand.  
To *Mercury*, a Calf they sacrifice ;  
To *Jove*, a Bull ; a Cow to *Pallas* dies.  
Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward  
Of so great worth, with Dow'r of less regard.  
Now Love and *Hymen* urge the Nuptial bed :  
The sacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed ;
- 760 The house hung round with Garlands ; every where  
Melodious Harps and Songs salute the ear,  
Of jocund mirth the free and happy signs.  
With Doors display'd the golden Palace shines.  
The *Cephēn* Nobles and each stranger Guest  
Together enter to this sumptuous Feast.
- 765 The Banquet done, with generous Wines they clear  
Their heightned Spirits. *Persens* longs to hear  
Their fashions, manners, and original :  
Who by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all,  
This told, he said, Now tell, O valiant Knight,
- 770 By what felicity of force, or sleight,  
You got this purchase of the snaky hairs.  
Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,  
How under frosty *Atlas* cliffee side  
There lay a Plain, with Mountains fortify'd ;
- 775 In whose access the *Phorcides* did lie,  
Two Sisters : Both of them had but one eye.  
How cunningly thereon his hands he laid,  
As they from one another it convey'd.  
Then through blind waf's and rocky foref'scme
- 780 To *Gorgon's* house : The way unto the same  
Beset with forms of men and beasts, alone  
By seeing of *Medusa* turn'd to stone :  
Whose horrid shape securely he did eye,  
In his bright target's clear resplendency.

And

- 785 And how her head he from her shoulders took,  
E're heavy sleep her Snakes and her forsook.  
Then told of *Pegasus*, and of his brother, (ther.  
Sprung from the bloud of their new-slaught'red mo-  
Adding the perils past in his long way ;  
What seats, what sois his eyes below survey ;  
And to what stars his lofty pitch ascends.
- 790 Yet long afore their expectation ends,  
One Lord among the rest would gladly know,  
Why Serpents only on her head did grow.  
Stranger, said he, since this that you require  
Deserves the knowledge, take what you desire.  
Her passing beauty was the only scope  
795 Of mens affections, and their envy'd hope,  
Yet was not any part of her more rare  
(So say they who have seen her) than her hair.  
Her *Neptune* in *Minerva's* Fane comprest.  
*Jove's* daughter with the *Egis* on her breast  
Hid her chaste blushes : And due vengeance takes,  
800 In turning of the *Gorgon's* hair to Snakes.  
Who now, to make her enemies afraid,  
Bears in her shield the Serpents which she made;

O V I D ' S

- Nor shall thy wings, nor Jove in forged gold,  
Work thy escape. About to throw; O hold,  
Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: What wilt thou do?  
What fury, frantick brother, tempts thee to  
So foul a fact? Is this the recompence  
 15 For such high merit? For her life's defence?  
Not *Perseus*, but th' incens'd *Nereides*,  
But horned *Ammon*, and the wrath of Seas,  
(That Ork that sought my bowels to devour)  
Have snatcht her from thee, ravish't in the hour  
 20 Of her exposure. But thy cruelty  
Perhaps was well content that she should die,  
To ease thy loss with ours. May't not suffice,  
That she was bound in chains before thine eyes;  
That thou, her Uncle and her Husband, brought  
Her peril no prevention, nor none sought;  
But that another's aid thou must envy,  
 25 And claim the Trophies of his Victory?  
Which if of such esteem, thou shouldest have strain'd  
T' have forc'd them from those Rocks, where lately  
Let him, who did, enjoy them; nor exact (chain'd,  
What is his due by merit and compact.  
Nor think we *Perseus* before thee prefer;  
But him, 'fore so abhor'd a sepulcher.  
 30 He, without answer, rowling to and fro  
His eyes on either, doubts at which to throw:  
And pausing, his ill-armed Launce at length  
At *Perseus* hurls, with rage-redoubled strength.  
Fixt in the bed-stock; up fierce *Perseus* starts,  
 35 And his retorted Spear at *Phineus* darts;  
Who suddenly behind an Altar stept:  
An Altar vengeance from the wicked kept.  
And yet in *Rhaetus* brow the weapon stuck.  
He fell: The steel out of his skull they pluck:  
He spurns the Earth, and stains the board with bloud.  
 40 With that, the multitude, with fury wood,  
Their Launces fling; and some there be who cry,  
That *Cepheus* and his son-in-law should die.  
But *Cepheus* wisely quits the clamorous Hall;  
And faith and justice doth to record call,  
 45 With all the Hospitable Gods, that he  
Was from this execrable uproar free.  
The warlike *Pallas*, present, with her shield  
Protects her brother, and his courage steel'd.



# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

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## THE FIFTH BOOK.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

*The Gorgon seen, Cepheus Statues grow :  
So Phineus, Proetus, Polydect, the foe  
To Perseus praise. The fountain Hippocrene,  
By horse-hoof rais'd. The Muses chang'd to Nine  
Rape-flying Birds ; Pierides to Pies.  
The Gods, by Typhon chas'd, themselves disguise.  
Sad Cyane into a Fountain flows.  
Th' ill-natur'd Boy a spotted Stellion grows.  
Low'd Arcthusa thaws into a Spring.  
Ascalaphus an Owl. Light feathers wing  
The sweet-tongu'd Sirens, who on waters mourn,  
Stern Lyncus Ceres to a Lynx doth turn.*

**W**Hilst the *Danaian* Hero this relates,  
Amidst th' Assembly of the Cepheus States,  
Exalted voices through the Palace ring :  
Not like to theirs who at a marriage sing ;  
But such as menace War. The Nuptial Feast,  
Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life exprest  
A peaceful Sea, whose brow no frown deforms,  
Straight ruffled into billows by rude storms.  
First *Phineus*, the rash Author of this war,  
Shaking a Lance, began the deadly jar.  
Lo, I the Man that will upon thy life  
To Revenge, said he, the rapture of my Wife.

Note

## 38 METAMORPHOSIS,

Young Indian Atys by ill hap was there,  
 Whom, Ganges-got, *Linniace* did bear  
 In her clear Waves ; his beauty excellent,  
 Which care and costly ornaments augment ;  
 50 Who scarce had fully fifteen Summers told,  
 Clad in a Tyrian mantle, fring'd with gold.  
 Abour his neck he wore a carkenet :  
 His hair with Ribband bound, and Odours wet,  
 Although he cunningly a Dart could throw ;  
 55 Yet with more cunning could he use his Bow.  
 Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand,  
 Quick *Perseus* from the Altar snatcht a Brand,  
 And dasht it on his face. Out start his eyes ;  
 And through his flesh the striy'd bones arise.  
 60 When Syrian Lyrabas his Atys view'd  
 Shaking his formless looks, with bloud imbrew'd,  
 To him in strictest bonds of friendship ty'd,  
 And one who could not his affection hide ;  
 After he had his tragedy bewail'd,  
 Who through the bitter wound his soul exhal'd,  
 65 He took the Bow which erst the Youth did bend,  
 And said, With me thou Murtherer contend ;  
 Nor longer glory in a Boy's sad fate,  
 Which stains thy actions with deserved hate.  
 Yet speaking, from the string the arrow flew :  
 Which took his pleighted Robe as he withdrew.  
*Acriomades* upon him prest,  
 70 And sheath'd his Harpy in his groaning breast.  
 Now dying, he for Atys looks, with eyes  
 That swim in night, and on his bosom lies  
 Then chearfully expires his parting breath,  
 Rejoycing to be joyn'd to him in death.  
*Piorbas*, the Syennite, Methion's son,  
 75 With him the Libyan Amphimedon,  
 Eager of combate, slipping in the bloud,  
 That dreight the pavement, fell : His sword withstood,  
 Their realets, which through the short-ribs smote  
*Amphimedon*, and cut the other's throat.  
 80 Yet *Pgiens* could not venture to invade  
 The Haubertier *Eribus* with his blade,  
 But in both hands a Goblet high, imbolt  
 And mastic, took, which at his head he toss'd.  
 He vomits clotted bloud ; and, tumbling down,  
 Knocks the hard pavement with his dying crown.

Then

- 85 Then Polydamon, (sprung from Goddess-born  
*Semiramus,*) Phlegyas, the unhorn  
*Helice,* Clitus, Scythian Abaris,  
And brave Lycetus (old *Sperchesius* blis) Fell by his hand : Whose feet in triumph tread  
Upon the slaughtered bodies of the dead.  
But Phineus, fearing to confront his Foe  
In close assault, far off a dart doth throw ;
- 90 Which, led by error, did on Idas light,  
A Neuter, who in vain forbore to fight. He, sternly frowning, thus to Phineus spake : Since you mean unwilling party make, Receive the enemy whom you have made ; That by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.
- 95 About to hurl the Dart drawn from his hide,  
With loss of blood he faints, and falling dy'd. Then great Odytes fell by Clymen's sword ; Next to the King, the greatest Cepheus Lord. Hypseus slew Proserp, Lynoides, Hypsus. Old Emathion fell with these,
- 100 Who fear'd the Gods, and favoured the right. He, whom old age exempted from the fight, Fights with his tongue ; himself doth interpolate, And deeply execrates their wicked blows. Cromis, as he imbrac'd the Altar, dropt His shaking head, which on the Altar, lopt
- 105 Whose half-dead tongue yet curses ; who expires His righteous soul amidst the sacred Fires. Then Broteas and Ammon, Phineus slew, Who from one womb at once their being drew : Invincible with hurt bats, could they quell The dint of swords. Near these Alphitus fell,
- 110 The Priest of Ceres, with a Miter crown'd, Which to his Temples a white fillet bound. And next Lampetides, whose pleasant wit Detested discord, in soft peace more fit To sing unto his tuneful Lyre, now prest With Songs to celebrate the nuptial Feast. When Petrus at him, who stood far off,
- 115 With his defenceless Harp, strikes with this scoff ; Go, sing the rest unto the Ghosts below : And pierc'd his Temples with a deadly blow. His dying fingers warble in his fall : And then, by chance, the Song was tragical.

This

## 90 METAMORPHOSIS.

- This unreveng'd *Lycormas* could not brook,  
 120 But from the door's right side a Leaver took,  
 And him between the head and shoulders knocks.  
 Down falls he, like a sacrificed Ox.  
*Cnipean Palates* then sought to seize  
 Upon the left : When fierce *Marmorides*  
 125 His hand nail'd to the door-post with a Spear ;  
 Whose side stern *Abas* pierc'd as he stuck there.  
 Nor could he fall, but giving up the ghost,  
 Hung by the hand against the smeared post.  
*Melaneus* then, of *Beretus* party, fell ;  
 And *Dorilas*, whose riches did excel :  
 130 In *Nasamonis* none than he more great  
 For large possessions, and huge hoards of Wheat.  
 The steel stuck in his groin, which death purſ'd :  
 Whom *Haleyonus* of *Baffria* view'd  
 (The Author of the wound,) as he did rowl  
 His turn'd-up eyes, and tigh'd out his soul :  
 135 For all thy land, said he, by this divorce  
 Receive thy length : And left his bloudieis coarse.  
 The Spear revengeful *Abantides* drew  
 From his warm wound, and at the Thrower threw :  
 Which doth his nostrils in the midst divide,  
 And, passing through, appear'd on either side.  
 140 Whilſt Fortune crown'd him, *Clytius* he confounds  
 And *Damus*, of one womb, with different wounds.  
 Through *Clytius* thighs, a ready dart he cast ;  
 Another 'twixt the jaws of *Damus* past.  
*Mindesian Galdon* and *Aster* flew,  
 His father doubtful, gotten on a Jew :  
 145 *Echion*, late well-seen in things to come,  
 Now overtaken by an unknown doom :  
*Thoactes*, *Phineus* Squire, his faulchion try'd ;  
 And fell *Agyrtes*, that foul parricide.  
 Yet more remain'd than were already spent :  
 For all of them, to murther one, content.  
 150 The bold Conspirators on all sides fight ;  
 Impugning promise, merit, and his right.  
 The vainly-pious Father, sides with th' other ;  
 With him the frightened Bride, and pensive Mother :  
 Who fill the Court with out-cries, by the sound  
 Of clashing Arms and dying screeches drown'd.  
 155 *Bellona* the polluted floor imbrews  
 With streams of bloud, and horrid war renewes.

Fabie

False *Phineus* with a thousand in a ring  
Begirt the Hero ; who their Launces fling  
As thick as Winter's hail, that blind his sight,  
Sing in his ears, and round about him light.  
160 His guarded back he to a pillar sets,  
And with undaunted force confronts their threats.  
*Chaonian Molpeus* prest to his left side :  
The right *Nabathæan Ethemon* ply'd.  
As when a Tiger, pincht with famine, hears  
165 Two bellowing Herds within one vale, forbears,  
Nor knows on which to rush, as being loth  
To leave the other, and would fall on both :  
So *Perseus* which to strike uncertain proves ;  
Then daunted *Molpeus* with a wound removes ;  
Contented with his flight, in that the rage  
Of fierce *Ethemon* did his force ingage :  
170 Who at his neck uncircumspectly struck,  
And his keen sword against the pillar broke.  
The blade from unrelenting stone rebounds,  
And in his throat th' unhappy owner wounds.  
Yet was not that enough to work his end,  
Who fearfully doth now his arms extend  
175 For pity unto *Perseus*, all in vain,  
Who thrust him through with his *Cylenian Skain*.  
But when he saw his valour over-sway'd  
By multitude, I must, said he, seek aid  
(Since you your selves compel me) from my foe :  
180 Friends, turn your backs. Then *Gargon*'s head doth show.  
Some others seek, said *Thessalus*, to fright  
With this thy Monster ; and with all his might  
A deadly dart endeavour'd to have thrown :  
But in that posture became a stone.  
Next, *Amphiz*, full of spirit, forward prest,  
185 And thrust his Sword at bold *Lyncides* breast :  
When in the paſt his fingers stupid grow,  
Nor had the pow'r of moving to or fro.  
But *Nileus* (he who with a forged ſtyle  
Vaunted to be the ſon of seven-fold *Nile*,  
And bare ſeven Silver Rivers in his ſhield,  
Distinctly waving through a golden field)  
190 To *Perseus* ſaid; Behold ! from whence we ſprung,  
To ever-filent shadows bear along  
This comfort of thy death, that thou didſt die  
By ſuch a braye and high-born enemy.

His speech quite faultered in the later clause :

The yet-unfinisht sound stuck in his jaws ;  
Who gaping stood as he would something say :

195 And so had done, if words had found a way.

These *Eryx* blames : 'Tis your faint souls that dead  
Your powers, faith he, and northe *Gorgon's* head.  
Rush on with me, and prostrate with deep wounds  
This Youth, who thus with Magick arms confounds.  
Then rushing on, the ground his footsteps stay'd,  
Now mutely fixt, an armed Status made.

200 These suffer'd worthily. One who did fight

For *Perseus*, bold *Acontius*, at the fight  
Of *Gorgon's* Snakes, abortive Marble g.ew.  
On whom *Astyages* in fury flew,  
As if alive, with his two-handed blade,  
Which shrilly twang'd, but no incision made.

205 Who, whil'st he wonders, the same nature took ;

And now his Statue hath a wondring look.  
It were too tedious for me to report  
Their names who perish'd of the vulgar sort ;  
Two hundred scap'd the fury of the fight.

210 Two hundred turn to stone at *Gorgon's* sight.

Now *Phineus* his unjust coronation rues ?  
What should he do ? The senseless shapes he views  
Of his known friends, which differing figures bore,  
And doth by name their several aids implore.

And yet not trusting to his eyes alone,

The next he toucht, and found it to be stone.

Then turns aside, and now a penitent,

215 With suppliant hands, and arms obliquely bent,

O *Perseus*, thine, said he, thine is the day.

Remove this Monster ; hence, O hence convey

*Medusa's* ugly looks, or what more strange,

Which human bodies into marble change.

Not hate, not thirst of rule begot this strife ;

I only fought to re-obtain my Wife,

220 Thine is the plea of Merit ; mine, of Time ;

Yet in contending I confess my crime.

For life (O chief of men) I only sue :

Afford me that ; the rest I yield to you.

Thus he, not daring to revert his eyes

On him whom he intreats : Who thus replies ;

225 Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,

(A gift of worth to such a fearful Lord).

Take

Take courage, and persuade thy self I will,  
No wounding sword thy bloud shall ever spill.  
Moreover, that I may thy wish prevent,  
Here will I fix thy lasting monument:

That thou by her thou lov'st mayst still be seen,  
And with her Spouse's image cheer our Queen.

230 Then on that side the *Gorgon's* head doth place,  
To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.  
And as from thence his eyes he would have thrown,  
His neck grew stiff, his tears congeal to stome.  
With fearful suppliant look, submissive hands,

235 And guilty countenance, the Statue stands.

Victorius *Abantiades* now hies  
T' his native City, with the rescu'd prize.  
There vengeance takes on *Prætus*, and restor'd  
His Grand-father; whose wrongs redres implo'red.  
For *Prætus* had by force of Arms expell'd

His brother, and usurped *Argos* held.

240 But him nor Arms nor Bulwarks could protect  
Against the snaky Monster's grim aspect.

Yet not the vertue of the Youth, which shone  
Through so great roil, nor sorrows undergone,  
With thee, O *Polydætes*, King of small  
Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could prevail at all.

245 Endless thy wrath, thy hate inexorable,  
Detracting, and condemning for a fable  
*Medusa*'s death. The moved Youth replies,  
The truth your self shall see: Friends, shut your eyes:  
Then represents *Medusa* to his view:

Who presently a bloudlets Statue grew.

250 Thus long *Tritonia* to her Brother cleaves:

Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaves,

(*Cyprus* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand side)

And o're the toiling Seas her course apply'd

To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon*; there stay'd,

255 And thus unto the learned Sisters said:

The fame of your new Fountain, rais'd by force

Of that swift-winged *Medusean* horse,

Me hither drew, to see the wondrous Floud,

Who saw Him issue from his Mother's bloud.

260 Goddess, *Urania* answered, what cause

So-ever you to this our Mansion draws,

You are most welcome. What you heard is true!

And from that *Pegasus* this Fountain grew,

Then

- Then *Pallas* to the sacred Spring convey'd.  
Sh' admires the waters by the horse-hoof made;
- 265 Surveys their high-grown groves, cool caves, fresh  
And meadows painted with all sorts of flow'rs: (bowrs,  
Then happy styles she the *Maenides*,  
Both for their Arts, and such abodes as these.  
O heav'nly Virgin, one of them reply'd,
- 270 Most worthy our Society to guide,  
If so your active vertue did not move  
To greater deeds; deserv'dly you approve  
Our studies, pleasant seat, and happy state,  
Were we secure from what we chiefly hate.  
But nothing is unlawful to the lewd:  
And Maids by nature are with tear indu'd.  
The dire *Pyreneus* still invades my sight;
- 275 Nor have I yet recover'd that affright.  
He *Daulis* with all *Phocis* had obtain'd  
By *Thracian* Arms, and there unjustly reign'd.  
Bound for *Parnassius* Temple, us he spies;  
And with false zeal adores our Deities.
- 280 *Maenides*, faith he, (he knew us well)  
While sad stars govern, and flow'rs fall, (then fell  
By chance a mighty flow'r) vouchsafe, I pray,  
Beneath the shelter of my roof to stay:  
The Gods have entred humble Cottages.  
Urg'd by the weather, and such words as these,  
We to his importunity assent;  
And yet no farther than the Lobby went.
- 285 It now held up, the vanquish't South-winds fly  
Before the North, which purge the dusky sky.  
Prest to depart, he shuts the door, prepares  
To offer force: With wings we scape his snares.  
He presently the highest tow'r ascends,  
And, as he would have flown, his body bends.
- 290 The way you go, said he, will I pursue;  
And from the battlements himself he threw.  
Who, falling, strikes the earth with dasht-out brains,  
Which with his wicked blood he dying stains.  
The Muse yet spake, when wings were heard to clatter,
- 295 And from high trees saluting voices chatter.  
*Jove's* daughter wonders, and inquires from whence  
Those voices came including human senfe.  
Not Men, but nine all-imitating Pies,  
Bewailing their deserved destinies,

- 300 The Goddess to th' admiring Goddess said :  
 They, foil'd by us, by us were thus repaid.  
*Pierus*, who rich *Pella* held by lot,  
 These on *Paonian Evippe* got.  
 Nine times she on *Lucina* call'd aloud.
- 305 The foolish Sisters, of their number proud,  
 Through all *Aemonia* and *Achaea* came ;  
 And thus uncivilly they strife proclaim.  
*Thestiades*, th' unlearned multitude  
 No more with your vain harmony delude ;  
 But cope with us, (if hope excite you will)
- 310 As many, yet unmatcht for voice or skill.  
 Surrender you to us, if we excel,  
*Hyantian Aganip* and *Gorgon's Well* :  
*Th' Emathian Woods* to snowy *Pame*  
 Shall pay our los. The Nymphs our judges be.
- 315 A shame it was to strive : More shame it were  
 To yield. The Nymphs by their own rivers swear,  
 And sit on benches made of living stone.  
 Then, un-elected, rudely steps forth one,  
 Who sung the Giants war : Their feigned acts
- 320 She magnifies, and from the Gods detracts.  
 How *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy intrals rais'd,  
 Struck all their pow'rs with fear : Who fled amaz'd,  
 Till *Egypt*'s scorched soil them weary hides,  
 And wealthy *Nile*, who in seven chancels glides.
- 325 That thither Earth-born *Typhon* them pursu'd :  
 Whenas the Gods concealing shapes indu'd.  
*Jove* turn'd himself, she said, into a Ram :  
 From whence the horns of *Libyan Ammon* came.  
*Bacchus* a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
- 330 *Phœbe* a Cat, *Jove's* wife a Cow of snow :  
*Venus* a Fish, a Stork did *Hermes* hide.  
 And still her voice unto her Harp apply'd,  
 Then call they us. But ours perhaps to hear,  
 Nor leisure serves you, nor is't worth your ear.
- 335 Doubt not, said *Pallas*, orderly repeat  
 Your long'd-for Verse ; and takes a shady seat.  
 Then she ; on one we did the task impose :  
*Calliope*, with Ivy crown'd, up-rose ;  
 Who with her thumb first tun'd the quav'ring strings,
- 340 And then this Ditty to the Musick sings.  
 The glebe with crooked plough first *Ceres* rent ;  
 First gave us corn, a better nourishment,

## 96 METAMORPHOSIS,

- First Laws prescrib'd : All from her bounty sprung,  
By me the Goddess Ceres shall be sung.  
Would we could Verses worthy her reherfe :
- 345 For she is more than worthy of our Verse.  
*Trinacria* was on wicked *Typhon* thrown,  
Who underneath the Island's weight doth groan;  
That durst affect the Empire of the skies.  
Oft he attempteth, but in vain, to rise.
- 350 *Ausonian Pelorus* his right hand  
Down weighs; *Pachyne* on the left doth stand:  
His legs are under *Lilybaeum* spred;  
And *Etna*'s bases pres' his horrid head.  
Where, lying on his back, his jaws expire  
Thick clouds of dust, and vomit flakes of fire.  
Oft-times he struggles with his load below,
- 355 And Towns and Mountains labours to ore-throw.  
Earth quakes therewith: The King of shadows dreads,  
For fear the ground should split above their heads,  
And let in Day, t'affright the trembling Ghosts.  
For this, he from his silent Empire posts,
- 360 Drawn by black horses, tracing all the Round  
Of rich *Sicilia*; but no breaches found.  
Him *Erycina* from her Mount survey'd,  
(Now fearles) and, her Son imbracing, said;
- 365 My arms, my strength, my glory, for my sake,  
O Cupid, thy all-conquering weapons take,  
And fix thy winged arrows in his heart,  
Who rules the triple world's inferiour part.  
The Gods; even *Jove* himself, the God of Waves,
- 370 And who illustrates Earth, have been thy slaves.  
Shall Hell be free? Thine and thy mother's Sway  
Inlarge, and makest' infernal Powers obey.  
Yet we (such is our patience) are despis'd  
In our own heaven, and all our force unpriz'd.
- 375 Seest thou not *Pallas*, and the Queen of Night,  
Far-darting *Dian*, how my worth they slight?  
And Ceres daughter will a Maid abide,  
If we permit; for she affects their pride.  
But if thou favour our joyst Monarchy,
- 380 Thy Uncle to the Virgin-Goddess tie.  
Thus *Venus*. He his Quiver doth unclose,  
And one out of a thousand arrows chose  
At her arbitrement: A sharper head  
None had, more ready, or that surer sped.

Then

Then bends his bow. The string t'his ear arrives,  
And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow drives.

385 Not far remov'd from *Etna's* high-built wall,  
A Lake there is which men *Pergusa* call.

*Castor's* lowly-gliding waters bear,  
Far-fewer singing Swans than are heard there:  
Woods crown the Lake, and cloath it round about  
390 With leafy veils, which *Phaebas* beams keep out.

The Trees create fresh air, th'Earth various flowers:  
Where heat and cold th'eternal Spring devours.

Whilst in this grove *Proserpina* disports,  
Or Violets pulls, or Lillies of all sorts;  
And whilst she strove with childish care and speed  
To fill her lap, and others to exceed;

395 *Dis* saw, affected, carried her away,  
Almost at once. Love could not brook delay.  
The sad-fac'd Goddess cries (with fear appall'd)  
To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.  
And as she tore th'adornment of her Hair,  
Down fell the flow'rs which in her lap she bare.

400 And such was her sweet Youth's simplicity,  
That their loss also made the Virgin cry.

The Ravisher flies on swift wheels; his horses  
Excites by name, and their full speed inforces;  
Shaking for haste the rust-obscured reins

Upon their coal-black necks and shaggy manes.

405 Through Lakes, throughli the *Palici*, which expire  
A sulph'rous breath, through earth ingend'ring fire,  
They pass to where *Corinthian Bacchides*,

Their City built between unequal Seas.

The Land 'twixt *Aethusa* and *Cyane*  
410 With stretcht-out horns begirts th'included Sea.

Here *Cyane*, who gave the Lake a name,  
Amongst *Sicilian* Nymphs of special fame,  
Her head advanc'd, who did the Goddess know,  
And boldly said, You shall not farther go;

415 Nor can you be unwilling *Ceres* sen.  
What you compel, persuation shoul'd have won;

If humble things I may compare with greats,  
*Anapis* lov'd me, yet did he iatreat,

And me, nor frighted thus, espous'd. This fail'd  
With our-stretcht arms she's farther passage had,

420 His wrath no longer *Phao* could restrain.  
But gives his terror-striking Steeds the rein;

- And with his Regal Mace through the profound  
And yielding water cleaves the solid ground.  
The breach t' infernal *Tartarus* extends:  
At whose dark jaws the Chariot descends.
- 425 But *Cyane* the Goddess-Rape laments,  
And her own injur'd Spring; whose discontents  
Admit no comfort: in her heart she bears  
Her silent sorrow: now resolves to tears,  
And with that Fountain doth incorporate,  
Whereof th' immortal Deity but of late  
Her softned members thaw into a dew;
- 430 Her nails less hard, her bones now limber grew.  
The slender'it parts first melt away, her hair,  
Fine fingers, legs, and feet, that soon impair,  
And drop to streams: then arms, back, shoulders, side,
- 435 And bosom, into little Currents glide.  
Water, in stead of blood, fills her pale veins:  
And nothing now that may be grapt remains.  
Meanwhile through all the Earth and all the Main  
The fearful Mother sought her child in vain.
- 440 Not dewy-hair'd *Aurora*, when she rose,  
Nor *Hesperus* could witness her repose.  
Two pitchy Pines she at flaming *Etna* lights;  
And, restless, carries them through freezing Nights,  
Again, when Day the vanquisht Stars supprest,
- 445 Her vanquisht comfort seeks from East to West.  
Thirsty with travel, and no Fountain nigh,  
A Cottage thatcht with straw invites her eye.  
At th' humble gate she knocks. An old Wife shews  
Her self thereat, and, seeing her, bestows
- 450 The water so desired; which she before  
Had boild with Barley. Drinking at the door,  
A rude hard-favour'd Boy beside her stood,  
Who laugh't, and call'd her Greedy-gut. Her blood  
Inflam'd with anger, what remain'd she threw
- 455 Full in his face; which forthwith speckled grew.  
His arms convert to legs; a tail withal  
Spins from his changed shape; his body small,  
Lest he might prove too great a foe to life:  
Though leis, yet like a Lizard. Th' aged Wife  
(That wonders, weeps, and fears to touch) he shun-
- 460 And presently into a crevise runs.  
Fit to his colour they a name elect;  
With sundry little stars all over speckt.

- What Lands, what Seas the Goddess wändred through,  
Were long to tell: Earth had not room enough.  
To *Sicily* she returns; where-er she goes,  
465 Inquires, and comes where *Cyane* now flows.  
She, had she not been changed, all had told;  
Now wants a tongue her knowledge to unfold:  
Yet to the Mother of her Daughter gave  
A certain sign, bearing upon a wave  
470 *Persphone's* rich Zone, that from her fell  
When through the sacred Spring she sunk to Hell.  
This seen, and known, as but then lost, she tare,  
Without self-pity, her dishevell'd hair;  
And with redoubled blows her breast invades:  
Nor knows what Land t' accuse, yet all upbraids,  
475 Ingrate, unworthy with her gifts t' abound;  
*Trinacria* chiefly, where the steps she found  
Of her misfortunes. Therefore there she brake  
The furrowing plough; the Ox and owner strake  
Both with one death; then, bad the fields beguile  
480 The trust impos'd; shrunk seed corrupts. That soil,  
So celebrated for fertility,  
Now barren grew: Corn in the blade doth die.  
Now too much drought annoys, now lodging showers;  
Stars smitch, winds blast. The greedy fowl devours  
485 The new-sown grain: else Tares and Darnel tire  
The fetter'd Wheat, and Weeds that through it spire.  
In *Elean* waves *Alpheus* then appear'd,  
And from her dropping hair her forehead clear'd:  
O Mother of that far-sought Maid, thou friend  
490 To life, said she, here let thy labour end:  
Nor be offended with thy faithful Land,  
That blameless is, nor could her Rape withstand.  
I, here a Guest, not for my Country plead.  
My Country *Pisa* is: in *Elys* bred,  
I as an Alien in *Sicily* dwell:  
495 But yet no Country pleaseth me so well.  
I, *Arethusa*, now these Springs possess;  
This is my seat: which, courteous Goddess, blefs.  
Why I affect this place, t' *Ortygia* came  
Through such vast Seas, I shall impart the same  
500 To your desire, when you, more fit to hear,  
Shall quit your care, and be of better cheer.  
Earth gives me way, through whose dark caverns roll'd  
I here ascend, and long-mist stars behold.

## 100 METAMORPHOSIS,

While under ground by Styx my waters glide,  
 505 Your sweet *Proserpine* I there espy'd :  
 Full sad she was ; even then you might have seen  
 Fear on her face : and yet she is a Queen ;  
 And yet she in that gloomy Empire tways ;  
 And yet her will th' Infernal King obeys.

Stone-like stood *Ceres* at this heavy news,  
 510 And, staring, long continu'd in a mute.

When grief had quick'n'd her stupidity,  
 She took her Chariot, and ascends the sky :  
 There, veiled all in clouds, with scatter'd hair,  
 She kneels to *Jupiter*, and makes this Pray'r.

515 Both for my bloud and thine, O Jove, I sue :  
 If I be nothing gracious, yet do you

A Father to your Daughter prove ; nor be  
 Your care the leis, because she sprung from me.

Lo, she at length is found, long sought through all  
 The spacious World ; if you a finding call  
 What more the Loss affutes : but if to know

520 Her being, be to Find, I've found her so.

And yet I would the injury remit,  
 So he the Stol'n feltote. 'Twere most unfit

That holy *Hymen* should thy Daughter joyn  
 Unto a Thief ; although she were not nittie.

Then *Jove* : The plichto is mutual, and these cares  
 To either equal. Yet this deed declares  
 525 Much Love, mis-call'd Wrong : nor should we shame  
 Of such a Son, could you but think the same.

All Wants suppose ; can he be leis than great,  
 And be *Jove's* Brother ? What, when all compleat ?

I but preferri'd by lot ? Or if you burn  
 530 In endless spleen, let *Proserpine* return ;

On this condition, That she yet have ta'ne  
 No sustenance : so Destinies ordain.

To fetch her Daughter, *Ceres* posts in haste :  
 But Fates withstand ; the Maid had broke her fast.

535 For, wand'ring in the Orchard, simply she  
 Pluckt a Pomegranate from the stooping Tree ;  
 Thence took seven grains, and eat them one by one :  
 Observed by *Acastus* alone,

Whom *Achiron* on *Orphne* begot

In pitchy Caves ; a Daine of special note

540 Among th' Avernal Nymphs. This utter'd, staid  
 The reigning Queen of Erebus, who made

- The Blab a Bird: with waves of Phlegmon  
 His Face besprinkled, Plumes appear thereon,  
 Crooke Beak, and broader Eyes; the shape he had  
 545 He lost, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.  
 His Head o're-siz'd, his long Nails talons prove;  
 His winged Arms for laziness scarce move.  
 He proves a filthy, ill-presaging Fowl,  
 To Mortals ominous, a screeching Owl.
- 550 Yet was the punishment no more than due  
 To his offence. But how offended you,  
*Acheloides*, that wings and claws disgrace  
 Your gaudy forms, yet keep your Virgin-face?  
 Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathless Powers  
 555 Were with the Goddesses when she gather'd Flowers?  
 Whom when through all the earth you sought, in vain,  
 You wist for wings to fly upon the Main,  
 That pathless Seas might testify your care.  
 The easie Gods consented to your pray'r.
- 560 Straight golden feathers on your Backs appear:  
 But left that Music, fram'd t' enchant the ear,  
 And so great gifts of speech should be profan'd,  
 Your Virgin-looks and human voice remain'd.  
 But *Jove*, his Sister's discontent to chear,
- 565 Between her and his Brother parts the year.  
 The Goddess now incitier Empire sways;  
 Six months with *Ceres*, six with *Pluto* stays.  
*Proserpina* then chang'd her mind and took,  
 (Late such as sullen *Dis* could hardly brook)
- 570 And clear'd her brows: as *Sol*, obscur'd in shrowds,  
 Of exhalations, breaks through vanquisht clouds.  
 Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arethusa* tell  
 Her cause of flight: and why a sacred Well?  
 Th' obliqueous waters left their murmuring.  
 The Goddess then above the Chrystal Spring  
 575 Her head advanc'd; and, wringing her green hairs,  
 She thus *Alpheus* ancient love declares.
- I of *Achaea* once a Nymph; none more  
 The Chase affected, or t' intoll the Boar.  
 580 By Beaute though I never sought for fame;  
 Though masculine, of Fair I bore the name.  
 Nor took I pleasure in my praised face,  
 Which others value as their onely grace:  
 But, simple, was ashamed to excel;
- And thought it infamy to please too well.

- 585 As from *Stymphalian* woods I made retreat,  
('Twas hot, and labour had increast the heat)  
When well-nigh tir'd, a silent Stream I found,  
All eddies, perspicuous to the ground,  
Through which you ev'ry pebble might have seen:  
It ran as if it had no River been.
- 590 The Poplar and the hcary Willow, fed  
By bora'ring streams, their grateful shadow spread.  
In this cool Rivulet my foot I dist,  
Then knee-deep wade; nor so content, unstrip'd  
My self forthwith: upon a Sallow stud  
My Robe I hung, and leapt into the Flood.
- 595 Where while I swim, and labour to and fro  
A thousand ways, with arms that swiftly row,  
I from the bottom heard an unknown tongue;  
And, frightened, to the higher margin sprung.  
Whither so fast, O *Arethusa*? twice
- 600 Out-cry'd *Alphus*, with an hollow voice.  
Unclothed as I was, I fled for fear,  
(For on the other side my garments were.)  
The faster followed he, the more did burn:  
I naked, seem'd the readier for his turn.
- 605 As trembling Doves the eager Hawks eschew;  
As eager Hawks the trembling Doves persec;  
I fled, he follow'd. To *Orchomenus*,  
*Pspolis*, *Cyrene*, high-brow'd *Menalus*,  
Cold *Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I  
My flight maintain'd; nor could he come nigh.
- 610 But I unable to hold out so long:  
He, patient of much labour, and more strong.  
And yet o're Plains, o're woody Hills I fled,  
And craggy Rocks, where foot did never tread.  
The Sun was at our backs: before my feet
- 615 I saw his Shadow, or my fear did see't.  
How'e're, his sounding steps, and thick-drawn breath  
That fann'd my hair, affrighted me to death.  
Stark tir'd, I cry'd; Ah caught! help, (O forlorn!)  
*Diana*, help thy Squire, who oft have born
- 620 Thy Bow and Quiver. Mov'd at my request,  
With muffling clouds she cover'd the distract.  
The River seeks me in that pitchy shroud,  
And searches round about the hollow cloud.  
Twice came he where *Diana* me did hide;
- 625 And twice he, to *Arethusa*, cry'd.

- Then what a heart had I! the Lamb so feats,  
When howling Wolves about the Fold she hears.  
So heartless Hare, when trailin' Hounds draw nigh  
630 Her fentred Form; nor dares she move an eye.  
Nor went he on, in that he could not trace  
My farther steps; but guards the cloud and place,  
Cold sweats my then-beieg'd limbs possest:  
635 In thin thick-falling drops my strength decreast.  
Where e're I slept, streams ran; my hair now fell  
In trickling dew; and, sooner than I tell  
My destiny, into a Floud I grew.  
*Alpheus* his beloved Waters knew,  
And, putting off th' assumed shape of Man,  
Resumes his own, and in my Current ran.  
Chast *Delia* cleft the ground. Then through blind Caves  
640 To lov'd *Ortygia* she conducts my waves;  
Affected for her name; where first I take  
Review of day. This *Arethus*a spake.  
The fertile Goddess to her Chariot Chains  
Her yoked Dragons, checkt with stubborn reas:  
Her course, 'twixt Heav'n and Earth, to *Athens* bends;  
645 And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot sends.  
Part of the seed she gave, she bade him throw  
On untill'd Earth; part on the till'd to sow.  
O're *Europe* and the *Asian* soyl convey'd,  
The Youth to *Scythia* turns, where *Lynceus* sway'd.  
His Court he enters. Ask'd, what way he came,  
650 His cause of coming, Country, and his Name;  
*Triptolemus* men call me, he reply'd,  
And in renowned *Athens* I reside.  
No Ship through toyling Seas me hither bare;  
Nor over land came I, but through the air.  
655 I bring you *Ceres* gift; which, sown in fields,  
Corn-bearing Crops (a better feeding) yields.  
The barbarous King envies it; and, that he  
The Author of so great a good might be,  
Gives entertainment: but, when sleep opprest  
His heavy eyes, with steel attempts his breast.  
660 Whom *Ceres* turns t'a *Lynx*; and homewards makes  
The young *Mopsoian* drive her sacred Snakes.  
Our Chief concluded here here learned Lays.  
The Nymphs, with one consent, give us the Bays.  
665 The vanquisht rail. To whom the Musc: Since you  
Esteem it nothing to deserve the due

To your contumelion, but must add foul words  
To your ill deeds, nor this your pride affords  
Our patience room; we'll wreak it on your heads,  
And tread the path which Indignation leads.

*Feronians* laugh, and our sharp threats despise.

670 About to see I, and with disgraceful noise  
To-clap their hands, they saw the feathers sprout  
Beneath their Nails, and cloath their arms throughout;  
Hard webs in one another's faces spie;  
And now new Birds into the Forest fly:

675 These Sylvan scolds, as they their arms prepare  
To beat their bosoms, mount, and hang in air.  
Who yet retain their ancient eloquence,  
Full of harsh chat, and grating without sense.

OVID'S



# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

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## THE SIXTH BOOK.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Pallas an old Wife. Haughty thoughts o'rethrew  
 Hæmus and Rhodope; who Mountains grow.  
 The Pygmy a Crane. Antigone becomes  
 A Stork. A Statue Cynaras entombs.  
 His impious Daughters, Stones. In various shapes  
 The Gods commit adulteries and rapes.  
 Arachne, a Spider. Niobe yet drowns  
 Her Marble cheeks in tears. Uncivil Clowns  
 Are curst to Frogs. From Tears clear Marfyas flowers.  
 His Ivory shoulder, new-made, Pelops shows.  
 Progne, a Swallow, sign'd with murther's fl.sins.  
 Sad Philomel to secret night complains.  
 Rage to a Lapwing turns th' Odryshian King.  
 Calais and Zetes native feathers wing.

**T**ritonia to the Muse attention lends, (mends:  
 Who both her Verse, and just revenge com-  
 Then faid t'herself; To praise is of no worth:  
 Let our revengeful Pow'r our praise set forth.  
 Intends Arachne's ruin. She, she heard,  
 Before her curious webs, her own preferri'd.  
 Nor dwelling nor her nation faine impart  
 Unto the Damsel, but excelling Art.  
 Dériv'd from Colophonian Idmon's side,  
 Who thirsty Wool in Phœcean purple dy'd.

## 106 METAMORPHOSIS,

- 10 Her Mother (who had paid her debt to fate)  
 Was also mean, and equal to her mate.  
 Yet through the *Lydian* towns her praise was spred,  
 Though poor her birth, in poor *Hypæta* bred.  
 The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their vines forsook,
- 15 The sleek *Pæstolian* Nymphs their streams, to look  
 On her rare works: nor more delight in viewing  
 Them done, (done with such grace) than when a doing.  
 Whether she Orb-like roul the ruder wool;
- 20 Or, finely finger'd, the selected cull;  
 Or draw it into cloud-resembling flakes;  
 Or equal twine with swift-turn'd spindle makes;  
 Or with her lively-painting Needle wrought:  
 You might perceive she was by *Pallas* taught.  
 Yet such a Mistress her proud thoughts disclaim.
- 25 Let her with me contend: if foil'd, no shame  
 (Said she) nor punishment will I refuse.  
*Pallas* forthwith an old-wife's shape indues;  
 Her hair all white; her limbs, appearing weak,  
 A staff supports; and thus began to speak:  
 Old Age hath something which we need not shun:  
 Experience by long tract of time is won.
- 30 Scorn not advice: with Dames of human race  
 Contend for fame, but give a Goddes place.  
 Crave pardon, and she will thy crime remit.  
 With eyes confessing rage, and eye-brows knit,
- 35 (Her labour-leaving hands scarce held from strokes)  
 She masked *Pallas* with these words provokes:  
 Old Fool, that dor'st with age, to whom long life  
 Is now a curse, thy Daughter, or son's Wife,  
 (If thou hast either) taught be they by this;
- 40 My wisdom for my self sufficient is.  
 And lest thy counsel should an int'rest claim  
 In my diversion, I am still the same.  
 Why comes she not? why trial thus delays?
- Sic comes, said *Pallas*, and her self displays.  
 Nymphs and *Mygdonian* Dames the Power adore:
- 45 Only the Maid her self undaunted goes.  
 And yet she blushes: against her will thered  
 Flushed in her cheeks, and thence as swiftly fled.  
 Even so the purple Morning paints the skies,  
 And so they whiten at the Sun's up-rise.
- 50 She now, as desperately obstinate,  
 Praised ill affecting, runs on her own pace.

- No more *Jove's* daughter labours to dissuade ;  
No more refuseth, nor the strife delay'd.  
Both settle to their tasks apart ; both spread  
At once their warps, consulting of fine thread,  
55 Ty'd to their beams. A reed the thread divides,  
Through which the quick-returning shuttle glides,  
• Shot by swi' hands. The comb's inserted tooth  
Between the warp supprest the rising woof.  
Strife less'ning toil, with skirts tuckt to their waist,  
60 Both move their cunning arms with nimble hast.  
Here crimson dy'd in *Tyrian* brass they weave :  
The scarce-distinguish'd shadows fight decoys.  
So watry cloud, guilt by *Apollo*, show  
The vast sky painted with a mighty Bow :  
65 Where though a thousand several colours shine,  
No eye their close transition can define :  
The next the former clearly represents ;  
Yet by degrees scarce sensible dissent.  
Their work's imbellished with ductil gold :  
And both reviv'd Antiquities unfold.  
70 *Pallas* in *Athens* Mars his Rock doth frame,  
And that old strife about the City's name.  
Twice six Celestials sit enthron'd on high,  
Replete with aw-insulging gravity :  
75 *Jove* in the midst. The luted figures took  
Their lively forms. *Jove* had a royal look.  
The Sea-god stood, and with his Trident stroke  
The cleaving Rock, from whence a Fountain brake :  
Whereon he grounds his claim. With spear and shield  
Her self she arms : her head a'mourian steel'd,  
80 Her breast her *Aegis* guards. Her Launce the ground  
Appears to strike ; and from that pregnant wound  
The hoary Olive charg'd with fruit ascends.  
The Gods admire ; with victory she ends.  
Yet she, to shew the Rival of her praise  
What hopes to cherish for such bold assays,  
85 Adds four contentions in the utmost bounds :  
Of every angle, wrought in little rounds.  
One *Thracian Rhadope* and *Hemus* shows  
Now Mountains top with neves-melting snows,  
Once human bodies ; who durst emulate  
The blest Celestials both in style and state.  
The next contains the miserable doom  
90 Of that Pygmean matron, overcome

108. METAMORPHOSIS.

- By *Juno* made a Crane, and forc'd to jar  
With her own Nation in perpetual war.  
A third presents *Anitzone*, who strove  
For unmatcht beauty with the Wife of *Jove*,
95. (Nor *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her fire,  
Prevail'd with violent *Saturnia's* ire)  
Turn'd to a Stork, who, with white pinions rais'd,  
Is ever by her creaking Bill self-prais'd.  
In the last circle *Cynara* was plac't ;  
Who, charg'd with grief, the Temple stairs imbrac't,  
(Of late his Daughters, by their pride o'rethrown)
- 100 Appears to weep, and grovel on the stone.  
The web a wreath of peaceful Olive bounds ;  
And her own tree her work both ends and crowns.  
*Arachne* weaves *Europa's* rape by *Jove*.  
The Bull appears to live, the Sea to move.
- 105 Back to the shore she casts an heavy eye,  
To her distract'd Damsels seems to cry ;  
And from the sprinkling waves, that skip to-meet  
With such a burthen, shrinks her trembling feet.  
*Asteris* there a struggling Eagle priest :  
A Swan here spreads his Wings o're *Leda's* breast.
- 110 *Jove*, Satyr-like, *Antiope* compels ;  
Whose fruitful Womb with double issue swells :  
*Amphitryon* for *Alcmena's* love became ;  
A Show'r for *Danae* ; for *Egina*, Flame :  
For beautiful *Mnemosyne* he takes
- 115 A Shepherd's form ; for *Deois* a Snake's,  
120 Thee also, *Neptune*, like a lustful Steer,  
She makes the fair *Hellenian* Virgin bear ;  
And get th' *Aloides* in *Enipe's* shape ;  
Now turn'd t' a Ram in sad *Bisaltis* rape.  
The gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthening seed,
- 125 The snake-hair'd mother of the winged Steed,  
130 Found thee a Stallion; thee *Melanthe* finds  
A Dolphin. She to ev'ry form assigns  
Like-equal looks, to ev'ry place the same  
Aspect. An Husbandman *Phoebus* here became ;  
135 A Lion now; now Falcon's wings displays ;  
*Naxorean Issa* Shepherd-like terrays.
- 140 *Liber*, a Grape, *Erigone* compels :  
And *Saturn* Horse-like *Glaucou* gets, half-beast.  
About her web a curious trail deligns ;  
Flowers intermixt with clasping Ivy twines.

- Not *Pallas* this, nor Envy this reproves.  
 130 Her fair success the next Virago moves;  
 Who tears the web with crimes celestial fraught;  
 With shuttle from *Cytorian* Mountains brought,  
*A racking* thrice upon the forehead smote.  
 Her great heart brooks it not, about her throat  
 135 An halter knits. Remorseful *Pallas* staid  
 Her falling weight; Live, wretch, yet hang, she said;  
 This curse (lest of succeeding times secure)  
 Still to thy issue and thy race endure.  
 140 Sprinkled with *Hecate's* baneful weeds, her hair  
 She forthwith sheds: her nose and ears impair;  
 Her head grows little, her whole body so;  
 Her thighs and legs to spiny fingers grow;  
 The rest all belly, whence a thred she sends:  
 145 And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.  
     All *Lydia* sounds, the fame through *Phrygia* rung;  
     And gave an argument to every tongue.  
     Her *Niobe* had known, when she a maid  
     In *Sipylos* and in *Meonia* staid.  
 150 Yet slighted that home example; still rebels  
     Against the Gods, and with proud language swells.  
     Much made her haughty. Yet *Ampion's* town,  
     Their high descents, nor glory of a crown,  
     So pleas'd her (thought she pleas'd her self in all).  
 155 As her fair race. We *Niobe* might call  
     The happiest mother that yet ever brought  
     Life unto light, had: or her self so thought.  
     Tiresian Mantu, in presages skill'd,  
     The streets, inspir'd by holy fury, fill'd  
     With these exorts: *Ismenides*, prepare;  
 160 To great *Latona* and her Twins with prayer  
     Mix sweet perfumes; your brows with Laurel bind;  
     By me *Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind  
     About their Temples the commanded Bay;  
     And, sacred fires with incense feeding, pray.  
 165 Behold, the Queen in height of state appears.  
     A *Phrygian* mantle weav'd with gold she wears:  
     Her face, as much as rage would suffer, fair.  
     She stops, and shaking her dishevell'd hair.  
     The godly troupe with haughty eyes surveys.  
 170 What madness is it, unseen God (she says)  
     Before the seen Celestials to prefer?  
     Or, while I Altars want, to worship her?

- Mc *Tantalus*: (alone allow'd to feast  
 In Heav'n) begot; my Mother not the least  
*Pleias*; and greatest *Atlas* Sire to those,  
 175 On whose high shoulders all the Stars repose.  
*Jove* is my other Grandfather; and he  
 My Father-in-law: a double grace to me.  
 Mc *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdoms me obey:  
 My Husband's harp-rais'd walls I jointly sway.  
 180 Throughout my Court behold in every place  
 Infinite riches: add to this a Face  
 Worthy a Goddess: then, to crown my joys,  
 Seven beauteous Daughters, and as many Boys:  
 All these by marriage to be multiply'd.  
 Behold, have we not reason for our pride?  
 185 Dare you *Latona* then, by *Cæus* got,  
 Before me place? to whom a little spot  
 The ample Earth deny'd t'unload her womb?  
 Heav'n, Earth, nor Seas afford your Goddess room;  
 A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbour gave.  
 190 Thou wandrest on the land, I on the wave,  
 It said; and granted an unstable place.  
 She brought forth two; the seventh part of my race.  
 I happy am, who doubts? so will abide;  
 Or who doubts that? with plenty fortify'd.  
 195 My state's too great for Fortune to bereave:  
 Though much she ravish, yet much more must leave.  
 My blessings are above low fear, Suppose  
 Some of my hopeful sons this people lose;  
 They cannot be reduced unto two.  
 200 Off with your Bays, these idle Rites eschew.  
 They put them off, the sacrifice forbore:  
 And yet *Latona* filently adore.  
 As much as free from barrenness, so much  
 Disdain and grief th'ingraged Goddess touch.  
 205 Who on the top of *Cyntus* thus begins,  
 To vent her passions to her sacred Twins.  
 Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone,  
 (Excepting *Fano*, second unto none)  
 Am question'd if a Goddess, and must lose;  
 210 If you afflit not, all religious dues.  
 Nor is this all; that curst *Tantalian* Seed  
 Adds foul reproaches to her impious deed.  
 She dares her children before you prefer,  
 And calls me childless: may it light on her,

Whose wicked words her Father's tongue declare.

- 215 About to second her report with prayer ;  
 Peace, *Phæbus* said, complaint too long delays  
 Conceiv'd revenge : the same vext *Phæbe* says.  
 Then swiftly through the yielding air they glide  
 To *Cadmus* tow'r's ; the clouds their glories hide.  
 A spacious plain before the City lies,  
 Made dusty with the daily exercise
- 220 Of trampling hoofs, by strifeful Chariots trackt.  
 Part of *Amphion*'s active sons here backt  
 High-bounding Steeds ; whose rich caparison  
 With scarlet blusht, with gold their bri'les shone.
- 225 *Ismenus*, from her womb who first did spring,  
 As with his ready horse he bears a ring,  
 And checks his foamy jaws, Ay me ! out-cries ;  
 While through his groaning breast an arrow flies.  
 His bridle slackning with his dying force,
- 230 He leisurely sinks tide-long from his horse.  
 Next, *Sipylus* from clashing quiver flies  
 With slackned reins : as when a Pilot spies  
 A growing storm, and, lest the gentle gale  
 Should scape besides him, clasps on all his sail.
- 235 His hast th' inevitable bow o're-took,  
 And through his throat the deadly arrow struck.  
 He, by the horse's mane, and speedy thighs,  
 Drops head-long, and the Earth in purple dyes.
- 240 Now *Phædimus*, and *Tamalus*, the heir  
 T' his Grand-fire's name, that labour done, prepare  
 To wrastle. Whilst with oiled limbs they pre't  
 Each other's pow'r, close grasping breast to breast,  
 A shaft, which from th' impulsive bow-string flew,
- 245 Them in that sad Conjunction jointly slew.  
 Both groan at once, at once their bodies bend  
 With bitter pangs, at once to earth descend.  
 Their rowling eyes together set in death,  
 Together they expire their parting breath.
- In rusht *Alphenor*, (bleeding in their harms)
- 250 And rais'd their heartless corles in his arms :  
 But in that pious duty fell, the threds  
 Of life, his heart-springs, wrathful *Dolius* shreds.  
 Part of his lungs clave to sh' extracted head  
 And with his blood his troubled spirit fled.
- 255 But unshorn *Damasichthon* slaught' red lies,  
 Nor by a single wound, shot where the thighs

## 112 METAMORPHOSIS,

Knit with the ham-strings in the knotty joint,  
Striving from thence to tug the fatal point,

260 Another at his neck the bow directs.

Thick-gushing blond the piercing shaft ejects ;  
Which, spinning upward, cleft the passive air.  
Last *Hioness*, with successless prayer,  
His hands up-heaves ; You Gods in general,

Said he, (and ignorantly pray'd to all)

265 O pity me. The Archer had remorse;

But now irrevocable was that force :  
And yet his life a little wound dispatcht,  
His heart but only with the arrow scratcht.

Ill news, the people's grief, her household's tears  
Present their ruig to their mothers ears.

270 Who wonders how the Gods their lives durst touch ;

And swells with anger that their power was such.  
For sad *Amphion*, wounding his own breast,  
Had now his sorrow with his soul releast.

How different is this *Niobe*, from that

275 Who great *Latona*'s Rites supprest of late,

And proudly pac'd the streets, envy'd by those  
That were her friends ; now pitied by her foes ?  
Frantick she doth on their cold corfes fall,  
And her last kissets distributes to all.

280 From whom to Heav'n erecting her bruis'd arms,

Cruel *Latone*, feast thee with our harms ;  
Feast, feast, she said ; thy savage stomach cloy ;  
Cloy thy wild rage, and in our sorrows joy.

Seven times, upon seven Herles born, I die.

Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why.

285 Victorious ? hapless I have not so few ;

Who, after all these funerals, subdue.

This said, the bow-string twangs. Pale terrour chills

All hearts save *Niobe*'s, abdur'd by ill.

The sisters, in long mourning robes array'd,

290 About their herles hood, with hair display'd

One draws an arrow from her brother's side,

And joining her pale lips to his, so dy'd.

Another striving to asswage the woes

That rackt her mother, forthwith speechless grows ;

And bowing with the wound, which inly bled,

295 Shuts her fixt teeth, the soul already fled.

This, flying falls ; that, her dead sister makes

Her bed of death : this hides her self, that quakes.

- Six slain by sundry wounds; to shield the last,  
Her mother over her her body cast.
- 300 This one, she cries, and that the least, O save.  
The least of many, and but one, I crave.  
Whil'st thus she sues, the sul'd-for *Delia* hits.  
She by her husband, sons and daughters, sirs  
A childless Widow, waxing stiff with woes.  
The wind wags not one hair; the ruddy Rose
- 305 Forsakes her cheek; in her feeling head  
Her eye-balls fix, throughout appearing dead.  
Her tongue and palate robb'd of inward heat,  
At once congeal; her pulse forbears to beat.  
Her neck wants power to turn, her feet to go.
- 310 Her arms to move: her very bowels grow  
Into a stone. She yet retains her tears:  
Whom straight a whirl-wind to her country bears,  
And fixes on the summit of an Hill.  
Now forth that mourning Marble tears distill.
- Th' exemplary revenge strick all with fear:
- 315 Who offerings to *Latona*'s altars bear  
With doubled zeal. When one, as oft befalls,  
By present accidents the past recals.  
In fruitful *Lycia* once, said he, there dwelt  
A sort of Peasants who her vengeance felt.
- 320 'Twas of no note, in that the men were base,  
Yet wonderful. I saw the pool and place  
Fam'd by the prodigy. My father, spent  
Almost with age, ill-brooking travel, sent  
Me thither for choice Steers; and for my Guide
- 325 A native gave. Those Pastures searcht, we spy'd  
An ancient Altar, black with cinders, plac'd  
Amidst a Lake, with shivering reeds imbosc'd.  
O favour me, he, softly murmuring, said:  
O favour me, I, softly murmuring, pray'd.
- 330 Then askt, if Nymph or Faun therein reside,  
Or rural God. The *Lycian* thus reply'd:  
O Youth, no Mountain Powers this Altar hold:  
She calls it hers to whom *Jove's* Wife of old  
Earth interdicted: scarce that floating Isle,
- 335 Wave wandring *Delos* finisht her exile.  
Where, coucht on Palms and Olives, she, in spite  
Of fretful *Juno*, brought her Twins to light.  
Thence also, frightened from her painful bed,  
With her two infant Deities she fled.

Now

## 114 METAMORPHOSIS,

- 340 Now in *Chimera*-breeding *Lycia*, (fir'd  
By burning beams) with her long travel tir'd;  
Heat-raising thirst the Goddesses sore opprest,  
By their exhausting of her milk increast.  
By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes  
A lake of shallow water she descries,  
345 Where Clowns were then a-gathering picked weeds,  
With shrubby osiers, and plain-loving needs.  
Approacht, *Titanis* Kneels upon the brink,  
And of the cooling liquor stoops to drink.  
The Clowns withstood. Why hinder you, said she,  
350 The use of water, that to all is free?  
The Sun, Air, Water, Nature did not frame  
Peculiar, a publick gift I claim.  
Yet humbly I intreat it: not to drench  
My weary limbs, but killing thirst to quench.  
355 My tongue wanes moisture, and my jaws are dry:  
Scarce is there way for speech: for drink I die.  
Water to me were Nectar. If I live,  
Tis by your favour: life with water give.  
Pity these babes: for pity they advance  
360 Their little arms. Their arms they stretcht by chance.  
With whom would not such gentle words prevail?  
But they, perfusing to prohibit, rail;  
The place with threats command her to forsake.  
365 Then with their hands and feet disturb the lake;  
And leaping, with malicious motion move  
The troubled mud, which rising, floats above.  
Rage quencht her thirst: no more *Lassos* sues  
To such base slaves; but Goddess-like doth use  
Her dreadful tongue, which thus their fates imply'd;  
370 May you for ever in this Lake reside.  
Her wish succeeds. In loved lakes they strive,  
Now sprawl above, now under water dive;  
Oft hop upon the bank; as oft again  
375 Back to the water: nor can yet restrain  
Their brawling tongues; but, setting shame aside,  
Though hid in water, under water chide.  
Their voices still are hoarie: the breath they fetch  
Swells their wide throats: their jaws with railing stretch.  
380 Their heads their shoulders touch; no neck between,  
As intercepted: all the back is green,  
Their bellies (every part o're-sizing) white.  
Who now, new Frogs, in slimy pools delight.

Thus

- Thus much I know not by what *Theban* said,  
 Another mention of a Satyre made,  
 385 By *Phæbus* with *Tritonia's* reed o'recome;  
 Who for presuming felt an heavy doom.  
 Me from my self, ah! why do you distract?  
 (Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: alas! this fact  
 Deserves not such a vengeance. Whilst he cry'd,  
*Apollo* from his body stript his hide.  
 His body was one wound; bloud every way  
 390 Stream'd from all parts: his sinews naked lay;  
 His bare veins paixt: his heart you might behold,  
 And all the fibers in his breast have told.  
 For him the Fauns that in the forests keep,  
 395 For him the Nymphs and brother Satyrs weep:  
 His end *Olympus* (famous then) bewails,  
 With all the shepherds of those hills and dales.  
 The pregnant Earth conceiveth with their tears,  
 Which in her penetrated womb she bears,  
 Till big with water; then discharg'd her fraught.  
 400 This purest *Phrygian* Stream a way out sought  
 By down-falls, till to toiling seas he came  
 Now called *Marsyas* of the Satyr's name.  
 The Vulgar, these examples told, return  
 Unto the present; for *Syphax* mourn,  
 And his lost issue. All the mother hate,  
 405 *Pelops* alone laments his sister's fate.  
 While with torn garments he presents his woes,  
 The Ivory piece on his left shoulder shows.  
 This once was flesh, and coloured like the right.  
 Slain by his Sire, the Gods his limbs unite,  
 His scattered parts all found, save that alone  
 410 Which interpos'd the neck and shoulder-bone.  
 They then with Ivory supply'd th' unfound.  
 And thus restored *Pelops* was made sound.  
 The neighbouring Princes met: the Cities near  
 Intreat their Kings the desolate to chear;  
 415 Renown'd *Mycene*, *Sparta*, th' Argive State,  
 And *Calydon*, not yet in *Dian's* hate,  
 Fertil *Orchomenos*, *Corinthas*, fam'd  
 For high-priz'd bras, *Messene*, never tam'd,  
*Cleone*, *Patra*, *Pylos*, (*Neleus* crown)  
 And *Trazen*, not as then *Pitheus* town,  
 420 With all that two-sea'd *Isthmos* Straights include,  
 And all without, by two-sea'd *Isthmos* view'd.

Athens

- Athenis* alone (who would believ'd?) withheld.  
 Thee from that Civil office war compell'd.  
 Th' inhabitants about the *Pontick* coast  
 Had then besieg'd thee with a barbarous host:
- 425 Whom *Thracian Teres* with his Aids o're-threw,  
 And by that victory renowned grew.  
 Powerful in wealth and people, from the loins  
 Of Mars deriy'd, *Pandion Progne* joins  
 To him in marriage. This nor *Juno* blest,
- 430 Nor *Hymen*, nor the Graces grac'd that feast.  
 The snake-hair'd Furies held the sputtering light  
 From funeral snatcht, and made the bed that Night  
 Th' ill-boding Owl upon the roof was set.
- Progne* and *Teres* with these omens met;
- 435 Thus Parents grew. The *Thracians* yet rejoice,  
 And thank the Gods with one unir'd voice.  
 The marriage-day, and that of *Irys* birth,  
 They consecrate to universal mirth.  
 Stories the good unseen. By this the Sun,
- 440 Conducting Time, had through five Autumns run;  
 When battering *Progne* thus allureth her Lord.  
 If I have any grace with thee, afford  
 This favour, that I may my Sister see:  
 Send me to her, or bring thou her to me:  
 Promise my father, that with swiftest speed  
 She shall return. If this attempt succeed,
- 445 The sum of all my wishes I obtain.  
 He bids them lanch his ships into the Main:  
 Then makes th' *Athenian* port with sails and oars,  
 And lands upon the wavy *Piran* shores,  
 Brought to *Pandion's* presence, they failure.
- 450 The King with bad presage begins his suite,  
 For lo, as he his wife's command recites,  
 And for her quick return his promise pligrim,  
 Bright *Phrynomel* came in rich array;  
 More rich in beauty. So they use to say.
- The stately *Naiade's* and *Dryad's* go
- 455 In Sylvan shades, were they apparell'd so.  
 This sight in *Teres* such a burning breeds,  
 As when we fire an heap of hoary reeds;  
 Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd stubble thrust.
- Her face was excellent: and in-bred lust
- 460 Inrag'd his bloud; to which those Climes are prone.  
 Stung by his Country's fury and his own,

- He straight intends her women to intice,  
And bribe her Nurse, to prosecute his vice ;  
Her self to tempt with gifts ; his crown to spend :  
Or ravish, and by war his rape defend.  
465 What dares he not, thrust on by wild desire ?  
Nor can his breast contain so great a fire.  
Rackt with delay, he *Progne's* fute renews :  
And for himself, that but pretended, sues.  
470 Love made him eloquent. As fit as he  
Exceeded, he would say, Thus charged she :  
And moving tears (as she had sent them) sheds.  
You Gods, how dark a blindnes over-spreads  
The souls of men ! whilst to his sin he climbs,  
475 They think him good, and praise him for his crimes.  
Even *Philomela* wisht the same. Now she  
Hangs on her Father's neck : and what would be  
Her utter ruine, as her safety prest.  
While *Tereus* by beholding pre-posset,  
480 He kisses and embraces heat his bloud,  
And all afford his fire and fury food.  
He wisht, as oft as she her Sire imbrac't,  
Himself her Sire : nor would have been more chaste,  
He by their importunitieis wrought.  
485 She, over-joy'd, her Father thanks ; and thought  
Her self and Sister in that fortunate,  
Which drew on both a lamentable fate.  
The labour of the Day now near an end,  
From steep *Olympus* *Phabrus* Steeds descend.  
The boards are Princely serv'd : *Lycus* flows  
490 In burnisht gold. Then take they soft repose.  
And yet th' *Odrysian* King, though parted, tries ;  
Her face and grace is ever in his eyes.  
He parts unseen unto his fancy feigns,  
And feeds his fires : Sleep flies his troubled brains.  
495 Day rose, *Pandion* his departing Son  
Wrings by the hand ; and, weeping, thus begun :  
Dear son, since Piety this due requires,  
With her, receive both your and their desires,  
By faith, alliance, by the Gods above,  
500 I charge you guard her with a Father's love :  
And suddenly send back (for all delay  
To me is death) my age's only stay.  
And, Daughter, ('tis enough thy Sister's gone.)  
For pity leave me not too long alone.

## 118 METAMORPHOSIS,

- 505 As he impos'd this charge, he kist withal ;  
 And drops of tears at every accent fall :  
 The pledges then of promis'd faith demands,  
 (Which mutually they give) their plighted hands.  
 To Progne, and her little Boy, said he,  
 My love remember ; them salute from me.
- 510 Scarce could he bid farewell, sobs so ingage  
 His troubled speech ; dreading his soul's presage.  
 As soon as shipt, as soon as active oars  
 Had mov'd the surges, and remov'd the shoars,  
 She's ours, With me my wish I bear, he cries ;
- 515 Exults, and barbarous, scarce defers his joys,  
 His eyes fast fixt. As when Jove's Eagle bears  
 An Hare t' her Airy truss'd in rapeful fears,  
 And to the trembling prisoner leaves no way  
 For hoped flight, but still beholds her prey.
- 520 The voiage made, on his own land he dreads ;  
 And to a Lodg Pandion's Daughter leads,  
 (Obscur'd with woods) pale, trembling, full of fears,  
 And for her Sister asking now with tears.  
 There mues her up ; his foul intent makes known ;
- 525 Inforc'd her, a weak virgin, and but one.  
 Help, Father, Sister, help, in her distres  
 She cries ; and on the Gods with like succes.  
 She trembles like a Lamb, snatcht from the fangs  
 Of some fell Wolf, that dreads her former pangs :
- 530 Or as a Dove, who on her feathers bears  
 Her bloud's fresh stains, and late-felt talons fears.  
 Restor'd unto her mind, her ruffled hair,  
 As at a woful funeral, she tare ;  
 Her arms with her own fury bloody made :
- 535 Then, wringing her up-heaved hands, thus said ;  
 O Monster ! barbarous in thy horrid lust !  
 Treacherous Tyrant ! whom my Father's trust,  
 Impos'd with holy tears, my Sister's love,  
 My Virgin state, nor Nuptial ties, could move !
- 540 O what a wild confusion hast thou bred !  
 I'm an Adulteress to my Sister's bed :  
 Thou, Husband to us both ; my only hate,  
 And to expect a miserable fate.  
 Why mak'ft thou not thy villanies compleat,
- Ye

Yet, if the Gods have Eyes ; if their Powers be  
Not merely Names ; nor all decay with me ;

545 Thou shalt not scape due vengeance. Sense of shame  
I will abandon ; and thy crime proclaim  
To men, if free : if not, my voice shall break (speak ;  
Through these thick walls, and teach the woods to  
Hard rocks resolve to ruth. Let heav'n this hear,  
And Heav'n-thron'd Gods ; if there be any there.

550 These words the savage Tyrant move to wrath :  
Nor less to fear. Alike provok'd by both,  
He draws his sword : his cruel hands he winds  
In her loose hair, her arms behind her binds.  
Her throat glad *Philomela* ready made,

555 Conceiving hope of death from his drawn blade.  
Whilst she reviles, invokes her Father, fought  
To vent her spleen ; her Tongue, in pincers caught,  
His sword divided from the panting root :  
Which, trembling, murmurs curses at his foot.

560 And as a Serpent's tail, dislever'd, leaps ;  
Even so her Tongue, and dying sought her steps.  
After this fact (if we may rumour trust)  
He oft abus'd her body with his lust.

Yet to his Wife even after this retires,  
565 Who for her Sister earnestly inquires.

Her Funerals he belies, with feigned grief ;  
And by instructed tears begets belief.  
*Progne* her royal ornaments rejects,

And puts on black ; an empty tomb erects ;

570 To her imagin'd Ghast oblations burns ;  
Her Sister's fate, not as she should, she mourns.

Now through twelve Signs the Sun had born his light.  
What should sad *Philomela* do ? her flight

A barbarous guard restrain'd ; the walls were strong,

575 Her mouth had lost the Index of her wrong.

The wit that misery begets is great :

Great sorrow adds a quicknes to conceit.

A woof upon a *Thracian* loom she spreads,  
And inter-weaves the white with crimson threads,  
That character her wrong. This closely wrought  
She gave t'her servant, by her looks besought

580 To bear it to her Mistress ; who presents

The Queen therewith, not knowing the contents.

The Wife to that dire Tyrant this unfolds,

And in a woful verse her state beholds :

She

She held her peace: ('twas strange) grief struck her mute:  
 385 No language could with such a passion sue.  
 Nor had she time to weep; Right, wrong, were mixt  
 In her fell thoughts: her soul on vengeance fixt.  
 It was that time when, in a wild disguise,  
 Sithoniā mations use to solemnize  
 390 Lyæus three-years Feast. Night spreads her wings:  
 By night high Rhodope with timbrels rings.  
 By night th' impatient Queen a javelin takes,  
 And, now a Bacchanal, the Court forsakes.  
 Vines shade her brows: the rough hide of a Deer  
 395 Shogs at her side: her shoulder bare a spear.  
 Hurried through woods, with her attendant frows,  
 Terrible Progne, frantic with her woes,  
 Thy far more sober fury, Bacchus, strives  
 To counterfeit. Now at the Lodge sh'arrives,  
 400 Howls, Eax cries, breaks ope the doors, and took  
 Her Sister thence; with Ivy hides her look,  
 In habit of a Bacchanal array'd;  
 And to her City the amaz'd convey'd.  
 That hated roof when Philomela knew,  
 405 The poor soul shook; her visage bloudless grew.  
 Progne withdraws, the sacred weeds unloos'd;  
 605 Her woful Sister's bashful face disclos'd;  
 Falls on her neck. The other durst not raise  
 Her down-cast eyes: her Sister's wrong surveys  
 In her dishonour. As she strove t'have sworn,  
 With up-rais'd looks, and call'd the Gods t'have born  
 610 Her pure thoughts witness, how she was compell'd  
 To that loath'd fact; the hands, for speech, upheld.  
 Stern Progne broils; her bosom hardly bears  
 So vast a rage: she chides her Sister's tears.  
 • No tears, said she, our lost condition needs,  
 But steel; or if thou hast what steel exceeds.  
 615 I for all horrid practices am fit:  
 To wrap this roof in flame; and him in it:  
 His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee infree,  
 T'extirp; or with a thousand wounds divorce  
 His guilty soul. The deed I intend is great:  
 620 But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat  
 Came Itys in, and taught her what to do.  
 Beheld with cruel eyes, Ah! how I view  
 In thee, said she, thy father! then intends  
 Her tragick Scene. Rage in her looks ascends.

- 625 But when her Son saluted her, and clung  
Unto her neck, mixt kisses as he hung,  
With childish blandishments; her high-wrought blood  
Began to calm, her rage abated stood:  
Tears trickled from her eyes by strong constraint.
- 630 But when she found her resolution faint  
With too much pity; the her Sister views,  
And says, while both by turns her eyes peruse,  
Why Hatters be? why Tonguelef weeps the other?  
Why Sister calls not she, whom he calls Mother?
- 635 Degenerate! think whose Daughter, to whom wed:  
All piety is sin to *Tereus* bed.  
Then *Irys* trails, (as when by *Ganges* floods  
A Tigress drags a Fawn through silent woods)  
Retiring to the most sequestred room.
- 640 While he, with hands up-heav'd, foresees his doom;  
Clings to her bosom; Mother! Mother! cry'd;  
She stabs him, nor once turn'd her face aside.  
His throat was cut by *Philomela's* knife:  
Although one wound suffic'd to vanquish life.
- 645 His yet quick limbs, e're all his soul could pass,  
She piece-meal tears: some boil in hollow brais,  
Some hiss on spits. The pavements blusht with blood.  
*Progne* invites her Husband to this food,  
And feigns her Country's Rite; which wold afford
- 650 No servant, nor companion, but her Lord.  
Now *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-fire's throne,  
With his Son's carved intrals stuffs his own,  
And bids her (so Soul-blinded) call his Boy.  
*Progne* could not disguise her cruel y<sup>e</sup>:
- 655 In full fruition of her horrid ire,  
Thou hast, said she, wirthin thee thy desire.  
He looks about, asks where. And while again  
He asks, and calls; all bloody with the slain,  
Forth, like a Fury, *Philomela* flew,
- 660 And at his face the head of *Irys* threw.  
Nor ever, more than now, deir'd a Tongue,  
To expres the joy of her reverged wrong.  
He with loud out-cries doth the board repel;  
And calls the Furies from the depth of Hell.
- 665 Now tears his breast, and strives from thence in vain  
To pull th' abhorred food: now weeps a main.  
And calls himself his Son's unhappy tomb.  
Then draws his sword, and through the guilty room

- Pursues the Sisters ; who appear with wings  
To cut the air : and so they did. One sings  
 670 In woods ; the other near the house remains,  
And on her breast yet bears her murther's stains.  
He, swift with grief and fury, in that space  
His person chang'd. Long tufts of Feathers grace  
His shining crown ; his Sword a Bill became ;  
 675 His Face all arm'd : whom we a Lapwing name.  
This killing news, e're half his age was spent,  
*Pandion* to th' infernal Shadows sent.
- Erechtheus* the throne and scepter held ;  
Who both in justice and bold arms excell'd.  
 680 To him his Wife four Sons, all hopeful, bare ;  
As many Daughters, two surpassing fair.  
Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made :  
But *Thrace* and *Tereus* *Boreas* nuptial staid,  
Who God-belov'd *Orithya* wanted long,  
 685 While he put off his pow'r, to use his tongue.  
His suit rejected, horridly inclin'd  
To anger, (too familiar with that Wind,) .  
I justly suffer this indignity :  
For why, said he, have I my arms laid by,  
Strength, violence, high rage, and awful threats ?  
 690 'Tis my dishonour to have us'd intreats :  
Force me befits. With this thick clouds I drive,  
Toss the blue billows, knotty Oaks up-ripe,  
Congeal soft Snow, and beat the earth with hail.  
When I my brethren in the air assail,  
 695 (For that's our field) we meet with such a shock,  
That thundring skies with our encounters rock,  
And cloud-struck lightning flashes from on high.  
When through the crannies of the earth I fly,  
And force her in her hollow caves, I make  
 700 The Ghosts to tremble, and the ground to quake.  
Thus should I've woo'd, with these my match have made  
*Erechtheus* should have been compell'd, nor pray'd.  
Thus *Boreas* chafes, or no less storms, and shook  
His horrid wings ; whose airy motion struck  
 705 The earth with blasts, and made the Ocean roar.  
Trailing his dusky mantle on the floor,  
He hid himself in clouds of dust, and caught  
Belov'd *Orithya*, with her fear distraught,  
 710 Flying, his agitated fires increast :  
Nor of his airy race the reins supprest,

Till to the walled Cicones he came.  
Two goodly Twins th' espous'd Athenian Dame  
Gave to the Icy author of her rape,  
Who had their Father's wings, and Mother's shape:  
715 Yet not so born. Before their Faces bare  
The manly ensigns of their yellow hair,  
*Calais* and *Zetes* both unplumed wore.  
But when the down did on their chins appear,  
Then, fowl-like, from their sides soft feathers bud.  
When youth to action had inflam'd their blood;  
720 In the first vessel, with the flow'r of Greece,  
Through unknown Seas they fought the Golden Fleece.

F 2d OVID's



# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

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## THE SEVENTH BOOK.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Men, Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their years  
 By Odours cast. A dry branch Olives bears.  
 Drops sprout to flowers. Old Æson young became:  
 So Liber's Nurses. An old Sheep, a Lamb.  
 Cerambus flies. A Snake, a snake-like stone.  
 An ox, a Sting. Sand Mera barks unknown.  
 Horns front the Coan Dames. The Telchines  
 All change. A Dove turn'd Maid. The hard to please  
 Becomes a Swan. His Mother Hyrie weeps  
 Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe keeps  
 Her Son-sought life. A King and Queen estrang'd  
 To flightful Fowls. Cephalus Nephew chang'd  
 Into a seal. Eumelus daughter flies  
 Through traceless regions. Men from Mushrooms rise.  
 Phineus and Periphas light wings assume.  
 So Polypheon's Niece. From Corberus spume  
 Springs Aconite. Just Earth a grave denies  
 Sciron's bones, which now in Rocks arise.  
 Arne, a Chough. Stout Myrmidons are born  
 Of toiling Ants. The late-rejected Morn  
 Masks Cephalus. The Dog that did pursue,  
 And Beast pursu'd, two Marble Statues grew.

**W**ith Pegasian keel the Minya plow  
 The curling waves; & Phineus see, who now  
 In endless night his needy Age consumes.  
 The youthful sons of Boreas, rais'd with plumes,

Thos

Those greedy *Harpyes*, with the Virgin face,  
Far off from his polluted table chase.  
 5 They, under *Jason*, having suffered much,  
At length the banks of slimy *Phasis* touch;  
Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minya* task;  
And from the King receive a dreadful task.  
 Meanwhile *Aeetes* tries in secret fires:  
 10 Who, struggling long with over-strong desires,  
When Reason could not such a rage restrain?  
She said, *Medea*, thou striv'st all in vain: (prove?)  
Some God, unknown, withstands. What will this?  
Or is it such a thing as Men call Love?  
Why seems the King's commands so too severe?  
 15 And so in truth they be. Why should I fear  
A Stranger's ruin, never seen before?  
Whence spring these cares? why fear I more and more?  
These furies from thy Virgin-breast repel,  
Wretch, if thou canst. Could I, I should be well.  
A new-felt force my striving pow'r invades:  
Affection this, Discretion that, persuades,  
 20 I see the better, I approve it too:  
The worse I follow. Why should'st thou pursue  
An Husband of another world, that art  
Of royal birth? Our Country may impart  
A choice as worthy. If this foreign mate  
Or live, or die, 'tis in the hands of fate.  
Yet, may he live. I such a sue might move  
 25 To equal Gods, although I did not love.  
For what hath *Jason* done? his hopeful youth,  
Would move all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth,  
His birth, his valour. Set all these apart?  
His person would: I feel it moves my heart.  
Yet should not I affest the flaming breath  
Of Bulls would blast him; or assaults of death.  
 30 Spring up in arms from *Tessus* hostile womb;  
Or else the greedy Dragon prove his tomb.  
This suffer, and thou hast an heart of stone,  
Born of a Tigress, and more savage grown.  
Yet why stand I not by? behold him slain?  
And, for my accesiary eyes profane?  
 35 Add fury to the Bulls? to th' Earth-born, ire?  
And sleepless Dragon with more spleen inspire?  
The Gods forbid. I'll rather help than pray,  
My Father's Kingdom shall I then betray?

## 126 METAMORPHOSIS,

- And save this Stranger, whom I hardly know,  
 40 That, say'd by me, he should without me go,  
 Marry another, and leave me behind  
 To punishment? Could he prove so unkind,  
 Or for another my deserts neglect,  
 Then should he die. Such is not his aspect,  
 The clearness of his mind, his very grace,  
 45 That I should fraud suspect, or think him base.  
 Besides, beforehand he shall plight his troth,  
 And bind the contract with a solemn oath.  
 What needst thou doubt; go on; delay decline:  
 Obliged *Jason* will be ever thine.
- 50 *Hymen* shall crown thee, mothers celebrate  
 Their sons Protectress through th' *Achaian State*.  
 My Sister, Brother, Father, country Gods,  
 Shall I abandon for unknown abodes?  
 Fierce is my Father, barbarous my land,  
 My Brother a child: my Sisters wishes stand  
 55 With my desires: the greatest God of all  
 My breast inshrine. What I forfeit, is small;  
 Great hopes I follow: to receive the grace  
 For *Argo's* safety; know a better place,  
 And Cities which in these far-distant parts  
 Are famous with civility and arts;
- 60 And *Aeson*'s son, whom I more dearly prize  
 Than wealthy Earth, and all her Monarchies.  
 In him most happy, and affected by  
 The bounteous Gods, my crown shall reach the sky.  
 They tell of Rocks that justle in the main:  
*Charybdis*, that sucks in, and casts again  
 The wreckful waves: how in *Sicilian* Streights,  
 65 Girt round with barking dogs, fierce *Scylla* waits.  
 My love possest, in *Jason's* bosom laid,  
 Let Seas swell high, I cannot be dismay'd,  
 While I infold my Husband in my arms.  
 Or should I fear, I should but fear his harms.  
 Call'st thou him Husband? wilt thou then thy blame,  
 70 *Medea*, varnish with an honest name?  
 Consider well what thou intend'st to do;  
 And, while thou mayst, so foul a crime eschew.  
 Thus she: When Honour, Piety, and Right  
 Before her stood, and *Cupid* put to flight.  
 She goes where *Hecate's* old Altar stood,  
 75 O're-shadowed by a dark and secret wood.

Her

Her broken ardour she had now reclaim'd :  
Which Jason's presence forthwith re-inflam'd.  
Her checks blush fire, her face with fervour flushes.

80 And as a dying cinder, rak'd in ashes,  
Fed by reviving winds, augmenting, glows,  
And, taunted, to accustom'd fury grows ;  
So Sickly Love, which late appear'd to die,  
New life assun'd from his inflaming eye ;  
Whose looks by chance more beauty now discover.

85 Than heretofore. You might forgive the Lover.

Her eager eyes she rivets on his face ;  
And, frantick, thinks him of no humane race :

Nor could divert her looks. As he his tongue  
Began t' unloose, her fair hand softly wrung,

90 Implor'd her aid, and promis'd her his bed ;  
She answer made, with tears profusely shed :

I see to what events m' intentions move ;

Nor ignorance deceives me thus, but love.

I by my cunning will preserve your life :

But swear, that done, to take me to your wife.

He by the Altar of the Triple Power,

95 The groves which that great Deity imbow'r,  
Her Father's Sire, to whom the hid appears ;  
His own success, and so great danger, i'wears.  
Believ'd, from her th' enchanted herbs receives ;  
With them, their use : and his Protectress leaves.

100 The Morrow had the sparkling stars defac'd,  
When all in Mars's field assemble, plac'd  
On circling ridges ; seated on a throne,  
The Ivory-scepter'd King in scarlet shone.

From adamant nostrils brass-hoof'd Bulls now cast

105 Fierce Vulcan, and the grass with vapours blait.

And as full forges, blown by art, resound ;

As lime of flints, infurnac'd under ground,

By sprinkled water fire conceives : so they

Pent flames, involv'd in noiseful breasts, display :

110 So roar their scorched throats. Yet Jason's Heir

Came bravely on : o'er whom they turn, and stare

With terrible aspects ; his ruin threat

With steel-tipt horns. Inrag'd, their cleft hoofs beat

The thundring ground, whence clouds of dust arise :

They with their smoky bellowings rend the skies,

The Minyæ fear congeals ; but he remains

115 Untoucht. Such virtue Sorcery contains.

- Their dewlaps boldly with his hand he strokes :  
 Makes them to draw the plough with unknown yokes.  
 The *Colchians* at so strange a sight admire :
- 130 The *Minya* shout, and set his thoughts on fire.  
 He in his Cask the Viper's teeth allumes.  
 And in the turn'd-up furrows them inhumes.  
 Earth mollifies the pois'nous seeds, which spring,  
 135 And forth a harvest of new People bring.  
 And as an Embryo, in the womb inclos'd,  
 Assumes the form of man, within compos'd  
 Through all accomplisht numbers; nor comes forth  
 To breath in air, till his maturer growth:  
 - So when the bowels of the teeming Earth  
 Grew great, she gave mens perfect shapes their birth.
- 130 And, what's more strange, with them, their arms a-  
 Who at th' *Aemonian* youth their lances bend. (scend;  
 When this th' *Achaeans* saw, they hung the head ;  
 And all their courages for terror fled.  
 Even she who had secur'd him was afraid,  
 135 When she beheld so many one invade.  
 A chill cold checks her bloud; death looks less pale.  
 And, lest the herbs she gave should chance to fail,  
 Unheard auxiliary charms sh' imparts,  
 And calls th' assistance of her secret Arts.  
 He hurls a massy stone among his foes,  
 140 Who on themselves convert their deadly blows.  
 The Earth-born Brothers mutual wounds destroy,  
 And civil war. The *Grecians* skip for joy,  
 And throng t'imbrace the Victor. Her the same  
 145 Affection spurr'd; she was withheld by shame.  
 Yet that too weak, if none had lookt upon her:  
 Not vertue checkt her, but the wreck of honour.  
 Now in conceit she hugs him in her arms;  
 And thankts the Gods, the authors of her charms.  
 To make the Dragon sleep that never slept,  
 Remains, whose care the golden purchase kept.  
 Bright-crested, triple-tongu'd his cruel jaws,  
 Arm'd with sharp fangs, his feet with dreadful claws.  
 When once besprinkled with *Lethcean* juice,  
 And words repeated thrice, (which sleep produce,  
 Calm the rough seas, and make swift rivers stand)  
 155 His eye-lids vail'd to sleep's unknown command.  
 The Hero of the Golden Fleece possest,  
 Proud of the Spoil, with her whose favour blest

His enterprize (a Second Spoil) now bore  
To sea, and lands safe on *Tolchian* shoars.

*Aesonides* Parents for their Sons return  
160 Bring grateful gifts, congested incense burn ;  
And cheerfully with h'rn-gilt offerings pay  
Religious vows, But *Eson* was away,  
Opprest with tedious age, now near his tomb.

When thus *Aesonides* : O wife, to whom  
165 My life I owe, though all I hold in chief  
From thy deserts, which far surpass belief ;  
If Magick can, (what canaoit Magick do ?)  
Take years from me, and his with mine renew.

Then wept. His piety her passion stirs ;  
170 Who fights to think how she had used her's :

Yet this concealing, answers ; What a crime  
Hath slipt thy tongue ? thinkst thou that with thy time  
I can, or will, another's life invert ?

*Hecat'* fore-fend : nor is't a just request.

175 Yet, *Tason*, we a greater gift will give :

Thy Father, by our Art renew'd, shall live,  
Without thy loss ; if so the triple Pow'r  
Assist me with her presence in that hour.

Three nights yet wanted e're the Moon could join  
180 Her growing horns. When with replenish't shine  
She view'd the Earth ; the Court she leaves ; her hair  
Untrest, her garments loose, her ancles bare ;  
And wanders through the dead of drowsy Night

185 With unseen steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,  
Deep Rest had bound in humid gyves : She crept  
So silently, as if her self had slept.

No Aspen wags, moist air no sound receives ;  
Stars only twinkle. She to those upheaves

190 Her arms ; thrice turns about, thrice wets her crown  
With gathering dew, thrice yawns ; and, kneeling down,  
O Night, thou friend to Secrets, you clear Fires,  
That, with the Moon, succeed when day retires ;

195 Great *Hecate*, that know'it and aid imparts  
To our deligns ; you, Charms and Magick Arts ;  
And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yields  
Thy powerful temples ; airs, winds, mountains, fields,  
Soft murmuring springs, still lakes, and rivers clear ;  
You Gods of woods, you Gods of night, appear.

200 By you, at will, I make swift streams retire  
To their first fountains, whilst their banks admire ;

## 130 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Seas toss, and smooth; clear clouds, with clouds deform;  
 Storms turn to calms, and make a calm a Storm.  
 With spells and charms I break the viper's jaw;
- 205 Cleave solid rocks; oaks from their roots I draw;  
 Whole woods remove; the airy mountains shake;  
 Earth force to groan; and ghosts from graves awake.  
 And thee, *Titania*, from thy sphere I hale;  
 Though braes resounding do thy throes avail.
- Our charms thy chariot pale; our pois'neous weeds,  
 210 That blushing Goddess which the night succeeds.  
 Flame-breathing bulls you tam'd; you made them bow  
 Their stubborn necks unto the servile plow.  
 The Serpent's brood by you self-laughtred lies:  
 Your slumbers clos'd the wakeful Dragons eyes,
- 215 At our command; and sent the Golden Fleece  
 (The guard deluded) to the towers of Greece.  
 Now need I drugs that may old age indue  
 With vigour, and the flower of youth renew.  
 Which you shall give. Nor blaze these stars in vain;
- Nor Dragons vainly through the airy main  
 220 This Chariot draw. Hail by the chariot rests.  
 Mounting, she strokes the bridled Dragons crests,  
 And shakes therewith. Rapt up, beneath she spies  
*Theffali an Tempe*; and her Snakes applies
- 225 To parts remote. The herbs that *Offa* bear,  
 Steep *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*, ever eat  
*Olympus*, who proud *Pindus* over-tops;  
 Up roots she, or with brazen sickle crops.  
 Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*,
- 230 By *Amphrysus* much, and where *Enipeus* ran.  
 Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Peneus* barren found;  
 Nor thee, smooth *Babe*, with sharp rushes crown'd.  
 She gather'd from *Eubean Antbedon*  
 That herb, as yet by *Glaucus* change unknown;
- 235 By winged Dragons drawn, nine nights, nine days,  
 About the romes, and every field surveys.  
 Return'd, her Snakes, that did but only smell  
 The Odours, cast their skins, and age expel.  
 Her feet to enter her own roof refuse,
- Roof by the sky: she touch of man eschews.
- 240 Two Altars builds of living turf, the right  
 To *Hecate*, the left to *Yoush*. These eight  
 With Vervin and green boughs, hard by two pits  
 She forthwith digs; and sacrificing slits

The

- 243 The throats of black-fleec'd Rams: with reeking bloud  
The ditches fills; and pours thereon a floud  
Of honey and new milk, from turn'd-up bowls;  
Repeating powerful words. The King of Souls,  
250 His ravish't Queen sh' invokes, and Powr's beneath,  
Not to precipitate old *Aeson*'s death.  
They with long murmuring and pray'r's appeas'd;  
She bids them to produce the age-diseas'd.  
~~Her~~ sleep-producing Charm his spirits deads;  
255 Who on the graft his sensles body spreads.  
Charg'd *Jason* and the rest far off withdrew.  
Unhallowed eycs might not such Secrets view.  
Furious *Medea*, with her hair unbound,  
About the fragrant Altar trots a Round;  
260 The brands dips in the ditches black with bloud,  
And on the Altars fires th' infected wood;  
Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,  
And thrice with sulphur, muttering horrid names.  
Meanwhile in hollow bras the med'cine boils,  
And, swelling high, in foamy bubbles toils.  
265 There seeths she what th' *Aemonian* vales produce,  
Roots, juices, flow'rs, and seeds of soveteign use:  
Adds stones from Oriental rocks bereft,  
And others by the ebbing Ocean left;  
The Dew collected e're the Dawning springs;  
270 A Screech-Owl's flesh, with her ill-boding wings;  
The intrals of ambiguous Wolves, that can  
Take, and forsake, the figure of a Man;  
The Liver of a long-liv'd Hart: then takes  
The scaly skins of small *Cynophyan* Snakes.  
275 A Crow's old head and pointed beak was cast  
Among the rest, which had nine ages past.  
These, and a thoufand more without a name,  
Were thus prepared by the barbarous Daine,  
For humaan benefit. Th' ingredients now  
She mingles with a withered Olive-bough.  
280 Lo, from the caldron the dry stick receives  
First verdure, and a little after, leaves;  
Forthwith with over-burthening Olives deckt.  
The skipping froth, with under-flames eject,  
Upon the ground descended in a dew;  
285 Whence vernal flow'rs and springing pasture grew.  
This seen, she cuts the old man's throat, out-scrus'd  
His scarce-warm bloud, and her receipt (infus'd,

- His mouth or wound suckt in. — His beard and head  
 290 Black hairs forthwith adorn, the hoary shed.  
 Pale colour, morphew, meager looks remove ;  
 And under-riing fletch his wrinkles smooth.  
 His limbs wax strong and lusty. *Aeson* much  
 Admires his change ; himself remembers such  
 Twice twenty Summers past : withal, indu'd  
 295 A youthful mind ; and both at once renew'd.  
 This wonder from on high *Lyæus* views :  
 By *Colchis* gift his Nurses dates renews.  
 Lest fraud should cease, she with her bed's Consort  
 300 Disfission feigns, and flies to *Pelias* Court,  
 His Daughters (for sad age the Kings arrests)  
 Her entertain. She soon, with slie protests  
 Of forged love, allures their quick belief :  
 Her many merits mentions, but in chief  
 305 Old *Aeson*'s cure, insisting on that part.  
 This hope engenders, that her able Art  
 Might to their Fathe's vanishit youth restore.  
 Her they with infinite rewards implore.  
 Shee musing, seems to doubt, and, with pretence  
 310 Of difficulty, holds them in suspence.  
 But when she had a tardy promise made ;  
 To win your stedfast confidence, (she said)  
 Take from your flocks the most age-shaken Ram,  
 And suddenly he shal become a Lamb.  
 315 Straight thither by the wreathed horns they drew  
 A funk-ey'd Ram, whose youth none living knew.  
 Now at his rivell'd throat out-lancing life,  
 (Whose little blond could hardly stain her Knife)  
 His carcasse she into a Caldron throws ;  
 With it, her drugs. Each limb more slender grows :  
 320 He casts his horns, and with his horns, his years :  
 Anon a tender bleating strikes their ears.  
 While they admire, our skips a frisking Lamb,  
 That sports, and seeks the Udder of his Daim.  
 Fixt with amaze, they, strongly now possest,  
 325 Her promise more importunately prest.  
 Thrice *Phæbus* had unyok'd his panting Steeds,  
 Drencht in *Iberian* Seas, whilst Night succeeds,  
 Studded wth stars ; when false *Medea* took,  
 With useles herbs, mere waters of the brook.  
 330 On *Pelias*, and his drowsy Guard, she hung  
 A death-like sleep with her enchanting tongue.

Whom

Whom now the so-instructed Sisters led  
Into his chamber, and besiege his bed.

Why pause you thus, said she, O flow to good?

335 Unsheathe your sword, and shed his aged blood ;  
That I his veins with spritely juice may fill.

His life and youth depends upon your will,  
If you have any virtue, nor peruse

340 Unfruitful hopes, perform this filial due.

With steel your father's age expulse, and purge  
His dregsthrough wounds. Their zeal her speeches urge.  
Who were most pious, impious first became ;  
Shunning unnaturalnes, they act the same,  
Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow,  
But with averted looks blind wounds bestow.

345 He, bloud-inbrew'd, his hoary head advanc'd ;  
Half-mangle&strove to rise ; and now intranc'd  
Amidst so many swords, his arms upheld,  
And Daugh'ters, cry'd, what do you ? what compell'd  
Those cruel hands t' invade your Father's life ?  
Down sunk their hands and hearts. Medea's knife  
350 His following speech and throat asunder cuts :  
She his hackett limbs in seething liquor puts.

And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,  
Revenge had tortur'd her. Aloft she flies  
O're shady Pelion, Ged-like Chiron's Den,

355 Aspiring Othrys, hills renown'd by men  
For old Gerambus safety : who, by aid  
Of favouring Nymphs, relief-ful wings display'd,  
While swallowing waves the weighty Earth confound'd,  
And swoln Deucalion's forges scap'd, undrown'd.

*Aeolian* Pitane on her left hand leaves ;  
360 That Marble which the Serpent's shape receives ;  
*Idaean* groves, where *Liber* turn'd a Steer  
(To cloke his son's lie theft) into a Deer ;

The sand-heap which *Corythus* Sire contains ;  
And where new-barking *Mera* frights the plains :

365 *Enrypynus* town, where horns the Matrons sham'd  
Of Co, when *Hercules* the Coans tam'd ;  
*Phaebeian Rhodes*, *Jalyssian Telckines*,

Drencht by *Tove*'s vengeance in his brother's seas,  
For all transforming with their vicious eyes.

370 By *Cæa*'s old *Cartheian* walls she flies,  
Where fates *Alcidamas* with wonder move,  
To think his Daughter could become a Dove.

Then

- Then *Hyrie's* lake, *Cyneian Tempe* view'd,  
Grac'd by a Swan with sudden plumes indu'd.  
For *Philius* there had, at a Boy's command,  
375 *VVild Birds* and savage Lions brought to hand ;  
And bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd :  
Yet at so stern a love not seldom storm'd,  
And his last purchase to the Boy deny'd.  
Pouting, You'l wish you'd given him me, he cry'd ;  
380 And jump't from down-right cliffs. All held him slain ;  
*VVhen* spreading wings a silver Swan sustain.  
His mother (*i*,norant thereof) became  
A Lake with weeping, which they *Hyrie* name.  
385 Next *Pleuron* lies, where *Ophian Combe* shuns,  
*VVith* trembling wings, her life-perusing sons.  
Then near *Latona* lov'd *Calareea* rang'd,  
In which the King and Queen to birds were chang'd.  
*Cyrene* on the right hand, where that beast  
*Menepteron* would his mother have comprest.  
390 *Cephisus* spies, who for his nephew mourn'd,  
Into a Sea-calf by *Apollo* turn'd :  
*Eumelus* Court, whose Daughter sads her Sire  
With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire  
To *Piren Ephyre* : men, if Fame say true,  
395 Here at the first from show'r-rais'd mushrooms grew.  
But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,  
And *Creon's* Palace, wrapt in Magick-flame,  
*VVhen* impious steel her children's bloud had shed,  
She ill-reveng'd from *Jason's* fury fled.  
400 *VVhom* now the swift *Titanean* Dragons draw  
To *Pallas* towers. Those thee, just *Phineus*, saw,  
And thee, old *Periphas*, together fly :  
*VVhere* *Polyphemon's* Neece new wings supply.  
*Aegaeus* entertains her, (of his life  
405 The only stain) and took her for his wife.  
And now arrives, unknown, *Aegaeus* seed,  
*VVho*, great in name, had two-sea'd *Isthmos* freed ;  
*VVhos* undeserved ruin *Phasis* sought,  
By mortal Aconite, from *Scythia* brought.  
410 This from th' *Echidnean* Dog dire essence draws.  
There is a blind steep Cave with foggy jaws,  
Through which the bold *Tirynthian* Hero strain'd,  
Dragg'd *Cerberus* with adamant inchain'd :  
*VVho* backward hung, and, scowling, lookt askew  
415 On glorious day, with anger rabid grew ;

Thrice howls, thrice barks at once, with his three heads,  
And on the grass his foamy poison sheds.

This sprung, attracting from the fruitful soil  
Dire nourishment, and power of deathful spoil.

420 The rural Swains, because it takes delight  
In barren rocks, sturnam'd it Aconite.

*Aegaeus*, by her fly persuasions won,  
As to a foe, presents it to his Son.

He took the cup: when, by his Ivory hilt,  
He both his Son discover'd, and her guilt;

425 And struck the potion from his lips. With charms  
Ingend'ring clouds she scapes his lengthless arms,

Though glad of his Son's safety, a chill fear  
Shook all his powers, that danger was so near.

VVit' fire he feeds the Altars, richly feasts

430 The Gods with Gifts. Whole Hectombs of beasts  
(Their horns with ribands wreath'd) imbue the ground.

No day, they say, was ever so renown'd

Amongst th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all

Together celebrate that Festival,

435 Thus singing, when full bowls their spirits raise:

Great *Theseus*, *Marathon* resounds thy praise,

For slaughter of the Cretan Bull. Secure

They live, who *Cremon*'s wasted field manure,

By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcan*'s Seed.

By thee glad *Epidaur* beheld to bleed.

440 Savage *Procrustes* death *Cephisia* view'd;

*Elenis*, *Cercyon*'s. *Scinis*, ill indu'd

VVith strength so much abus'd, who Beeches bent,

And tortur'd bodies 'twixt their branches rear,

445 Thou slew'st. The way which to *Alcathoe* led

Is now secure, inhuman *Sciron* dead.

The Earth his scatter'd bones a grave deny'd;

Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:

VVhichi, tossed to and fro, in time became

A solid rock: the rock we *Sciron* name.

450 If we thy years should number with thy acts,

Thy years would prove a cypher to thy facts.

Great soul, for thee, as for our publick wealth,

We pray, and quaff *Lysias* to thy health.

The Palace with the people's praiies rings;

And sacred joy in ev'ry bosom springs.

455 *Hegaeus* yet (no pleasure is complear:

Grief twines with joys:) for *Theseus* safe receipt

- Reaps little comfort. *Minos* threatens war,  
 Though strong in men and ships, yet stronger far  
 Through vengeance of a Father; who his harms,  
 460 In slain *Androgeos*, scourgeth with just arms.  
 Yet wisely first endeavours foreign aid;  
 And all the Islands of that Sea survey'd.  
 He *Anaphe* and *Astyphalea* gains;  
 The one by gifts, the other war constrains;  
 465 Low *Mycone*, *Cimolus* chalky fields,  
 High *Scyros*, *Cythnos*, which rich metals yields,  
*Champain Seriphos*, *Paros* far display'd.  
 With marble brows, *Sithonis* ill-betray'd  
 By impious *Arne* for, yet-loved, gold,  
 470 Turn'd to a Chough, whom sable plumes infold.  
*Oliaros*, *Didyme*, the Sea-lov'd soil  
 Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* fat with oil,  
*Andros*, and *Gyaros*; these their aid deny'd.  
 The *Grossian* fleet from thence their sails apply'd.  
 Unto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd:  
 475 *Oenopia* by the antient dwellers nam'd;  
 But *Aeacus*, there reigning, call'd the same  
*Egina*, of his honour'd Mother's name.  
 All throng to see a Prince of so great worth:  
 Straight *Telamon* and *Peleus*, issuing forth,  
 With *Phocis*, youngest of that royal race,  
 480 Make hast to meet him. With a tardy pace  
 Came aged *Aeacus*, and ask'd the cause  
 Of his repair. When, after some short pause,  
 With sighs, which his imbosom'd grief display'd,  
 The Ruler of the hundred Cities said:  
 Assist our Arms, born for my murth'red son,  
 And in this pious war our fortunes run;  
 485 Give comfort to his grave. The King reply'd,  
 In vain you ask what needs must be deny'd:  
 No City is in stricter league than ours  
 Conjoyn'd to *Athens*: mutual are our pow'rs.  
 He, parting, said, Your league shall cost you dear  
 And held it better far to threat, than bear  
 490 A war so hazardous, whereby he might  
 Consume his force before he came to fight.  
 Yet might they see the *Cretans* under sail  
 From high-built walls, when, with a leading gale,  
 An *Attack* ship attain'd her friendly shoar,  
 495 Which *Cephalus* and his embassage bore.

Th' *Aeneas* him know, (though many a day  
 Unseen) imbrace, and to the Court convey.  
 The goodly Prince, who yet th'impression held  
 Of those perfections which in youth excell'd,  
 500 Enters the Palace, bearing in his hand  
 A branch of *Attick* Olive. By him stand  
*Clytus* and *Butes*, valorous and young;  
 Who from the loins of high-born *Pallas* sprung.  
 First, *Cephalus* his full Oration made;  
 Which shew'd his message, and demanded aid:  
 505 Their leagues and ancient loves to mind recalls;  
 And how all Greece was threatned in their falls:  
 With eloquence enforcing's embassy.  
 When God-like *Aeneas* made this reply;  
 (His royal Scepter shining in his hand)  
*Athenians*, crave not succour, but command,  
 510 This Island's forces yours vouchsafe to call;  
 For in your aid I will adventure all.  
 Soldiers I have enough, at once to oppose  
 My enemies, and to repel your foes.  
 The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will  
 Bear no excuses. May your City still  
 Increase with people, *Cephalus* reply'd.  
 515 At my approach I not a little joy'd,  
 To meet so many youths of equal years,  
 So fresh and lusty. Yet not one appears  
 Of those who heretofore your town profest.  
 When first you entertain'd me for a Guest.  
 Then *Aeneas*, (in sighs his words ascend)  
 520 A sad beginning had a better end:  
 Would I could utter all: Day would expire  
 E're all were told, and twould your patience tire,  
 Their bones and ashes silent graves inclose.  
 And what a treasure perished with those!  
 525 By *Juno*'s wrath, a dreadful pestilence  
 Devour'd our lives. She took unjust offence,  
 In that this Isle her Rival's name profest.  
 While it seem'd human, and the cause unguest,  
 So long we death-repelling Phylick try'd:  
 But those diseases vanquish't Art deride,  
 530 Heav'n first the Earth with thickned vapours shrouds,  
 And lazy heat involves in sullen clouds.  
 Four pallid Moons their growing horns unite,  
 And had as oft withdrawn their feeble light;

Yet

## 138 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Yet still the death-producing *Auster* blew.
- 535 The Springs and standing Lakes infected grew.  
Serpents in untill'd fields by millions creep;  
And in the streams their tainting poisons steep.  
Dogs, Oxen, Sheep, and savage Beasts first dye:  
Nor Birds could from the swift infection fly.
- 540 Sad Swains, amazed, see their Oxen shrink  
Beneath the yoke, and in the furrows sink.  
The fleetish Flocks with anguish faintly bleat,  
Let fall their wool, and pine away with heat.  
The generous Horse, that from the Race of late  
Return'd with honour, now degenerate,
- 545 Unmindful of the glory of his prize,  
Groans at his manger, and there deadless dies.  
The Boar forgets his rage: swift feet now fail  
The Hart; nor Bears the horned Herd a-lair.  
All languish. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)
- 550 550 Are fill'd with carcasses, that stench the air:  
Vvhich neither Dogs, nor greedy Fowl, (how much  
To be admir'd!) nor hoary Wolves would touch.  
These putrefy, and deadly Odours bred,  
That round about their dire contagion spread.
- Now Plague among the wretched Country-Swains,
- 555 Now in our large and populous City reigns.  
At first, their bowels broil, with fervour stretcht:  
The symptoms, redness, hot wind hardly fetcht.  
Their furr'd tongues swell; their dry jaws gasp for  
And with their air inhale a swifter death. (breath,
- 560 560 None could endure or coverture, or bed;  
But on the stones their panting bodies spread.  
Cold stones could no way mitigate that heat:  
Even they beneath those burning burthens sweat.  
None cure attempt: the stern disease invades
- The heartless Leech; nor Art her Author aids.
- 565 The near ally'd, whose care the sick attends,  
Sicken them selves, and die before their friends.  
Of remedy they see no hope at all,  
But only in approaching funeral.  
All their desires obey; for help none care;
- Help was there none: in shameless throngs repair
- 570 To Springs and Wells: there stick, in bitter strife  
T' extinguish thirst; but first extinguish life.  
Nor could th' o'recharg'd arise; but, dying, sink  
And of those tainted waters others drink.

The

The wretches loath their tedious Beds, thence break  
 375 With giddy steps; or, if now grown too weak,  
 Roul on the floor: their quitted Houses hate,  
 As guilty of their miserable fate;  
 And, ignorant of the cause, the place accuse.  
 380 Half-Ghosts they walk'd, while they their legs could use.  
 You might see others on the earth lyē mourning,  
 Their heavy eyes with dying motion turning.  
 Stretching their arms to heav'n; wherever death  
 Surpris'd them, parting with their sigh'd-out breath.  
 385 Oh what a heart had I! or ought to have!  
 I loath'd my life, and wist with them a grave.  
 VVhich way soever I convert my eye,  
 The breathless multitude dispersed lyē;  
 Like perisht apples dropping with the strokes  
 Of rocking winds, or acorns from broad oaks.  
 390 See you yon Temple, mounted on high stairs?  
 'Tis *Jupiter's*. Who hath not offer'd prayers,  
 And slighted incense, there; Husbands for Wives,  
 Fathers for Sons? and while they pray, their lives  
 They fore th' inexorable Altar's vent,  
 VVith incense in their hands, half yet unspent.  
 How oft the Ox unto the Temple brought,  
 395 VVhile yet the Priest the angry Powers besought,  
 And pour'd pure wine between his horns, fell down,  
 Before the ax had toucht his curled crown?  
 To *Jupiter* about to sacrifice,  
 For me, my country, sons, with horrid noise  
 400 Th' unwounded Offering fell; and now the wound  
 Scarce blood to wet the knife, that made it, found.  
 The Inwards lost their signs of heav'n's prelge,  
 Out-razed by the stern Disease's rage.  
 The dead before the sacred doors were laid,  
 405 Before the Altars too; the Gods t' upbraid.  
 Some choke themselves with cords; by death eschew  
 The fear of death; and instant Fates peruse.  
 Dead corpses without Dues of Funeral  
 They weakly bear: the Ports are now too small.  
 Or uninter'd they lyē; or else are thrown  
 410 On wealthless Piles. Respect they give to none.  
 For Piles they strive: on those their kinsfolk burn,  
 That flame for others. None are left to mourn;  
 Ghosts wander unadplot'd by sons or sires;  
 415 Nor is there room for tombs, or wood for fires.

Astonisht

## 140 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Astonish'd with these tempests of extremes,  
 O Jove, said I, if they be more than dreams  
 That laid thee by *Egina*; nor thy ire  
 Incensed be, that I should call thee ire;
- 620 Render me mine, or me afford a grave.  
 With prosperous thunder-claps a sign he gave.  
 I take it, said I; let this Omen be  
 A happy pledge of thy intents to me.  
 Hard by, a goodly Oak by fortune stord,  
 625 Sacred to Jove, of *Dodoneian* wood.  
 Grain-gathering Ants there in long files I saw,  
 Who with their little mouths great burthens draw,  
 Keeping their paths along the rugged rime.  
 While I admire their number, O divine,  
 And ever helpful, give to me, said I,  
 630 As many men, who may the dead supply.  
 The trembling Oak his lofty top declin'd,  
 And marmured without a breath of wind.  
 I shook with fear, my tresses stood at tend  
 Yet on the earth and oak I kill'd spend.  
 I durst not seem to hope, yet hope I did;  
 635 And in my breast my cherisht wishes hid.  
 Night came, and sleep care-wasted bodies chear'd:  
 Before my eyes the self-same Oak appear'd:  
 So many branches, as before there were;  
 So many busie Ants those branches bear,  
 So shook the Oak, and with that motion threw  
 640 To under-earth the grain-supporting tree.  
 Greater and greater straight they seem to light;  
 To raise themselves from earth, and stand upright.  
 These, numerous feet, black colour, lankness leave;  
 And instantly an humān shape receive.  
 645 Now sleep withdrew. My dream I waking blame;  
 And on the small-performing Gods exclaim:  
 Yet heard a mighty noise, and seem'd t' have heard  
 Almost forgotten voices: yet I fear'd  
 That this a dream was also. Whereupon,  
 The door thrust open, in rusht *Telamon*,  
 Come forth, said he, O father, and behold  
 650 What hope transfeerids, nor can with faith be told.  
 Forth went I, and beheld the men which late  
 My dream presented; such in every state  
 I saw, and knew them. They salute their King.  
 Jove prais'd, a party to the town I bring;
- Leave

- 655 Leave to the rest the empty fields; and call  
Them *Myrmidons*, of their original.  
You see their persons: such their manners are  
As formerly; a people given to spare,  
Patient of labour, what they get, preserve.
- 660 They, like in years and minds, these wars shall serve,  
And follow your conduct; when first this wind  
(The wind blew Easterly) that was so kind  
To bring you hither, will to your avail  
Convert it self into a Southern gale.
- Discourse thus entertain'd the day; with Feasts  
They crown the Evening; Sleep the Night possest.
- 665 The Morning Sun projects his golden rays:  
Still *Eurus* blew, and their departure stays.  
Now *Pallas* sons to *Cephalus* resort,  
And *Cephalus* with *Pallas* sons to Court,  
670 With early visits: (sleep the King inchains)  
Whom *Phocas* at the entrance entertains.  
For *Peleus*, with his brother *Telamon*,  
To raise an Army were already gone.  
*Phocas* meanwhile into an inward room,  
Of fair receipt, th' *Athenians* led; with whom,  
They seated first, he sits. His fancy fed,
- 675 Upon the Javelin with the golden head,  
Held by *Æolides*: of what tree made  
Being ignorant, some speeches past, he said;  
I haunt the desart woods, delight in blood  
Of savage Beasts; yet know not of what wood  
Your Dart consists. For if of Ash it were,
- 680 I'would look more brown; if Cornel, 'twould appear  
More knotty. On what tree soe're it grew,  
Mine eyes so fair a Dart did never view.  
One ~~of the~~ *Athenian* brethren made reply:  
You would more wonder at the quality.
- 685 It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led;  
And of it self returns with haughtier red.  
*Phocas* the cause desireth much to know,  
From whence it came, and who did it bestow.  
He yields to his request: yet things well known,  
Restrain'd by modesty, he lets alone.
- 690 And, toucht with sorrow for his wife, that bleeds  
In his remembrance, thus with tears proceeds.  
This Dart, O Goddes-born, provokes these tears:  
And evg<sup>r</sup> would, if endles<sup>s</sup> were my years.

This,

This me, in my unhappy Wife, destroy'd:

695 This gift I would I never had injoy'd.

*Procris* Orithya's sister was; if Fame

Have more inform'd you of Orithya's name.

Yet she (should you their minds and forms confer)

700 More worth the rape. *Erechtheus* me to her,

And Love, unite. Then happy, happy I

Might yet have been. But, Oh! the Gods envy.

Two months were now consum'd in chaste delight;

705 When gay *Aurora*, having vanquisht Night,

Beheld me on the ever-fragrant hill

Of steep *Hymettus*, and, against my will,

As I my toils extended, bare me thence.

I may the truth declare without offence.

Though rosie be her Cheeks; although she sway

The dewy Confines of the Night and Day,

And Nectar drink; my *Procris* all possest:

710 My Heart was hers, my Tongue her praise profest.

I told her of her holy Nuptial ties,

Of Wedlock's breach, and yet scarce-rafted joys.

Fire-red, she said, Thy harsh complaints forbear;

Possess thy *Procris*: though so fair, so dear,

715 Thou'l't wish th' hadst never known her, if I know

Insuing late: and, angry, lets me go.

Her words I ponder'd as I went along;

Began to doubt, *Procris* might m' honour wrong.

Her truth and beauty tempt me to distrust:

Her virtue checks those fears as most unjust.

720 But I was absent: but example fed

My jealousie: but lovers all things dread.

I seek my sorrows; and with gifts intend

To tempt the chaste. *Aurora* proves a friend

725 To this suspicion, and my form translates.

Unknown, I enter the *Athenian* gates,

And then my own. The house from blame was free,

In decent order, and perplext for me.

Scarce with a thousand flights I gain'd her view.

730 View'd, with astonishment I scarce perfuse

My first intent: scarce could I then forbear

Due kisses, scarce not what I was appear.

She still was sad; yet lovelier none than she,

Even in that sadness, sorrowful for me.

735 How excellent, O *Procris*, was that face,

Which could in grief retain so sweet a grace?

What need I tell, how often I affai'd.  
Her vexed chastity, how oft I fail'd?  
How often, said she, One I only serve :  
For him, wherever, I my bed preserve.

What mad man could such faith have farther prest,

740 But I, industrious to my own unrest ?

With fervent vows, and gifts still multiply'd,  
At length she wavers. False of faith, I cry'd,  
Thou art disclos'd : I no Adulterer,

But thy wrong'd Spouse; nor can this trial err.

745 She made no answer, prest with silent shame,  
Th'unhappy house, and me, far more in blame,  
Forsaking : mankind for my sake sh' eschews,  
And, *Dian*-like, the mountain-chace perfues.

Abandon'd, horter flames my boud incense.

750 I pardon begg'd, confessing my offence ;  
And said, *Aurora* might have me subdu'd  
With such enticements, had but she so woo'd.  
My fault confess, her wrong revenged, we  
Grow reconcil'd, and happily agree.

755 Besides her self, as though that gift were small,  
A Dog she gave; which, *Cynthia* giving, All,  
Said she, shall pass in swiftness : and this Spear  
You so commend, which in my hand I bear.  
Do you the fortune of the first inquire ?

760 Receive a wonder, and the fact admire.

Dark prophecies, not understood of old,  
The *Naiades* with searching wits unfold.  
When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,  
Neglected grew. No could she this endure.

765 A cruel Beast infests th' *Aonian* plains,  
To many fatal, fear'd by Country Swains,  
Both for their cattel, and themselves. I met  
The neighbouring youth, our Toils the fields beset.  
He nimbly skips above the upper lines,

770 And, mounting over, frustrates our deligns.

The dogs uncouple; from them all be springs,  
With no less speed than it supply'd by wings.

All bid me let my *Lelaps* slip, (for so  
My dog was call'd;) who, struggling long ago,

775 Half throttled, strain'd the leash. No sooner gone  
Than out of sight; his foot-steps left he on  
The burning land, but vanish't from our eyes,  
As swiftly as a well-driven Javelin flies;

Or

Or as a singing Pellet from a Sling;

780 Or as an Arrow from a Cretan String.

I mount an hill which over-topt the place,  
From thence beholding this admired chace.

The beast now pineht appears, now shuns by flight  
His catching jaws: nor (crafty) runs out-right,

785 Nor trusts his heels; with nimble turnings shunning  
His urgent foe, in stead of over-running.

He at his heels, well march'd, doth now appear  
To catch th' uncaught, and mouths the empty air.

My dart I take to aid: which while I shook,

790 And on the thong direct my hasty look,

To fit my fingers, looking up again,

I saw two marble Statues on the plain.

Had you these seen, you could not chuse but say,

That this appear'd to run, and that to bay,

That neither should each other over-go,

795 The Gods decreed: if Gods descend so low.

Thus he, and paus'd. Then *Phoebus*, Pray, unfold

Your Dart's offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.

Joy Grief fore-runs: that Joy we first recite.

For, O, those times I mention with delight,

800 When youth and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life,

She in her Husband blest, I in my VVife,

In both one care, and one affection moves:

She would not have exchang'd my bed for *Jove's*;

Nor *Venus* could have tempted my desire:

805 Our bosoms flam'd with such an equal fire.

When *Sol* had rais'd his beams above the clouds,

My custom was, to trace the leafy woods.

Arm'd with this dart, alone I hunting went,

Without horse, huntsmen, toils, or dogs of scent.

810 Much kill'd, I to the cooler shade repair.

And where the vally breaths a fresher air.

Cool air I seek, while all with fervor glows;

Cool air expect, the cause of my repole.

815 Come, Air, I use to sing, relieve th' opprest;

Come, O most welcom, glide into my breast:

Now quench, as erst, in me this scalding heat.

By chance I other blandishments repeat:

(So Fates inforce) as, O my soul's delight,

820 By thee I'm fed and chear'd, thy sweets excite

M'affections to these woods: O may thy breath

Still fix with mine, and so preserve from death.

A busie

A busie ear these doubtful speeches caught.

325 Who oft-nam'd Air some much-loy'd *Dryad* thought,  
And told my *Procris* with a lender tongue  
His false surmises, with the song I sung.

Love is too credulous. With grief she faints,  
And, scarce reviving, bursts into complaints;  
My spotless faith with fury execrates:

330 Woe's me, she cries, produc'd to cruel fates!  
Transported with imaginary blame,

What's nor, she fears; an unsubstantial name:  
Yet grieves, (poor soul!) as if in truth abus'd;

Yet often doubts, and her distrust accus'd.

335 Now holds the information for a lie;  
Nor will trust other witness than her eye.

*Aurora* re-inthron'd th' insuing Day:

I hunt, and speed. As on the grass I lay,

Come, Air, said I, my tired spirits cheer,

At this an unknownigh invades my ear.

340 Yet I, O come, before all joys preferr'd.

I then among the leaves a rustling heard,

And threw my dart, supposing it some beast.

But, O! 'twas *Procris*: Wounded on the breast,

She shriek'd at me. Her voice too well I knew;

345 And thither, with my grief distracted, flew.  
Half dead, all bloud-imbrew'd, my Wife I found,  
Her gift (alas!) extracting from her wound.

I rais'd her body, than my own more dear,

350 To bind her wounds, my lighter garments tear,

And strive to staunch the blood. O, pity take,

Said I, nor thus a guilty soul forsake.

She weak, and now a dying, thus replies:

(Her last of speech) By all our nuptial ties,

355 By heav'n imbowred Gods, by those below,

To whose infernal monarchy I go,

By that, if ever I deserved well,

By this ill-fated love, for which I fell,

Yet now in death most constantly retain,

O, let not Air our chaster bed prophane.

This said, I shew'd, and she perceived, how

360 That error grew: But what avail'd it now?

She sinks; her bloud along her spirits took:

She looks on me as long as she could look.

My lips her soul receive, with her last breath;

Who, now resolved, sweetly smiles in death.

- 365 The weeping Hero told this Tragedy  
To those that wept as fast. The King drew nigh,  
And his two sons, with well-arm'd Regiments,  
New rais'd; which he to Cephalus presents.

# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## THE EIGHTH BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Harmonious Walls.* Lewd Scylla now despairs;  
With Nisus, chang'd: *The Lark the Hobby darest.*  
*Ariadne's Crown a Constellation made.*  
*Tb' inventive youth a Partridge, still afraid*  
Of mounting. *Meleager's Sisters mourn*  
*Hus Tragedy: To Fowl, so named, torn.*  
*Five Water-Nymphs, the five Echinades*  
*Demonstrate.* Perimele, near to these,  
Becomes an Island. Jove and Hermes take  
The forms of Men. *A City turn'd t' a Lake;*  
*A Cottage to a Temple.* That good pair,  
Old Batinus and Philemon, changed are  
At once to sacred Trees. In various shapes  
Blue Proteus sports. Oft self-chang'd Metra scapes  
Scorn'd servitude. *The Stream of Calydon*  
*Forsakes his own, and other shapes puts on.*

**N**ow Lucifer exalts the Day, to Hell  
Old Night descends; the Eastern winds now sell,  
Moist clouds arose; when gentle Southern gales  
Befriend returning Cephalus. Full sails  
Wing his successful course; who long before  
All expectation touch'd the wished shore.

Mean-

5 Mean while just *Minos* wafts *Lelegia's* coast,  
And girts *Alcorhoes* City with his Hoast.  
This *Nisus* held; whose head a purple Hair,  
Mong those of honourable silver, bare;  
10 His Kingdom's strength. Six aged Moons grew young;  
Yet wars success in equal balance hung:  
Slow Victory, in choice yet what to doe,  
With doubtful wings twixt either army flew.  
A royal Tower, with sounding walls, there stands,  
15 Erected by *Apollo's* sacred hands:  
Whereon, they say, he laid his golden Lyre;  
Whose strings the stones with harmony inspire.  
This, *Nisus* Daughter oft ascends alone,  
And drops small pebbles on the warbling stone;  
20 In time of peace. When war had peace expell'd,  
Thence she the conflicts of stern *Mars* beheld.  
By this delay, the Princes names she knows,  
Their arms, horse, habits, and *Cydonian* bows;  
*Europa's* Son, the General, yet she knew  
More than the rest, more than 'twas fit to do.  
25 For when he wore his fairly-plumed cask,  
She thought him lovely in that warlike mask:  
Or when his brass-refulgent shield he rais'd,  
His graceful gesture infinitely prais'd.  
Nor could his practis'd arm let fly a dart,  
But straight sh' extolls his strength, compynd with art.  
30 If he an arrow drew, sh'd swear that *Apollo*  
Stood, when he discharg'd his Bow.  
But when, his helmet off, he shew'd his face;  
When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,  
He on his hot high-bounding Courier sits;  
35 O then she scarce is mistress of her wits.  
Happy sh' calls the launce his hand sustains;  
Happy sh' calls his hand-sustained reins.  
And had sh' the pow'r, sh' would have madly past  
Through all the hostile ranks; her self have cast  
40 Amidst the *Cretan* tents, even from that Tower;  
Or op'd the brass-ribb'd gates to *Minos* power;  
Or what he else could wish. She then survey'd  
The *Gnossian* King's white Tent, and softly said;  
Whether I should for this so sad a war  
45 Or joy, or grieve, within my self I jar.  
Alas, that he I love should be my foe!  
But I'd not known him, had it not been so.

Yet me in hostage might he take, of peace  
 A pledge, me for his spouse ; and wars surcease.  
 No marvel though a God her beauty took,  
 50 If she that bare thee had so sweet a look.  
 Thrice happy I, could I with wings prevent  
 This dull delay, and fly to *Minos* tent !  
 My self I would disclose, confess my flame ;  
 And buy him with what dowry he should name,  
 55 But to betray these towers. Die, die, desire,  
 Ere I by treason to your ends aspire.  
 Yet, through the Victour's clemency, it some,  
 Nay many, hath avail'd t' have been o'recome.  
 Just war he wageth for his son's sad end :  
 His cause is strong, strong arms his cause defend.  
 60 Sure we must fall. If such our Citie's fate,  
 Why should his Power intrrone him in this State,  
 And not my Love ? Better, without delay,  
 His souldiers bloud, his own, he conquer may.  
 For ill-presaging fears my rest confound,  
 Lest some, not knowing him, should *Minos* wound.  
 65 For no heart is so hard, that did him know,  
 And would a Launce against his bosom throw.  
 Then thus; with me, my Country I intend  
 To render up, and give these wars an end.  
 What is't to intend ? Each pasage hath a guard ;  
 My father keeps the Keys, sees the gates barr'd.  
 70 Tis he defers my joys ; 'tis him I dread :  
 Would I were not, or he were with the dead.  
 Tush, weare our own Gods. They thrive that dare ;  
 And Fortune is a foe to slothful pray'r,  
 Long since, another scortcht with such a fire,  
 75 By death had forc'd away to her desire.  
 And why should any more adventurous prove ?  
 I dare through sword and fire make way to Love.  
 And yet here is no life of fire nor sword ;  
 But of my Father's hair. This must afford  
 What I so much affect, and make me blest.  
 80 Richer than all the treasure of the East.

This said, Night, nurse of cares, her curtains drew ;  
 When in the dark the more audacious grew.  
 In prime of rest, when ridd with day-bred care,  
 Sleep all infolds, she silently repairs  
 Into her Father's Bed-Chamber, and there  
 85 Picks out (O horrid act !) his fatal hair.

Sciz'd

Seiz'd on her wicked prey, with her she bore  
The guilty spoil, unlock'd a Postern door;  
Then past the foe, (bold by her merit made)  
And to the King not unastonish'd said:

90 In forc'd by Love, I *Scylla*, *Nisus* Seed,  
Yield up my Country, and my Gods: No meed,  
But thee, I crave. This purple hair receive,  
My love's rich pledge: Nor think an hair I give,

95 But my old Father's head. And therewith she  
Presents the gift with wicked hand. But he  
Rejects her profer: And much terrifi'd  
With horrour of so foul a deed, reply'd;

The Gods exile thee (O thou most abhor'd!)  
Their world; to thee nor Land nor Sea afford.  
How're, *Jove's* *Creet*, the world wherein I reign,  
Shall such a Monster neyer entertain.

100 This said, the most jutt Victor dork impose  
Laws no less just upon his vanquisht foes:  
Then orders, that they forthwith oars convey  
Aboard the brass-beak'd ships, and anchors weigh.

When *Scylla* saw the *Graffian* navy swim,  
And that her Treason was abhor'd by him,

105 To violent anger she converts her prayers,  
And, Fury-like, with stretcht arms, and spred hairs,  
Cry'd; Whither fly'st thou, leaving me, whose love  
With conquest crown'd thee? O prefer'd above

110 My Country, Father; 'twas not thou didst win,  
But I that gave; my merit, and my sin.  
Yet this, nor such affection could persuade:

115 Nor that on thee I all my hopes had laid.  
For whither should I go, thus left alone?  
What? To my Country? That's by me o'fthrown.  
We're not, my treason dooms me to exile.

120 Or to my Father, giv'n unto thy spoil?  
Me worthily the Citizens will hate:  
And neighbours fear th' example in their State.  
I out of all the world my self have thrown,  
To purchase an access to *Creet* alone.

Which if deny'd, and I left to despair;

125 Europa never one so thankless bare:  
But swallowing *Syrt's*, *Charybdis* chaf'd with wind,  
Or some fell Tiger of th' *Armenian* kind.  
*Jove's* not thy Father; nor with forged shape  
Of Bull beguil'd, thy Mother suffer'd rape.

## 150 METAMORPHOSIS,

That story of thy glorious race is feign'd:

125 For she a wild and loveless Bull sustain'd.

O father *Nissus*, thy revenge behold.

Rejoyce, O City, by my treason sold.

Death, I confess, I merit. Yet would I

Might by their hands, whom I have injur'd, die.

For why shouldest thou, who only didst subdue

By my offending, my offence pursue?

130 My Country, and my Father felt this sin;

Which unto thee hath meritorious been.

Thou worthy art of such a wife, as stood

A Bull's hot lust, within a Cow of wood;

Whose shameless womb a monstrous burthen bare.

Ah! do my sorrows to thy ears repair?

Or are my fruitless words born by that wind

135 That bears thee hence, and leaves me wretch behind?

No marvel though *Paphæ* preferri'd

A Bull 'fore thee, more savage than the Herd.

Woe's me! Make hast I must: The waves with oars

Resound; his ship forsakes, with us, our shores.

In vain! I'll follow thee ungrateful King;

140 And, while I to thy crooked vessel cling,

Be dragg'd through drenching seas. This having said,

She takes the waves, by *Cupis*'s strengthening aid,

And cleaves t' his ship. Her Father, now high-flown,

Strikes airy wings, (a red-mail'd Hobby grown)

145 And stoops to cuff her with his golden scars.

She slips her hold, infeebled by her fears.

While yet a-falling, that she might eschew

The threatening sea, light wings t' her shoulders grew.

She changes to a bird in sight of all:

150 This, of that ravish't Hair, we *Ciris* call.

No sooner *Minos* touch'd the Cretan ground,

But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd,

His vows to conquest-giving *Jove* he pay'd,

155 And all his palace with the spoil array'd.

And now his familie's reproach increas'd;

That uncouth Prodigie, half man, half beast,

The mother's foul adultery deftry'd.

*Minos* resolv'd his marriage shame to hide

In multitude of rooms, perplexed and blind,

The work t' excelling *Dadalus* assign'd:

Who sense distractis, and error leads a maze

Through subtle ambages of sundry ways.

As Phrygian Meander sports about  
 The flowry vales, now winding in, now out ;  
 Himself encounters, sees what follows, guides  
 His streams unto their springs, and, doubling, slides  
 To long-mockt seas : So *Dedalus* compil'd  
 Innumerable by-ways, which beguil'd  
 The troubled sense ; that he, who made the same,  
 Could scarce retire : So intricate the frame.  
 Within this fabrick *Minos* then inclos'd  
 This double form, of man and beast compos'd.  
 The Monster with *Athenian* blood twice fed,  
 The third Lot, in the ninth year, vanquished.  
 Who by-a Clew was guided to the door  
 (A Virgin's counsel) never found before.  
*Egides*, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes  
 For *Dia* ; on the naked flore forsakes  
 His confident and sleep-opprest Mate.  
 Now, pining in complaints, the desolate  
*Bacchus* with marriage comforts, and that she  
 Might glorious by a Constellation be,  
 Her head unburthen'd of her crown, and threw  
 It up to heav'n : Through thinner air it flew.  
 Flying, the jewels that the verge incase  
 Convert to fire, fast fixed in one place ;  
 Th' old form retaining. They their station take,  
 'Twixt him that kneels, and him who holds the Snake.  
 The Sea-imprison'd *Dedalus*, meanwhile,  
 Weary of *Crius*, and of his long exile,  
 Toucht with his Country's love and place of birth,  
 Thus said ; Though *Minos* bar both Sea and Earth ;  
 Yet heaven is free : That course attempt I dare.  
 Held he the world, he could not hold the ait.  
 This said, to Arts unknown he bends his wits,  
 And alters nature, Quills in order knits,  
 Beginning with the least ; the longer still  
 The short succeeds, much like a rising Hill.  
 Their rural Pipes the Shepherds long ago  
 (Fram'd of unequal reeds) contriv'd so  
 With threads the midst, with wax he joyns the ends :  
 And these, as natural wings, a little bends.  
 Young *Icarus* stood by, who little thought  
 That with his death he play'd ; and, smiling, caught  
 The feathers tossed by the wandring air :  
 Now chafes the yellow wax with bylie care,

## 152 M E T A M O R P H O S I S,

- 200 And interrupts his Sire. When his last hand  
Had made all perfect, with new wings he fann'd  
The air that bare him. Then instructs his Son :  
Be sure that in the middle course thourun.  
Dank Seas will clog the wings that lowly flie:  
205 The Sun will burn them, if thou soar'st too high.  
Twixt either keep. Nor on *Boötes* gaze;  
Nor *Helice*, nor stern *Orion*'s rays :  
But follow me. At once, he doth advise,  
And unknown feathers to his shoulders ties.  
210 Amid his work and words the salt tears brake  
From his dim eycs ; with fear his fingers shake.  
Then kist he him ne'r to be kissed more ;  
And rais'd on lightsome feathers flies before,  
His fear behind : As birds through boundless skie  
From airy nests produce their young to flie.  
215 Exhorts to follow ; taught his baneful skill ;  
Waves his own wings, his son's observing still.  
These, while some Angler fishing with a Cane,  
Or Shepherd leaning on his staff, or Swain,  
With wonder views, he thinks them Gods that glide  
220 Through airy regions. Now he on's left side  
Leaves *Juno's Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white ;  
*Lebynthos* and *Calyana* on the right,  
Flowing with honey. When the Boy, much took  
With pleasure of his wings, his Guide forsook  
225 And, ravish't with desire of heav'n aloft  
Ascends. The odour-yielding wax more soft  
By the swift Sun's vicinity then grew,  
Which late his feathers did together glew.  
That thaw'd, he shakes his arms, which now were bare,  
230 And wanted wherewhile to gather air.  
Then falling, Help, O Father, he cries. The blew  
Seas stop his breath, from whom their name they drew,  
His Father, now no Father, left alone,  
Cry'd; *Icarus*, where art thou? Which way flown?  
What region, *Icarus*, doth thee contain?  
Then spies the feathers floating on the Main.  
He curst his arts, interts the corps, that gave  
235 The Land a name, which gave his Son a grave.  
The Partridge from a thicket him survey'd,  
As in a tomb his wretched son he laid :  
Who clapt his fanning wings, and loudly churr'd,  
T' express his joy ; as then an only bird;

So made of late, (unknown in former time)

240 O *Dædalus*, by thy eternal crime.

To thee thy Sister gave him to be taught;

Who little of his destiny fore-thought;

The Boy then twelve years aged, of a Mind

Apt for instruction, and to Arts inclin'd.

He Saws invented, by the bones that grow-

245 In fishes backs, the steel indenting so:

And two shant Compasses with rivet bound,

Th' one to stand still, the other turning round,

In equal distance. *Dædalus* this stung,

250 Who from *Minerva*'s sacred turret flung

The envy'd headlong, and his falling feigns.

Him *Pallas*, faurrix of good wits, sustains:

Who straight the figure of a fowl assumes,

Clad in the midst of air with freckled plumes.

The vigour of his late swift wit now came

255 Into his feet and wings: He keeps his name.

They never mount aloft, nor trust their birth-

To tops of trees; but flock as low as earth,

And lay their eggs in tufts. In mind they bear-

Their ancient fall, and lofty places fear.

260 Tis'd *Dædalus* now in *Sicilia* lights:

In whose defence hospitious *Cocalus* fights.

Now *Athens*, by *Egeus* glorious Seed,

Was from her lamentable tribute freed.

They crown their Temples, warlike *Pallas*, *Jove*.

265 Invoke, with all the Deities above,

Whom now they honour with the large expence

Of bloud, free gifts, and heaps of frankincense.

Vast fame through all th' *Argolian* Cities spread

His praise, and all that rich *Achaea* fed.

His aid in their extremities intreat:

270 And *Galydon*, (though *Melenger's* seat)

His aid seeks' gainst a Boar by *Dian* sent,

As her revenge, and horrid instrument.

For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous harvest blest,

To Ceres his first-fruits of Corn addrest,

To *Pallas* Oil; and to *Zylius* Wine.

275 Ambitious honours all the Powers divine

Reap from the Rural's; who neglect to pay

*Diana* dues; her Maids empty lay.

Anger affects the God: This will not we

Unpunish't bear; nor unreveng'd, said she.

## 154 METAMORPHOSIS.

- 280 Though un-adored, shall they vaunt we be,  
With that she sent into *Omenian* fields  
A vengeful Boar. Rank-grass'd *Epirus* yields  
No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed :  
But those are less which in *Sicilia* feed.  
His eyes blaze blood and fire : His stiff neck bears  
285 Horrible bristles, like a grove of spears.  
A boiling foam upon his shoulders flows  
From g'inding jaws: His tusks equal those  
Of *Indian* Elephants: His fell mouth casts  
Swift lightning: And his breath the pastures blasts.  
290 Now tramples he the Corn, when in the blade ;  
The Husbandman's ripe vows now frustrate made,  
He reaps the weighty ears: Their usual grain  
The Barns and threshing-floors expect in vain.  
Broad-spreading Vines he with their burthen shears ;  
295 And boughs from ever-leafy Olives tears.  
Then falls on Beasts, the Herds-men now unfear'd :  
Nor Dogs, nor raging Bulls defend their Herd.  
The people fly, security scarce find  
In walled towns : Till *Melieager*, joyn'd  
300 With youths of choicest worth, inflam'd with praise,  
Attempts his death. The twix *Tyndarides*,  
One for his Horsemanship, the other fam'd  
For Whorl-bats; *Jason*, who the first Ship fram'd ;  
*Theseus* with his *Perithous*, a pair  
Of happy friends; and *Lynceus*, *Apbar*'s heir;  
The two *Thestiadae*; *Leucippus*, crown'd  
305 For strength; *Acastus*, for his dart renown'd ;  
Swift *Idas*; *Cæneus*, not a woman then ;  
*Hippothous*, *Dryas*; *Phoenix*, (best of men,)  
*Amynter*'s son; th' alike *Actorides* ;  
And *Phyleus*, sent from *Elis*, came : With the self,  
Pheretes hope; adventurous *Telamon* ;  
And he who call'd the great *Achilles* Son ;  
310 *Hyantian Ialaus*, the well-grac't  
*Eurytion*; and *Eckion*, who surpass'd  
In running; *Lelex* the *Narycian* ;  
With *Panopaeus*; *Hyleus*; *Hippodon* ;  
Now youthful *Nestor*: Sons to that intent  
*Hippocorn* from old *Amyclæ* sent ;  
315 *Penelope*'s father-in-law; *Parrhasia* bred  
*Arcous*; wife *Ampycides* well-read  
In fates; *Oeclides*, not as yet betray'd  
By's

- By's wife, Tegeian Atalant', a maid  
Of passing beauty, sprung from *Schamus* race,  
Of high *Lycean* woods the only grace.  
A polisht Zone her upper garment bound ;  
320 And in one knot her artleis hair was wound.  
Her arrows Ivory guardian clattering hung  
On her left shoulder ; and a Bow well strung  
Her left hand held. Her looks a wench display'd  
In a boy's face, a boy's face in a maid.
- 325 The *Calydonian* Hero her beheld,  
And wisht at once : His wishes fate repell'd.  
He lurking flames attracts ; and said, O blest  
Is he, whom thou shalt with thy joys invest !  
But time and modesty his courtship stay,  
By a more pressing action call'd away.
- 330 A wood o're-grown with trees, yet never fell'd,  
Mounts from a plain, that all beneath beheld.  
The glory-thirsting Gallants this ascend.  
Forthwith a part their corded toils extend ;  
Some, hounds uncouple ; some, the track or feet  
Together trace, and danger long to meet.
- 335 A Dale there was, (through which the rain-rais'd floud  
Oft tumbled down, and in the bottom stood)  
Replete with pliant Willows, marshy Weeds,  
Sharp Rushes, Osiers, and long slender Reeds.  
The Boar from thence dislodg'd, like lightning crush'd,
- 340 Through justling clouds, among the hunters rusht,  
Bears down the obvious trees ; the crashing woods  
Report their fall. The Youths each other's blouds  
With high-rais'd shoutsinflame, who keep their stands,  
And shake their broad-tipt spears with threatening.
- 345 The dogs he scatters ; those that durst oppose (hands.  
*Ecbion* first his javelin vainly cast,  
Which struck a Beech. The next his sides had past,  
But that with too much strength it over-flew :
- 350 This weapon *Pegasian Jason* threw,  
O *Phœbus*, said *Ampycides*, if I  
Have honou'd, and do honour thee, apply  
Thy succour in success of my intents.  
The God, as much as in him lay, assents.
- 355 But from the dart the head *Diana* took,  
Which gave no wound, although the Boar it struck.  
The beast like lightning burns, thus chaf'd with ire.  
His

## 136 METAMORPHOSIS.

His grim eyes shine, his breast breaths flames of fire,  
And as a stone which some huge engine throws  
Against a wall, or bulwark man'd with foes;

360 The deadly boar with such sure violence  
Assails their forces. The right wing's defence,  
*Eupalamon* and *Pelagon*, he cast  
On sounding earth: Drawn off with timely hast  
*Enasimus*, great *Hippocoon*'s son,  
Could not so well his slaughtering tusks shun,

365 Which cut the shrinking sinews in his thigh,  
Even as he trembled, and prepar'd to fie.  
And *Nestor* long had perished, perchance,  
Before *Troy*'s war; but vaulting on a Launce,  
He took a tree, which there his branches spred,  
And safely saw the foe from whom he fled.

370 Who, full of rage, his venigeful tusks whets  
Upon an Oak, and dire destruction threats.  
Then, trusting to his new-edg'd arms, the Boar  
The manly thigh of great *Orithyas* tore.  
The brother Twins, not yet celestial stars,  
Conspicuous both, both terrible in wars,

375 Both mounted on-white Steeds, aloft both bare  
Their glittering spears, which trembled in the air:  
And both had sped, but that the Swine withdrew  
Where neither horse nor javelin could pursue.  
In follows *Telamon*, hot of the chace;

380 And, stumbling at a root, fell on his face.  
While *Peleus* lifts him up, a winged flight  
*Tegae* drew, which flew as swift as light.  
Below his ear the fixed arrow stood,  
And stain'd his bristles with a little bloud.

385 The Virgin less rejoiced in the blow  
Than *Meleager*, who first saw it flow,  
First shew'd his mates the bloud. O most renown'd,  
Said he, thy honour hath thy vertue crown'd.  
The men, they blush for shame; each other chear;

390 And high-rais'd souls with clamours higher rear:  
Their spears in clusters fling; which make no breach  
Through idle store, and throws their throws impeach.  
Behold *Antaeus*, with a poll-ax, stern  
To his own fate; who said, By me O learn:  
You youths, how much a man's sharp steel exceeds  
A woman's weapons, and applaud my deeds.

395 Though *Dian* should take arms, and in this strife

- Protect her Beast, she should not save his life.  
 Thus gloriously he boasts; in both his hands  
 Advanc'd his poll-ax, and on tip-toes stands.  
 Whom, e're his arms descend, the furious Swine  
 Prevents, and sheathes his tusks in his groin.  
 Down fell *Ancaeus*, out his bowels gush't :  
 All gore with bloud the earth, as guilty, blusht.  
*Ixion's* son *Pirithous* forward preist,  
 405 And with an able arm his Launce addrest.  
 To whom *Aegides*; O to me more dear  
 Than my own life, my better half, forbear:  
 The wife in valour should aloof contend:  
 Fool-hardy courage was *Ancaeus* end.  
 This said, his heavy cornel, with an head  
 Of bras, he hurls: Which sure had struck him dead,  
 410 (It was delivered with so true an aim)  
 But that a tall Beech interpos'd the faine.  
*Aesonides* then threw his thrilling Launce;  
 Which hit (diverted from the mark by chance)  
 A dog between his baying jaws : The wound  
 Rusht through his guts, and nail'd him to the ground.  
 415 *Oenides* varying hand discharg'd two spears:  
 The earth the one, the beast the other bears.  
 While now he raves, grunts, turns his body round,  
 Casts bloud and foam, the authour of his wound  
 Rusht in, provokes his greater wrath, and, where  
 420 His shields disfever, thrusts his deadly spear.  
 They all with chearful shouts their joys unseld,  
 Shake his victorious hands, the Beast behold  
 With wonder, whose huge bulk possest so much,  
 And hardly think it safe the slain to touch;  
 425 Yet dye their javelins in his bloud. He laid  
 His foot upon his horrid head, and said,  
 My right receive, beloved *Nemacrine*,  
 And let my glory ever share with thine.  
 Then gave the bristled spoil, and ghastly head  
 430 With monstrous tusks arm'd, which terror bred.  
 She in the Gift and Givet pleasure took.  
 All manner, with preposterous envy strook:  
 On her the violent *Thestiade* frowned;  
 And cry aloud with stretcht-out arms, Lay down;  
 Nor, Woman, of our titles us bereave:  
 435 Lest thee thy beautie's confidence deceive.  
 He's no fit judge, whom love hath rest of sight.

Then:

- Then snatch from her, her gift ; from him, his right.  
*Oenides* sweets, his looks with anger stern :  
 You ravishers of others honours, learn  
 440 (Said he) the distance between words and deeds.  
 With impious steel secure *Plexippus* bleeds.  
 While *Taxenus*, whether to revenge his bloud,  
 Or shun his brother's fortune, wavering stood ;  
 He clears the doubt : The weapon, hot before  
 445 By th' other's wounds, new heats in his heart's gore.  
 Gifts to the holy Gods *Althaea* brings  
 For her son's victory, and *Peans* sings.  
 When back she saw her slaughtered brothers brought,  
 At that sad sight she screecht, and, grief distraught,  
 The City fills with out-cries ; off she tears  
 450 Her royal robes, and funeral garments wears.  
 But told by whom they fell, no longer mourns :  
 Rage dries her eyes, her tears to vengeance turns.  
 The triple Sisters erst a brand convey'd  
 Into the fire, her belly newly laid ;  
 Thus chanting, while they spun the fatal twine ;  
 455 O lately born, one period we assign  
 To thee, and to this brand. The charm they weave  
 Into his fate, and then the chamber leaves.  
 His mother snatcht it with an hasty hand  
 Out of the fire, and quencht the flagrant brand.  
 This in an inward closet close she lays ;  
 460 And by preserving it, preserves his days.  
 This now produc'd, a pile of wood she rais'd,  
 That, by the hostile fire invaded, blaz'd.  
 Four times she profers to the greedy flame  
 The fatal brand ; as oft withdrew the same.  
 A Mother, and a Sister, now contend :  
 465 And two contending names one bosom rend.  
 Oft fear of future crimes a paleness bred :  
 Oft burning fury gave her eyes his red.  
 She seems to threaten now with cruel look :  
 And now appears like one that pity took.  
 Her tears the fervour of her anger dries :  
 470 Yet found she tears again to drown her eyes.  
 Even as a ship, when wind and tide contends,  
 Feels both their furies, and with either bends :  
 So *Thestias*, whom unsteady passion drives,  
 475 By changes, calms her rage, and rage revives.  
 A Sister's love at length subdues a Mother's.

That

That bloud may calm the ghosts of bleeding Brothers,  
Impiously pious, Flames, to ashes turn  
This brand, said she, and my loath'd bowels burn.

480 Then, holding in her hand the fatal wood,  
As she before the funeral altar stood,

You triple Powers, who guilty Souls pursue,  
*Eumenides*, these Rites of vengeance view.

I act the crime, I punish. Death must be  
By death aton'd. On murther, murther we

485 Accumulate, redoubling funerals.

This cursed house by strings of mischief falls.

Shall *Oeneus* joy in his victorious son?

Sad *Thestius* robb'd of his? One fortune run.

Look up, O you my Brothers ghosts, you late

490 Dillodged souls; see how I right your fate.

Accept of this infernal sacrifice,  
Which cost me dear, my womb's accursed price.

Ay me! O whither am I rapt? excuse

A Mother, Brothers. Trembling hands refuse  
Their fainting aid. He merits death: Yet by  
A Mother's rage methinks he should not die.

495 Then shall he scape? alive, a victor, feast

In proud success, of *Calydon* posses?

You, little ashes, and chill shades, forlorn?

I'll not endure it. Perish, Villain, born

To our immortal ruin. Ruinate

With thee thy Father's hopes, his crown and state.

500 Where is a Mother's heart? a parent's pray'r?

Th' unthought-of burthen which I ten months bare?

O would, while yet an infant, the first flame

Had thee devour'd; nor I oppos'd the same.

Thy life, I gave; by thine own merit die;

A just reward for thy impiety.

505 Thy twice-giv'n life reign; first by my womb,

Last by this ravisht brand; or me intomb

With my poor Brothers. Fain I would pursu?

Revenge, yet would not. O, what shall I do?

Before my eyes my Brothers wounds now bleed,

510 And the sad image of so foul a deed.

Now pity and a Mother's name controll

My stern intention. O distracted soul!

You've won, my Brothers; but, alas! ill woe:

So that, while thus I comfort you, I run

Your fate. With eyes turn'd back, her quaking hand

Then snatch from her, her gift ; from him, his right.  
Oenides swoels, his looks with anger stern :

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Your fate. With eyes turn'd back, her quaking hand

Counting

To

## 160 METAMORPHOSIS,

To trembling flames expos'd the funeral brand.

The brand appears to light, or sighs expires,

Wrapt in th' embracements of unwilling fires.

515 Unknowing Meleager absent broils  
Even in those flames; his bloud, thick-panting, boils  
In unseen fire. He such tormenting pains  
With more than manly fortitude sustains.  
Yet grieves, that by a slothful death he falls

520 Without a wound: Anchus happy calls.  
His aged Father, Brothers, Sisters, Wife,  
He groaning names, with his last words of life:  
Perhaps his Mother. Flames and pains increase;  
Again they languish, and together cease.

525 To liquid air his vanish't spirits turn,  
The sable coals in clouds of ashes mourn.

Low lies high Calydon, the young, the old,  
Ignoble, noble, all their griefs unfold.

The Calydonian Marrons cut their hair,  
Deflower their beauties, cry, Wo and despair!

530 His hoary head with dust his Father hides,  
Lies groveling on the ground, and old age chides.  
For now his Mother, by her guilt purl'd,  
Revenging steel in her owa breast imbrew'd.  
Though Phabus would an hundred tongues bestow,

A wit that should with full invention flow,  
All Helicon infuse into my breast:

535 His Sisters sorrows could not be exprest.

Themselves, forgetting decency, they deface:

While he retains a body, that imbrace;

Kiss his pale lips: When turn'd to ashes, they

The astics in their bruised bosomes lay:

540 Fall on his tomb, his name, that there appears,

Imbrace, and fill the characters with tears.

But when Diana's wrath was satisfid

With Oeneus misery; they all (beside

Fair Gorge and the lovely Detanire)

545 On plamy pinions, by her power, aspire,

With long-extended wings, and beaks of horn;

Who through the air in varied shapes are born.

Meanwhile to Pallas towers Aegides lies,

(His part perform'd in that joint enterprize)

550 Whose haist rain-raised Achelous staid.

Renown'd Cetopian Prince, the River-fad,

Vouchsafe my roof; nor to th' impetuous flood

Commit.

Commit thy person. Oft huge logs of wood,  
And broken Rocks, down tumbling, loudly roar.  
 555 Herds with their stalls not seldom heretofore  
They hurried have: Nor was the Ox of force  
To keep his stand; nor swiftness fav'd the Horse.  
And when dissolved snow from mountains pour'd,  
Their violent whirl-pits many have devour'd.  
More safe to stay until the current run.

560 Within his bounds. To whom *Aegeus* song,  
'Twere folly, if not madness, to refuse  
Thy house and counsel: Both I mean to use.  
Then enters his large Cave, (where Nature play'd  
The Artisan) of hollow Pumice made,  
 565 And rugged Tophus, floor'd with humid moss:  
The roof pure white and purple shells imbos.  
Now had *Hyperion* past two parts of day,  
When *Theseus*, with the partners of his way,  
*Pirithous*, and *Lelex* the renown  
Of *Trazen*, now appearing gray, sat down;  
 570 And whom the River (glad of such a guest)  
Preferr'd unto the honour of his feast.  
Forthwith bare-footed Nymphs bring in the meat:  
That ta'ne away, upon the table set  
Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theseus* turn'd his face  
 575 To under-seas, and, pointing, said; What place  
Is yon, and of what name, that stands alone?  
And yet methinks it should be n're than one.  
It is not one, the courteous Floud replies,  
But five: Their neighbourhood deceives your eyes.  
 580 The less t<sup>e</sup> admire *Diana*, late despis'd,  
Five Nymphis they were; who having sacrific'd  
Ten beeves, invited to their festival  
The rural Gods; my self forgot by all,  
At this I swelt, and, never greater, roul  
 585 With streams as much enraged as my soul:  
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I tear,  
With them, the Nymphs (now mindful of me) bear  
In exile to the deep: Whose waves, with mine,  
That then united mass of earth disjoin  
Into as many pieces, as in seas  
 590 Are of the Floud-imbrac'd *Echinades*.  
Yet see one Ille, far, O! far off remov'd,  
Call'd *Perimele*, once by me belov'd.  
I from this Nymph her virgin-honour took.

Hippodamas

595 Hippodamas his Daughter could not brook;

But cast her from a rock into the deep.

Whom while my loving streams from linking keep,  
I said; O Neptune, thou that dost command  
The wand'ring waves, that beat upon the land,  
To whom we Rivers run, in whom we end,  
Incline a gentle ear. I did offend

600 Whom I support. O kind and equal prove.

Had but Hippodamas a Father's love,  
Or, had he not been so inhuman; he  
Would both have pitied her, and pardon'd me.  
Her, whom his fury hath from earth exil'd,  
When in the troubled waves he cast his child,

605 A place afford: Or let her be a place

Which I may ever with my streams imbrace.  
His head the King of Surges forward shook,  
And, in assenting, all the Ocean struck.  
The Nymph yet swims, although with fear opprest.  
I laid my hand upon her panting breast:

610 While thus I handled her, I might perceive

The earth about her stiffning Body cleave.

Now, with a maſs in folded, as she swims,  
An Iſland rose from her transform'd limbs.

He held his peace. This admiration won

615 In all; derided by Ixion's son,

By nature rough, and one who did despise  
All-able Gods: Who said, Thou tell'st us lies;  
And think'st the Gods too potent; as if they  
Could give new shapes, or take our old away.  
His saying all amaz'd, (none it approv'd)

620 Moft Lelæx, ripe in age and wildome, mov'd.

Heav'n's power, immense and endleſs, none can shun,  
Said he; and what the Gods would do, is done.  
To check your doubt; on Phrygian hills there grows  
An Oak by a Lime-tree, which old walls incloſe.

625 My ſelf this ſaw, while I in Phrygia ſtay'd,

By Pittheus ſent, where erit his father ſway'd.  
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground,  
Where Coops and fishing Cormorants abound.

Jove, in an human ſhape, with Mercury,

630 (His heels unwing'd) that way their ſteps apply.  
Who guest-rites at a thouſand houſes crave,  
A thouſand ſlant their doors: One only gave,  
A ſmall thatch'd Cottage, where, a pious Wife,

Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life;  
 635 Both equal-ag'd. In this, their youth they spent;  
 In this, grew old; rich only in content.

Who poverty, by bearing it, declin'd;  
 And made it easie with a chearful mind.

None master, nor none servant, could you call:  
 They who command, obey; for two were all.

640 *Zeus* hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate,  
 And, stooping, enters at their humble gate.

Sit down and take your ease, *Philemon* said.

While busie *Baucis* straw-stuft cushions laid  
 And stirr'd abroad the glowing coals, that lay  
 In smothering ashes, rak'd up yesterday.

645 Dry bark and with'red leaves thereon she throws;  
 With feeble breath to flame the cinders blows;  
 Then slender clefts and broken brancheis gets:  
 And over all a little Kettle sets.  
 Her Husband from the coal herbs cuts their leaves,

650 Which from his grateful Garden he receives:  
 Takes down a fitch of Bacon with a Prong,  
 That long had in the smoaky chimney hung:  
 Whereof a little quantity he cuts;  
 And it into the boiling liquor puts.

This seething, they the time beguile with speech,

655 Unsensible of stay. A bowl of Beech  
 There by the handle hung upon a pin:  
 This fills he with warm water, and therein  
 Washes their feet. A moss-stuft bed and pillow  
 Laid on an homely bed-stead made of willow;

660 A coverlet, us'd but at feasts, they spread:  
 Though course and old, yet fit for such a bed.  
 Down lie the Gods. The palfie-shaken Dame

Sets forth a table with three legs: One lame,  
 And shorter than the rest, a pot-sheard bears,  
 This, now made level, with green Mint she clears;

Whereon she party-colour'd Olives set,  
 Autumnal Cornels, in tart pickle wet,

670 Cool Endive, Radish, new Eggs roasted rear,  
 And late-prest Cheese, which earthen dishes bear.  
 A Goblet of the self-same silver wrought,

And bowls of Beech, varnished with wax, were brought.  
 Hot viuals from the fire were forthwith sent:

675 They wine, nor yet of perfect age, present.  
 This ta'n away, the second couple now comes;

Filberds,

## 194 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Filberds, dry Figs, with rugged Dates, ripe Plums,  
Sweet-swelling Apples, disht in Osier twines,  
And purple Grapes new gather'd from their vines :  
 680 I th' midst, an honey-comb. Above all these,  
Were chearful looks, and ready will to please.  
Meanwhile the Maple-cup it self doth fill :  
And oft exhausted, is replenish't still.  
Astonisht at the miracle, with fear  
 685 *Philemon* and the aged *Baucis* rear  
Their trembling hands in pray'r ; and pardon crave  
For that poor entertainment which they gave.  
One Goose they had, their cottage's chief guard,  
Which they to hospitable Gods award :  
 690 Which long their slow pursuit deluding, flies  
To *Jupiter* ; so sav'd from sacrifice.  
We are Gods, said they ; Revenge shall all destroy :  
You in this ruin shall your lives enjoy.  
Together leave your house ; and to yon hill  
 695 Follow our steps. They both obey their will.  
The Gods conducting, feebly both ascend,  
Leaning on staves, and with time's burthen bend.  
A flight-shot from the top, review they take,  
700 And see all swallowed by a mighty Lake,  
Their House excepted. While they this admire,  
Lament their neighbours ruin, and desire  
And see their cottage, which alone doth keep  
Its place, while for the Place's fate they weep.  
 705 That humble shed, two little even for two,  
Becomes a Fane. The Crotches Columns grew ;  
The Thatch and Roof shine with bright Gold ; the  
Divinely cary'd ; the Pavement Marble floors. (Doors  
While fearful *Baucis* and *Philemon* pray'd,  
 710 *Saturnius* with a chearful count'nance said :  
Thou just old man, and thou good woman, (who  
Deservy'st so just an husband) what do you  
In chief desire ? They talk a while alone  
Then thus to *Jove* their common wish make known.  
We crave to be your Priests, this Fane to guard.  
 715 And since in all our lives we never part'd,  
Let one hour both dissolve : Nor let me be  
Intomb'd by her, nor she intomb'd by me.  
Their lute is sign'd. The Temple they possest,  
As long as life. With time and age opprest,  
 720 As now they stood before the sacred gate,  
And

And call to memory that place's fate,  
*Philemon* saw old *Baucis* freshly sprout ;  
 And *Baucis* saw *Philemon* leaves thrust out.  
 Now on their heads aspiring branches grew.  
 While they could speak, they spake : At once, Adieu,  
 725 They jointly said ; at once the creeping rine  
 Their trunks inclos'd ; at once their shapes resign.  
 They of *Tyana* to this present show  
 These neighbour-trees, that from two bodies grow.  
 Old men, nor like to lie, nor vain of tongue,  
 This told. I saw their boughs with Garlands hung ;  
 730 And hanging fresh, I said, Who Gods before  
 Receiv'd, be such : Adorers we adore.

The tale and teller wonder and belief  
 Prevok'd in all, but *Theseus* mov'd in chieft.  
 Who covetous to hear such deeds as these ;  
 The *Calydonian* River, prest to please  
 735 In this fort, leaning on his elbow, spake.  
 There be, whichever keep the form they take :  
 Others have power themselves at will to change.  
 As thou, blue *Proteus*, that in seas dost range :  
 Who now a Man, a Lion now appear'ft,  
 740 Now a fell Boar ; a Serpent's shape now bear'ft ;  
 A Bull, with threatening horns, now seem'ft to be ;  
 Now like a Stone, now like a spreading Tree ;  
 And sometimes like a gentle River flow'ft.  
 Sometimes like Fire, averse to Water, show'ft.  
 745 *Autolycus* his Wife, the Daughter to  
 Lewd *Erisichthon*, things as flange could do.  
 He was her Father, who the Gods despis'd,  
 Nor ever on their Altars sacrific'd ;  
 Who *Ceres* groves with steel prefand, where stood  
 750 An old huge Oak, even of it self a Wood.

Wreaths, ribbands, grateful tables, deckt its boughs,  
 And sacred stem, the Dues of powerful Vows.  
 Full oft the *Dryadas*, with chaplets crown'd,  
 Danc'd in his shade, full oft they tript a Round  
 755 About his bole. Five cubits three timestold  
 His ample circuit hardly could infold.  
 Whose stature other trees as far exceeds,  
 As other trees surmount the humble weeds.  
 Yet this his fury rather did provoke ;  
 Who bids his servants fell the sacred Oak :  
 760 And snatching, while they pass'd, an Ax from one,

## 168 METAMORPHOSIS,

Thus stormeth; Not the Goddess lov'd alone,  
But though this were the Goddess, she should down,  
And sweep the Earth with her aspiring crown.

765 As he advanc'd his arms to strike, the Oak  
Both sigh'd and trembled at the threatening stroke:  
His Leaves and Acorns pale together grew:  
His colour-changing Branches sweat cold dew.  
Then, wounded by his impious hand, the bloud  
Gush'd from th' incision in a purple flood.

770 Much as a mighty Ox, that falls before  
The sacred altar, spouts forth streams of gore.  
On all amazement seiz'd: When One (of all)  
The crime deters; nor would he's Ax let fall;  
Contracting his stern brows, Receive, said he,  
Thy pieſie's reward: And from the tree  
The ſtroke converting, lops his head; then ſtrake  
The Oak again: From whence a voice thus ſpake;

775 A Nymph am I, within this Tree inſhrin'd,  
Belov'd of Ceres. O profane of mind,  
Vengeance is near thee, with my parting breath  
I propheſie: A comfort to my death.

780 He ſtill his guilt pursues, and overthrows  
With cables, and innumerable blows,  
The sturdy Oak: Which, nodding long, down riſht,  
And in his lofty fall his felow's crufht.

Their Siffer and their grove the Nymphs lament;  
And, hid in ſable veils, to Ceres went;

785 On Erisicht how just revenge requie.  
She readily concur to their deſire.

The fair-brow'd Goddess shakes her ſhining hairs:  
(With that, the Fields ſhook all their golden ears)  
Then to a mercileſs revenge proceeds,  
(Had he deserved mercy by his deeds?)

790 By starving. But, ſince nor, by fatal doom,  
Ceres and Famine might together come;  
A Nymph, one of the light Oreades,  
She ſent to Famine, with ſuch words as theſe,  
In froſty Scythia lies a land, forlorn

And barren, bearing neither fruit nor corn.  
795 Num Cold, pate Hue, chill Ague there abide,  
And meager Famine. Bid that Fury glitte  
Into his cursed inrals, and devour  
All plenty: Let her rage ſubdue thy power,  
800 But loſt along ways thy journey tedious make,

My chariot and my yoked Dragons take.

- 805 Taking her chariot, through the empty skies,  
To Scythia and rough Caucasus she flies:  
There, in a stony field, sad Famine found,  
Tearing with teeth and nails the foodless ground;  
With snarled hair, sunken eyes, looks pale and dead,  
Lips white with slime, thin teeth with rust o're-spred.  
810 Through her hard skin the writhel'd guts appear.  
Her huckle-bones stuck up; a valley, where  
Her belly should ascend; her dry breasts hung  
So lank, as if they to her back had clung.  
The falling flesh the rising joints augment.

815 Round knees, and ankles leanly eminent.

- Espy'd far off, (she durst not be so bold  
To come too near,) the Nymph her message told.  
After a little stay, although she were  
Far off, although but now arrived there,  
She famine felt; so wheels about her Snakes,

820 And her high passage to Emenia takes.

- Famine obeys the Goddess's command,  
(Though their endeavours still opposed stand)  
And, by a tempest hurried through the skies,  
Enters the wretch's roof; besides him lies,  
Then fast asleep; (for now Night's heavy charms  
825 All eyes had clos'd) imbrac'd him in her arms;  
Her self infus'd; breath'd on his face and breast;  
His empty veins with hungry rage possest.  
This thus perform'd, she leaves the fruitful earth;  
And back returns to her abodes of dearth.

830 Sleep hitherto with pleasurable wings

- On Erisichton gentle slumber flings.  
Who dreams of feasts, extends his idle jaws,  
With labouring teeth fantastically chaws;  
Deludes his throat by swallowing empty fare,  
And for affected food devours the air.

835 Awak'd, hot famine raves through all his veins,

- And in his guts and greedy palate reigns.  
Forthwith, what Sea, what Earth, what Air affords  
He craves, and plains of starving at full boards;  
In banquets banquets seeks, What might alone  
840 Have Towns and Nations fed, suffice not one.  
Hunger increaseth with increast repast.  
And as all Rivers to the Ocean half  
Who, thirsty still, drinks up the stranger floods:

As

## 168 METAMORPHOSIS,

- As ravenous fires refuse no profer'd foods,  
 Huge piles receive, the more they have, the more  
 By much desire, made hungry with their store:  
 So *Erisichthon*, of a mind prophane,  
 Full dishes empties, and demands again.  
 Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat;  
 Who, ever empty, still prepares to eat.
- His bellie's gulf his patrimony wafts,  
 Consuming famine yet unlesioned lasts:  
 And his infatiable throat's extent  
 Now all his wealth into his bowels sent.  
 A daughter left, unworthy such a Sire,  
 The begger sold, to feed his hunger's fire.
- Her noble thoughts base servitude disdain;  
 And now her hands extending to the Main,  
 O thou that hadst my maidenhead, said she,  
 Thy ravisht spoil from hated bondage free.  
*Neptune* heard this, who to her prayer consents:
- And, though then by her Master seen, prevents  
 His following search; transforming of his Rape  
 Into a Man, mask'd in a Fisher's shape.  
 Angler, her Master said, that with thy bait  
 Conceal'st thy hook, so prosper thy deceit,  
 So rest the Sea compos'd, so may the fish
- Be credulous, and taken at thy wish,  
 As thou reveal'st her, who, in garments poor,  
 And ruffled hair, late stood upon this shoar.  
 For here, but very now, I saw her stand;  
 Nor farther trace her foot-steps in the sand.  
 She, *Neptune*'s bounty finding, well apaid
- To be inquir'd for of her self, thus said:  
 Pardon me, Sir, whocre you are; my eyes  
 Have been attentive on this exercise.  
 To win belief; so may the God of Seas  
 Assist my cunning in such Arts as these,  
 As late nor man, nor maid, I saw before
- Yourself, my self excepted, on this shoar.  
 He credits, and beguil'd, the shoar forsook:  
 When she again her former figure took.  
 Her Father, seeing she could change her shape,
- Oft sold her; she as often made escape,  
 Now Hart-like, now a Cow, a Bird, a Mare,  
 And fed his hunger with ill-purchas'd fare.  
 But when his malady all means had spent,

A

And

And he had given it the last nourishment;  
Now to devour his own flesh proceeds,  
185 And by diminishing it, his body feeds.

VVhat need I dwell on foreign facts? Even we  
Can vary shapes, though limited they be.  
Now seem I as I am; oft like I snake;  
And many times a Bull's horn'd figure take.  
190 But while I horns aslum'd, one thus was broke  
As you behold. This with a sigh he spoke,

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H OVID'S

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# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

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## THE NINTH BOOK.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

*A Serpent, Achelous ; now a Bull :  
His severed Horn with Plenty ever full.  
Lychas a Rock. Alcides sunk in flame,  
Ascends a God. The labour-helping Dame  
A Wesel. Lotis, flying lust, becomes  
A Tree : the like fate Dryope intombs.  
Old Iolaus waxeth young agen.  
Callirhee's Infants suddenly grow Men.  
Byblis a weeping Fountain. Iphis, now  
Turn'd Boy, to His pays his Maiden Vow.*

**H**E who his high descent from Neptune draws,  
Of this so sad a Sigh demands the cause,  
This maimed Brow. When thus the God proceeds,  
His dangling curls impal'd with quivering reeds.  
An heavy task you set : his own disgrace  
5 Who would revive ? Yet was in not so base  
To be subdu'd, as noble to contend :  
And such a Victor doth by foil defend.  
Have you not heard of fair-cheekt *Deianire*,  
10 The envy'd hope of many, the desire  
Of all that knew her ? We, with others, went  
To Oeneus Court, to purchase his consent.  
*Parthaon*'s son, make me thy son-in-law,  
I and *Alcides* said : the rest withdraw,

- He, with his Father *Jove*, his Labours fame,  
 15 And Step-dame's vanquish't tasks, inforc'd his claim.  
 'Twere shame, said I, that deathless Gods to men  
 Who die should stoop. (A God he was not then.)  
 These ever-living waters I command,  
 That wind in endleis currents through thy Land.  
 Thy son no stranger is, if I be He:  
 20 But of thy Country, and a Friend to thee.  
 And be't no prejudice, that *Juno's* Hate,  
 Nor punishing Implyments press my fate.  
 If from *Alcmena* you your linage shew;  
*Jove's* your false Sire, or criminous, if your true.  
 25 You seek a Father in a Mother's shame.  
 Brag not of *Jove*, or take a Bastard's name.  
 He all this while, with eyes that sparkle fire,  
 Upon me frown'd, and hardiy rul'd his ire:  
 Then only said, My hand my tongue exceeds:  
 30 Win thou with words, so I subdue with deeds.  
 With that, fell on. To speak so big, and shrink,  
 I shame; and let my wave-green Mantle sink;  
 My arms oppose, my hands tor leisure prest;  
 And every fitted part for fight addreit.  
 35 He throws dust on me with his hollow hand:  
 And I again besprinkle him with sand.  
 Now catch'd he at my neck, now at my thighs,  
 Or proffer makes, and t' every limb applies.  
 But me my weight defends; in vain he strives.  
 40 Much like as when a roaring billow drives  
 Against a rock: the rock repels his pride,  
 By his own poizure firmly fortify'd.  
 Both for a while withdrew: again we meet,  
 And strongly keep our stands; feet joyn to feet.  
 With that I rusht upon him with my breast:  
 45 My fingers his, my brow hi forehead prest.  
 So have I seen two Bulls with horrid might  
 Together close; the motive of their fight  
 The fairest Cow in all those fields; the Herd  
 With fear expecting which should be preferr'd.  
 50 Thrice *Hercules* did all his force incline  
 (But all in vain) to free his breast from mine.  
 The fourth assay my strong imbrace unbound,  
 And from my grasping arms his body woon'd.  
 Then turning me about, (truth guides my tonge)  
 Upon my back with all his weight he hung.

- 55 If I have credit, (Lies can find no way  
     To praise) on me, me thought, a mountain lay.  
     Scarce could I clasp my arms, all froth'd with sweat:  
     Scarce from his gripes could I my body get.  
     Still pressing on, he gives not time to breathe,  
     Nor gather strength: my powers my trust deceive.
- 60 At last, his yoking arms my neck command:  
     When, pull'd upon my knees, I bit the sand.  
     My native Slight my weaker force supply'd:  
     I straight from him like a long Serpent glide.  
     Now in contracted folds I forward sprung,
- 65 Horridly hissing with my forked tongue.  
     He laughs, and flouts my Cunning in this sort:  
     To strangle Serpents was my cradle's sport.  
     Though other Dragons to thy conquests bow;  
     To dire Lernean *Hydra*, what art thou?
- 70 Her wounds were fruitful: from each sever'd head,  
     Each of her hundred necks, two fiercer bred;  
     More strong by twinning heirs. These thus renew'd  
     And multiply'd by death, I twice subdued.  
     What hope hast thou, a forged Snake, to 'scape;
- 75 That fight'st with feigned arms, and begg'st thy shape?  
     This said, my neck his grasping fingers clinch'd,  
     And scrup'd my throat, as if with pincers wrinch'd;  
     While from his gripes I strove my jaws to pull.
- 80 Twice overcome, I now, like furious Bull,  
     Once more his terrible assaults oppose.  
     His arms about my swelling chest he throws,  
     And following hales; my Horn (my head turn'd round)  
     Fixt to the earth, and threw me on the ground.
- 85 My brow (that not sufficient) disadorns,  
     By breaking one of my ingaged horns.  
     The *Naiades* with fruit and flowers this ill:  
     Wherein abundant i'lenty riots still.  
         Here *Achelous* ends. One lovely-fair,
- 90 Girt like Diana's Nymph, with flowing hair,  
     Came in, and brought the weal-thy Horn, replete  
     With Autumn's store, and fruit serv'd after meat.  
     Day sprung, and mountains shone with early beams.  
     His Guests depart; nor stay till peaceful streams
- Glide gently down, and keep their bounded race.
- 95 Sad *Achelous* now his rustick face  
     And maimed head within the current shrouds.  
     This blemish much his former beauty clouds;

- All else compleat. The damage of his brows  
 100 He shades with flaggy wreaths, and fallow boughs.  
 But *Deianira*, *Nessus*, was thy wrack ;  
 A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.  
*Jove's* son, with his new Wife, to *Thebes* his course  
 Directing, came t' *Evenus* rapid source.  
 105 The big-swoln streams, increas'd with Winter's rain,  
 And whirling round, their passage now restrain.  
 For her he fears : fear for himself abhor'd :  
 When strong-limb'd *Nessus* came, who knew the Ford,  
 And said ; I safely will transport thy Bride :  
 110 Meanwhile swim thou unto the other side.  
 To him *Alcides* his 'raid Wife betakes ;  
 VVho, fearing both the flood and *Nessus*, quakes.  
 Charg'd with his quiver, and his Lion's skin,  
 (His club and bow before thrown over) in  
 The Hero leaps, and says, However wait,  
 115 These waves, since undertaken, shall be past.  
 And confident, nor seeks he smoothest ways ;  
 Nor by declining entertains delays.  
 Now over, stooping for his bow, he heard  
 His Wife's shrill shrieks ; and *Nessus* saw, prepar'd.  
 120 To violate his trust. Thou ravisher,  
 VVhat hope, said he, can thy vain speed confer ?  
 Soho, thou half a beast, withhold thy flight :  
 I wish thee, hear, nor intercept my right.  
 If no respect of me can fix thy trust,  
 Yet let thy Father's wheel restrain thy lust.  
 125 Nor shalt thou 'scape revenge, however fleet :  
 VVounds shall o'reake thy speed, though not my feet.  
 The last his deeds confirm ; for as he fled,  
 An arrow struck his back : the barbed head  
 Pass'd through his breast. Tugg'd out, a crimson flood.  
 130 Spouts both ways, mixt with *Hydra*'s pois'nous blood.  
 This *Nessus* took, and softly said ; Yet I,  
*Alcides*, will not unrevenged dye :  
 And gave his Rape a robe dipt in that gore.  
 This will (said he) the heat of love restore.  
 Long after, (all the ample world posset  
 135 VWith his great acts, and *Juno*'s hate increast)  
 From raz'd *Oechalia* hastening his remove,  
 To sacrifice unto *Cenean Jove* :  
 Fame's babblings *Deianira*'s ears surprize,  
 (VWhich falsehood adds to truth, and grows by lies)

- 140 How Iole her Husband *Hercules*  
 With love inthrall'd. Stung with this strong disease,  
 The troubled lover credits what she fears.  
 At first she nourisheth her grief with tears,  
 Which weeping eyes diffuse. Then said ; But why  
 Weep we ? the Strumpet in these Tears will joy.
- 145 Since she will come, some change attempt I must,  
 Before my Bed be stained with her lust.  
 Shall I complain ? be mute ? shift houses ? stay ?  
 Return to Calydon, and give her way ?  
 Or call to mind that I am sister to
- 150 Great Meleager, and some mischief do ?  
 What a wrong'd Woman, what the spleenful wo  
 Of jealousie, by harlots death, can show ?  
 Her thoughts, long toil'd with change, now fixed stood,  
 To send the garment dipt in *Nessus* blood ;  
 To quicken fainting love. The present she
- 155 To Lychas gave, (as ignorant as she)  
 And her own sorrow ; which, with good intent,  
 And kind respects, she to her Husband sent.  
 This now the unsuspecting Hero wore,  
 Wrapt in the poison of *Echidna*'s gore.
- He, praying, new-born flames with incense fed ;
- 160 And bowls of wine on marble Altars shed.  
 The spreading mischief works ; with heat dissolv'd,  
 The manly limbs of *Hercules* it involv'd.  
 Who, whilst he could, with usual fortitude  
 His groans supprest. All patience now subdu'd  
 By extream pain, the Altar down he flings ;
- 165 And shady Oer, with his clamour rings.  
 Forthwith to tear the torture off he strives.  
 The riven robe his skin, that lines it, rives :  
 Or to his limbs inseparably it cleaves ;  
 Or his hugh bones and sinews naked leaves.
- 170 As fire-red steel in water drencht ; so toils  
 His hissing bloud, and with hot poison boils.  
 No mean : the greedy flames his entrals eat ;  
 And all his body flows with purple sweat :  
 His scorched sinews crack, his marrow fries.
- 175 Then, to the Stars his hands advanc'd, he cries :  
 Feast, *Juno*, on our harms. Oh, from on high  
 Behold this plague : thy cruel stomach cloy.  
 If foes may pity purchase, (such are we ;)  
 This life, with torments vext, long sought by thee,

And

- 180 And born to toil, receive. For death would prove  
To me a blessing: and a Step-dame's love  
May such a blessing give. Have I thus gain'd,  
For slain *Busiris*, who *Jove's* temple stain'd  
With strangers bloud? that from the earth earth-bred  
*Antaeus* held? whom *Geryon's* triple head,  
185 Nor thine, O *Cerberus*, could once dismay?  
These hands, these made the *Cretan* Bull obey.  
Your labours, *Elis*, smooth *Stymphalian* floods,  
Confess with praises, and *Parthenian* woods.  
You got the golden Belt of *Thermodon*:  
190 And Apples from the sleepless Dragon won.  
Nor cloud-born *Centaur*s, nor th' *Arcadian* Boar,  
Could me resist; nor *Hydra*, with her store  
Of frightful Heads, which by their loss increast.  
I, when I saw the *Thracian* Horfes feast  
195 With human flesh, thei mangers overthrew;  
And, with his Steeds, their wicked Master slew.  
These hands the *Nemean* Lion choak'd; these quell'd  
Huge *Cacus*: and these shoulders heav'n upheld.  
*Jove's* cruel wife grew weary to impose:  
200 I never to perform. But, oh! these woes,  
This new-found plague, no virtue can repel,  
Nor arms, nor weapons. Hungry flames of Hell  
Shoot through my veins, and on my liver prey.  
*Eurystheus* yet triumphs: and some will say  
205 That there be Gods. Here his complaint he ends;  
And high-rais'd steps o're lofry *Oeta* bends,  
Hurried with anguish: like a Bull, that bears  
A wounding javelin; whom the wounder fears.  
Oft should you see him quake, oft groan, oft striving  
To tear his garments; solid trees up-riving,  
210 Inrag'd with the mountains, and then rear  
His scorched arms unto his Father's sphere.  
Hid in an hollow Rock, he *Lychas* spies:  
When torture having seiz'd his faculties  
With all her fury, *Lychas*, didst thou give  
This horrid gift, said he? Think'st thou to live?  
215 I dying by thy treason? While he quakes,  
Looks ghastly pale, unheard excuses makes;  
While yet he spake, while to his knees he clung;  
Caught by the heels, about his head thrice swung,  
Him into deep *Eubœan* waves he threw;  
220 (As engines, stones) who hardned as he flew.

- As falling show's congeal'd with freezing winds,  
 Convert to snow; as snow together binds,  
 And, rolling round, in solid hail descends:  
 So while the air his forced body rends,
- 225 Bloudies with terror, all his moisture gene,  
 That Age reports him chang'd to rugged Stone.  
 And still within *Eubœa*'s gulfy deeps,  
 A small Rock lies, which man's proportion keeps;  
 VVhereon the mariners will not tread at all,  
 As if't had sense: and this they *Lychas* call.
- 230 But thou, *Jove*'s God-like son, (a Pile with store  
 Of trees prepar'd, which lofty *Ossa* bore)  
 Thy Bow and ample Quiver (wherein lie  
 Those Arrows that again must visit *Troy*)  
 Bequeath'st to *Penn*'s Heir; who catching fire
- 235 Puts to the Pile. While greedy flames aspire,  
 Thou on the top thy Lion's spoils didst spread;  
 And lay'it thereon (thy Club beneath thy head)  
 With such a look, as if a crowned Guest  
 Amidst full goblets, at a mirthful feast.
- 240 Now all-embracing Flames a crackling made,  
 And their Contemner's patient limbs invade.  
 The Gods much thought for Earth's Defender took:  
 When thus *Saturnus*, with a cheerful look:  
 This grief, you Gods, is our delight; with all
- 245 Our soul we joy, that such as you should call  
 Us King and Father, who so grateful are,  
 And of our progeny express such care.  
 For though his noble acts deserve as much;  
 You us oblige. But lest vain terrors touch
- 250 Your loyal hearts, let not these flames displease.  
 Who conquer'd all, shall also conquer these.  
*Vulcan* shall but his mother's part subdue.  
 For that's immortal which from us he drew,  
 And can nor taste of death, nor stoop to fire;
- 255 But, freed from earth, shall to our joys aspire.  
 This all your Deities I think will please.  
 If any grudge such grace to *Hercules*,  
 Nor would his honour; let them envy still:  
 They shall confirm our act against their will.
- 260 The Gods assent. And *Juno*'s self accords;  
 At least in show: yet *Jupiter*'s last words  
 Unsmooth her forehead with obscur'd distaste.  
 What flame could vanquish, *Mulciber* doth wait;

And

- 265 And Hercules not known by's face remains,  
Who nothing of his mothers form retains ;  
Now only *Jove*-like. As a Snake his years  
Casts with his skin, and frightly young appears.  
With glittering scales : so the *Tirynthian*,  
Having put off the habit of frail man,
- 270 Shines in his better part, and seems more great,  
With aw-infusing majesty replete ;  
Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Jove*,  
Through hollow clouds unto the Stars above.
- Prest *Atlas* feels his Weight. *Eurythœus* ire
- 275 Ends not in death ; his hatred to the Sire  
Perseus his race. *Alcmena*, worn with care,  
Had *Iole*, to whom she might declare  
Her old-wives plaints, her sons hard labours, (known  
Thrô broad-spread Earth) his fortunes and her own.  
Her *Hyllus*, by *Alcides* testament,
- 280 Took to his bed, with love's unforc'd consent ;  
And fill'd her womb with generous seed. When thus  
*Alcmena* : Be the Gods propitious,  
And quick in working, when thy time draws near.  
To call *Iithya*, which sad mothers fear ;
- 285 To me made difficult by *Juno*'s spight.  
For ten accomplisht signs did now excite  
My travail to *Alcides* birth, whose weight  
My belly stretcht ; which bare so great a fraught,  
That you might swear, it was begot by *Jove* :
- 290 When with intolerable pains I strove.  
Now also, speaking, horror chills my heart :  
And griefs remembred add to grief a part.  
Seven nights, seven daysthus rackt, with anguish th'J,  
My hands upheld, with out-cries, I desir'd
- 295 *Lucina*'s aid, my burthen to untye.  
She came indeed, but pre-corrupted by  
*Jove*'s wife, to execute her deadly hate.  
Hearing my groans, she sat before the gate  
On yonder Altar. Her right knee upholds
- 300 Her crost left ham; her fingers knit in folds  
Delay'd delivery : shewth mutter'd spells  
Of secret power, the pressing birth repels.  
I strive, and, raving, tax ungrateful *Jove* ;  
Desire to die ; and breathe complaints might move
- 305 Releapless flints. The *Cadmean* Dames were there ;  
Who pray for me, and comfort my despair.

## 178 METAMORPHOSIS,

Red-hair'd *Galanthis*, one of mean descent,  
In all employments stoutly diligent,  
Beloved for her duty, doth misdoubt

- 310 Malicious *Juno*. Passing in and out,  
She saw the Goddess on the Altar sit;  
Her arms about her knees her fingers knit.  
Whate're you be, rejoice with us, she said;  
Joyful *Alcmena* hath her belly laid.  
The Goddess ruling childbirth, starting, rose;
- 315 And parting her link'd fingers, eas'd my Throes.

They say, *Galanthis* laugh'd at this deceit:  
VVhom straight the flouted Goddess, in a fret,  
Drags by the hair, not suffers her to rise.

- 320 Forthwith her arms convert to legs and thighs.  
Agility and colour still abide;  
Her shape transform'd. In that her Mouth supply'd  
Help to that child-birth, at her Mouth she bears:  
Nor now our still-frequented houses fears.
- 325 This said, she sighs for her old servant's sake:  
To whom her Daughter, likewise sighing, spake.

You, Mother, sorrow for no kindreds tate.  
But what if I the wondrous change relate  
Of my poor Sister? Tears and sorrow seize  
My troubled speech. Of all th'*Oealides*,

- 330 For form few might with *Dryope* compare;  
The only child her dying mother bare:  
I born by a second Wife. Her Virgin-flow'r  
Being gath'red by that over-mastring pow'r,  
VVho in *Delos* and in *Delphos* doth reide;

*Andromon* weds her, happy in his Bride.

- 335 A Lake there is, which shelving borders bound,  
Much like a shoar, with fragrant Myrtles crown'd.  
Hither came simple *Dryope*, and (what more  
Afflicts me) to those Nymphs she garlands bore.  
Her arms her Child, a pleasing burthen, hold;

- 340 VVho suckt her breasts, not yet a twelye-month old.  
Hard by the Lake a flow'ry Lotus grew,  
(Expecting berries) of a crimson hue.

Thence pulling flowers, she gave them to her Son  
To play withal: so was I like t'have done;

- 345 For I was there. I saw the bloud descend  
From dropping twigs, the boughs with horror bend  
And heard, too late, *Loris* a Nymph, who fled  
From lustful *Priapus*, to quit her dread,

Affum'd this shape, her name of *Lotus* kept.  
 350 My Sister, this not knowing, backward stept,  
 And would depart, as soon as she had pray'd.  
 But roots her feet, for all her struggling, stay'd;  
 And only above ihe moves. The bark increast,  
 Ascending from the bottom to her breast.  
 This seen, she thought t'have tore her hair; but tears  
 Leaves from their twigs: her head green brauches bears.  
 The child *Amphisbus* (for his grandfather,  
*Eurytus*, did that name on him confer)  
 Now finds his Mother's breasts both stiff and dry.  
 360 I, a spectator of thy tragedy,  
 Dear Sister, had in me no power of aid.  
 Yet, as I could, thy growing trunk I stay'd,  
 Clung to thy spreading boughs, and wisht that I,  
 Intomb'd with thee, might in thy Lotus lye.  
 Behold, *Andramon* comes, with him her Sire,  
 365 (Both wretched) and for *Dryope* inquire.  
 VVhen I for *Dryope* the Lotus show'd,  
 They kisses on the yet warm wood bestow'd;  
 And, groveling on the ground, her roots imbrace.  
 Now all of thee, dear Sister, but thy face,  
 Th' incroaching habit of a Tree receives.  
 VVith tears she bathes her new-created leaves;  
 370 And, while she might, while yet a way remain'd:  
 For speaking passion, in this sort complain'd:  
 If credit to the wretched may be given,  
 I swear by all the Pow'rs above in Heaven,  
 I never this deserv'd. Without a sin:  
 I suffer: innocent my life hath been.  
 Or if I lye, may my green branches fade,  
 375 And, fell'd with axes, on the fire be laid.  
 This Infant from his dying Mother bear  
 To some kind Nurse: and often let him here:  
 Be fed with milk; oft in my shadow play.  
 Let him salute my tree; and sadly say,  
 (VVhen he can speak) This Lotus doth contain:  
 380 My dearest Mother. Let him still refrain  
 All Lakes; nor ever dare to touch a Flower:  
 But think that every tree insurines a Power.  
 Dear Husband, Sister, Father, all farewell.  
 If in your gentle hearts compassion dwell,  
 Suffer no ax to wound my tender boughs;  
 385 Nor on my leaves let hungry cattle browze.

## 180 METAMORPHOSIS,

- And since I cannot unto you decline,  
 Ascend to me, and joyn your lips to mine.  
 My little son, while I can, kis, advance.  
 But fate cuts off my failing utterance.
- For now the softer rind my neck ascends,  
 390 And round about my leafy top extends.  
 Remove your hands: without the help of those,  
 The wrapping bark my dying eyes will close.  
 She left to speak, and be. Yet human heat  
 In her chang'd body long retain'd a seat.
- 395 While *Iole* this story told, her eyes,  
 Fill'd with her tears, the kind *Alcmena* dries,  
 And weeps her self. Behold, a beter change  
 With joy defers this sorrow, nor less strange.  
 For *Iolaus*, twiee a youth, came in,
- 400 The doubtful Down now budding on his chin.  
 Fair *Hebe*, at her Husband's fute, on thee  
 This gift bestow'd. About to swear, that she  
 Would never give the like; wife *Themis* said,  
 Forbear; War raves in *Thebes* by discord sway'd;  
 And *Capaneus* but by *Jove* alone
- 405 Can be subdu'd. The Brothers then shall groan  
 With mutual wounds. The sacred Prophet, lost  
 In swallowing earth, alive shall see his Ghost.  
 His Son's red hands his Mother's life extract,  
 T' appease his Sire; a just, yet wicked fact.
- 410 Rapt from his home and senses, with th'affright  
 Of staring furies, and his mother's Sprite,  
 Until his Wife the fatal gold demands;  
 Her Husband murder'd by *Phegides* hands.  
 Then *Achelous* *Callirhoe*
- 415 Shall *Jove* importune, that her Infants may  
 Be turn'd to Men, and due revenge require  
 {As he, for his) of those who flew their Sire.  
 Her Pray'rs shall win consent from *Jove*; who then  
 Will bid thee make *Callirhoe*'s Children Men.  
 This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture sung.
- 420 Among the Gods a grudging murmur sprung,  
 Why they this gift should not to others give.  
*Aurora* for her Husband's age doth grieve:  
*Ceres* complains of *Jasias* hoary hair:  
*Vulcan* would *Erichtonius* youth repair:
- 425 And cares of time to come in *Venus* reign,  
 That her *Anchises* might wax young again.

All sue for some, seditious tumults grew,  
From Favour sprung ; which *Jove* doth thus subdue.

What mutter you ? or where is your respect ?

430 Think you, you can the power of Fate subdue ?  
Old *Jolans* was by Fate renew'd :

By fate *Callirhoe's* Babes shall be indu'd

With youth ; not by ambition, nor by war.

Even we, that you may better brook it, are

435 Prescrib'd by Fate : which could we change, not thus  
Should time make old our God-like *Aeacus* ;  
Eternal youth should *Rhadamanthus* crown ;  
Nor should our *Minos* lose his old renown,  
Despised now through age, who heretore  
With such a brave command his scepter bore.

440 These words of *Jove* the yielding Gods affwage ;  
Sith *Rhadamanthus* with age  
Decline ; and *Minoz*, whose youth's active flame  
Made mighty nations tremble at his name :  
Though now, in mind and body impotent,

445 *Miletus Deionides* ascent

T'his throne he fears, adorn'd with youth, and style  
Of *Phaebus* son : nor durst his fears exile.  
But thou, *Miletus*, of thy own accord  
Forsook'rt thy native home ; and now abord,  
Through deep *Aegean* seas to *Asia* cam'st

450 Building a Town which from thy self thou nam'st.  
He, as the Nymph *Cyanee*, (excellent  
For beauty) daughter to *Meander*, went  
Along his winding banks, comprest her there :  
Who *Byblis* at one birth with *Caunus* bare.

455 *Byblis* example lawless love reprobres,  
For *Byblis* her own Brother *Caunus* loves,  
Nor as a Sister should a Brother do.

She at the first no lustful Passion knew,  
Nor thought it sin him eagerly to kiss,

460 Nor by imbracing that she did amiss.

A shadow of false piety her beguiles.

Love by degrees corrupts. Her dress and smiles

She frames t' attract ; and to seem fair desires ;

And envies whomsoever she admires.

465 Yet knows not her disease : no wishes rise

In sighs as yet ; and yet within she tries.

She calls him Lord, the due of blond disclaim'd,

And would be *Byblis*, and not Sister, nam'd.

Nor

- Waking she durst not harbour in her breast  
 470 A wanton hope. But in dissolving rest  
 Her lover oft sh' enjoys ; her senses keep  
 A festival : yet blushes she in sleep.  
 Sleep fled ; long mute, her dream sh' again renews  
 By repetition : which she thus pursues.
- 475 Woe's me ! what boad these fantasies of night ?  
 If true, how wretched ! why should such delight ?  
 His heavy'nly form by envy is approv'd :  
 He might, if not my Brother, be belov'd ;  
 And merit my affections, (O too well)  
 If I were not his Sister : there's my hell.
- 480 While waking I endeavour no such ill.  
 May their bewitching dreams enchant me still.  
 No spy could blab that imitated joy.  
 O *Venus*, and withal, thou winged Boy,  
 What pleasure, what content had I that night !
- 485 How lay I all dissolved in delight !  
 With how much joy remembred ! short those joyes ;  
 And hasty night our happiness envies.  
 Would I could change this wretched name of mine :  
 Or he the interest in his blood resign.  
 How well, O *Cænus*, might our Father be.
- 490 A Father-in-Law, or to thy self, or me ?  
 O would to *Jove* we all in common held,  
 Except our birth ; though mine his birth excell'd.  
 Whom then (O fairest) wilt thou make a mother ?  
 How ill hath Nature linkt us to each other ?
- 495 Still must thou be my Brother. What I hate,  
 I only have. What then prognosticate  
 These flattering Visions ? what, in these extremes,  
 Can dreams avail ? or is there weight in dreams ?  
 The Gods forbid. Yet Gods their Sisters wed.
- 500 *Saturn* and *Ops* had both one womb and bed.  
 So *Tethis* with *Oceanus*, so *Jove*  
 Combines with *Juno* in eternal love.  
 Gods have peculiar laws : how dare I draw  
 From them examples, bound t' another law ?  
 Die, die, forbidden flames ; or let me die.
- 505 Then may my Brother kiss me when I lie  
 On fable herie. Besides, the joint consent  
 This craves of two. Say, it should me content :  
 He may abhor it. Yet th' *Æolides*  
 Imbraced theirs. Whence sprung such proofs as these ?

O whi-

- 510 O, whither wrapt? You wicked flames, remove.  
 A Brother, as befits a Sister, love.  
 Yet should he first affect, perhaps I then  
 His love might cherish, and affect agen.  
 Then shall I, who would not his sute reject,
- 515 Sue first? What, canst thou speak? thy thoughts detect,  
 I can: Love prompts. If shame my speech suppres,  
 Yet Letters may my hidden flames confess.  
 This pleas'd her, and a little satisfy'd  
 Her doubtful mind. When, rais'd on her left side,  
 And leaning on her elbow, Hap what may;
- 520 We will (said she) our frantick love display.  
 O, whither slide I? O, what flames excite.  
 These thoughts? Then fits she trembling hands towrit  
 (One holds the wax, the style the other guides)  
 Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides;
- 525 Notes, razes, changes oft, dislikes, approves;  
 Throws all aside, resumes what she removes.  
 Her will she knows not, no composure brooks.  
 Soft shame and impudence strive in her looks.  
 She had writ Sister: that, as most unfit,
- 530 Defac'd, she took the tables, and thus writ.  
 Health to her only Love that Lover sends,  
 Whose health alone upon your love depends.  
 To tell you who I am, alas! I shame.  
 If you would know my sute; without a name  
 O let me plead, nor be for *Byblis* known,
- 535 Until my hopes be to assurance grown.  
 Pale colour, leanness; routhful looks, wet eyes,  
 Long sighs, which from concealed passion rise,  
 Frequent imbracements, and (if you so much  
 Observed) kisses of too hot a touch
- 540 To sute a Sister's coldness; these exprest  
 The deep distemper of my wounded breast.  
 And yet, although my soul the wound sustain'd,  
 Although in me a fiery fury reign'd,  
 Heav'n's witness, that I might at length be well,  
 I try'd the utmost, striving to repel.  
 The violent darts of *Cupid*; and far more
- 545 Than you would think a Woman could, I bore.  
 Against my will, I now become your slave;  
 And with afflicted language pity crave.  
 You may preserve, you only can undo:  
 Chuse which you will. Nor sues a foe to you.

550 But one who, near alli'd, would nearer join,  
And in a stricter league of love combine.  
Let old men know what's lawful, good, or ill ;  
And to their frosty rules subject their will.

Rash *Venus* fits our years. Yet know not we

555 Intangling Laws : let us think all things free,  
And imitate the Gods. Paternal awe,  
Respect of fame, nor fear can us withdraw,  
If once the cause of fear be laid aside,  
Our easie stealths a Brother's name will hide.

We may in private talk ; converse and kiss,

560 Whoever by. What wants to crown our bliss ?  
O pity me, who have my love confess ;  
(But would not, had not utmost ardour prest).  
Let thy remor selets cruelty be read  
Upon my monument, when I am dead.

565 The wax thus fill'd with her successles wit,  
She verses in the utmost margent writ ;  
Then seals her shame : her parched tongue deni'd  
To wet her gem ; which weeping eyes suppli'd  
Then, blushing, calls a servant of known trutl,

570 And flattering him awhile, said, Friend thou must  
See these with care and secrecy convey'd  
To my —— there paus'd, and after, Brother, said.  
In their delivery the tables fell :  
She at that Omen starts, yet bids farewell.

The wary messenger attends his time,

And gives to *Caunes* her infolded crime.

575 Amaz'd *Meandrius* high in choler grew,  
And on the ground the half-read tables threw.  
About to strike : Thou wicked instrument  
Of horrid lust, said he, by flight prevent  
My sword's revenge : but that our infamy  
Thy death would publish, villain, thou shouldest die.  
He, frighted, flies ; and to his mistress bears

580 The wrath of *Caunes*. *Byblis* quaking hears  
Her sad repulse : a death-resembling cold  
Besieg'd her heart, and vital heat controll'd.  
Yet, with her soul, her frantick love returns ;

585 Who, with scarce-moving lips, thus softly mounrs.  
And worthily. Why, O too rash ! have I  
Disclos'd this wound ? affections secrecie  
Who would so soon to heady lines commit?  
First, with ambiguous words it had been fit

- 590 T'have felt his thoughts, and train'd him to pursue.  
I should have noted how the weather grew ;  
And chosen a safe sea : but now my fails  
Swell desperately with rough untried gales.  
Now born on crushing Rocks, the floods o're-bear  
595 My sinking Bark ; nor can I backward steer.  
Could not that Omen check the cherisht scope  
Of my desires, when, with my blasted hope,  
The tables fell ? should I not have assign'd  
Another day, or wholly chang'd my mind ?  
600 O no, the day. Heav'n warned me by sad,  
By sure, prefages ; had I not been mad.  
My self, before my letters, should have fid'd,  
And lively love exprest : he shoud have view'd  
My moving tears, a Lover's pleading eyes.  
605 More could I've spoke than letters can comprise.  
About his neck my arms I might have wound ;  
And, had he cast me off, appear'd to fwond ;  
Clung to his feet, and groveling, life implore.  
This passion might I've acted and much more :  
Whereof though each particular had fail'd ;  
610 Yet all together joyn'd might have prevail'd.  
Perhaps the blame-deserving messenger  
In choice of time, or circumstance, did err ;  
Took him not when his mind was pleas'd and free.  
This wrackt my hopes. For of no Figreis he,  
Nor Lionnes was born : his gentle breast  
615 Rough flint, hard steel, nor adamant invest.  
He must be won ; no sowl repulse shall make  
My sute surcease, till life my breast for sake.  
The best, if what is done were to begin,  
620 Is not t' attempt ; next, what w'attempt, to win.  
For never would he, though I should o'reway  
My strong desires, forgot this lewd aslay.  
Desisting, would condemn my love for light ;  
Or that I tri'd t' intrap him by this slight.  
It may be thought, that brutish lust did move  
These ecstasies ; and not the God of love.  
625 Nor can I but have had a wicked mind ;  
I made a motion, which my hand hath sign'd.  
No giving back can make me innocent ;  
Nought can I add to sin, much to content.  
630 This said ; one thought another doth controul :  
So great a discord wracks her wavering soul.

Dif-

What she dislikes, she acts: unsatisfi'd,  
She oft attempteth, to be oft deni'd.

This seen, he flies his country for her crime;

635 And builds a City in a foreign clime.

When woful *Byblis*, raving through despair,  
Her garments from her bruised bosom tare,  
Striking her arms through fury, and proclaims  
In high distraction her incestuous flames.

640 Hopeless, her hated mansion she eschews,  
And frantickly her brothers flight purfues.

And as *Ismarian Bacchanals*, great son  
Of *Semele*, struck with thy Thyrus, run  
In thy Triennials: so *Bubasian Dames*

Saw howling *Byblis* hurrying o're their plains.

645 From these she wander'd through the *Carian* bounds,  
The warlike *Leuges*, and *Lycian* grounds;  
*Cragus*, *Lymira's* streams, the silver waves  
Of *Xanthus* past; and where *Chimera* raves  
On craggy Rocks, with Lion's face and main,  
A Goats rough body, and a Serpent's train.

650 The Woods were past; when thou, O *Byblis*, faint  
With long pursuit, and passion's strong constraint,  
Sunk' st down, thy ruffled hair on earth displaid,  
Thy face upon the wither'd leaves low laid.  
The kind *Legean Nymphs* oft in their arms  
Attempt to raise her, and with powerful charms

655 Of counsel strive to cure her love-sick mind,  
Which at her deafnd heart no entrance find.  
She, grasping the green rushes, silent lies,  
And bathes them in the rivers of her eyes.  
The *Naiades* thrust under these a Spring:  
Their bounty could not give a greater thing.

660 As pitch distilleth from the bark's black wound;  
As stiff Bitumen issues from the ground;  
As floods, which frosts in Icy fetters bind,  
Thaw with th' approaching Sun, and Southern wind:  
Even so *Phaeian Byblis*, spent in tears,

665 Becomes a living fountain, which yet bears  
Her name; and under a black Holm, that grows  
In those rank vallys, plentifully flows.

The fame of this so wonderful a fate  
Had fill'd Crete's hundred Cities; if of late  
The change of *Iphis*, generally known,  
Had not produc'd a wonder of their own.

- 670 For *Phæstus*, near to *Gnossus*, fostered  
 One *Lycus*, of un-noted parents bred ;  
 However free. Nor did his wealth exceed  
 His parentage : yet both in word and deed  
 Sincere he was, and of a blameless life.
- 675 Who thus bespake his now down-lying Wife :  
 Two things I wish : that you your belly lay  
 With little pain ; and that it prove a boy.  
 A daughter is too chargeable, and we  
 Too poor to match her. If a girl it be,
- 680 I charge, what I abhor, (O Piety,  
 Forgive me) that, as soon as born, it die.  
 This having utter'd, the Commanded wept  
 And the Commander ; tears no measure kept.  
 Yet *Teletbusa* still, with fruitless pray'r,  
 Defires he would not in the Gods despair.
- 685 But he was constant. Now her time was come,  
 And the ripe burthen stretcht her heavy womb :  
 When *Inachis*, with all her sacred band,  
 In dead of night, or stood, or seem'd to stand  
 Besides her bed. Her brows a crown adorns,
- 690 With ears of shining corn, and *Cynthian* horns.  
 Barking *Anubis*, and *Bubastis* bright,  
 Black *Apis* spotted variously with white,  
 He whose mouth-sealing finger silence taught,  
 Timbrels, *Osrus* never enough sought,
- 695 And foreign Serpents, whose dire touch constrain  
 A deadly slumber, consummate her train.  
 Then (as if seen awake) the Goddess said :  
 My *Teletbusa*, be not thus dismaid ;  
 Reject these cares, thy husband disobey,
- 700 And when *Lucina* shall thy belly lay,  
 Foster what e're it be. A Deity  
 Auxiliary to Distress am I,  
 Ready to help, and easily implor'd :  
 Nor shall it grieve thee that thou hast ador'd  
 Ungrateful *Iris*. This admonished,
- 705 She leaves the room. When, rising in her bed,  
 Her hands to heaven glad *Teletbusa* threw ;  
 And humbly prays her vision may prove true.
- 710 Increasing throes at length a girl disclos'd,  
 Both by the father and the world suppos'd  
 To be a boy, so closely hid ; and known  
 But to the mother, and the nurse alone.

## 188 METAMORPHOSIS,

- He pays his vows, and by his Father's name  
 710 It *Iphis* calls. This name rejoic'd the dame,  
 To each sex common, now deceiv'd thereby,  
 She still with pious fraud conceals her lie.  
 A boy it was in show; whose looks assign  
 715 ~~to~~ boy or girl, love would in either shine.  
 At thirteen years her father her affy'd  
 To yellow-trest *Janthe*: she the pride  
 Of *Phaistian* virgins far unequal'd fair,  
*Thelestes* daughter, and his only heir.  
 Like young they were, like fair, together bred,  
 720 Inform'd alike, alike accomplished.  
 Love's darts at once their simple bosoms strike;  
 Alike their wounds: their hopes, O! far unlike.  
 The day th' expect. *Janthe* thought time ran  
 Too slow, and takes her *Iphis* for a man.  
 725 Poor *Iphis* loves, despairs; despair ejects  
 Far fiercer flames: a maid, a maid affects.  
 What will become of me, (she weeping said)  
 730 Whom new, unknown, prodigious loves invade?  
 If pitiful, the Gods should me have stroy'd:  
 Or else have giv'n what might have been injoy'd.  
 No Cow a Cow, no Mare a mare purifies;  
 But Harts their gentle Hinds, and Ruminant Ewes:  
 735 So Birds together pair. Of all that move,  
 No female fuffers for a female love.  
 O would I had no being! Yet, that all  
 Abhor'd by Nature might in Crest befall;  
 Sol's lust-incensed daughter lov'd a Bull,  
 But male and female they'd may love more fell  
 Of uncouth fury. For she pleas'd her blood,  
 740 And stood his errour in a Cave of wood.  
 She, for her craft, had an adulterer.  
 Should all the world their subtle wits confer,  
 Should *Dedalus* his wiser wings renew,  
 And hither fie, what could his cunning do?  
 Can Art convert a Virgin to a Boy?  
 745 Or fit *Janthe* for a maiden's joy?  
 No, fix thy mind; compose thy fond desires:  
 O quench these ill-advis'd and foolish fires.  
 Think of thy sex; do not thy self abuse:  
 What may be, seek; and love, as females use.  
 750 Hope wings desire, hope *Cupid*'s flight sustains:  
 Thy Sex thou hope denies. No watch restrains

Our dear imbrace, no husband's jealousies,  
 No rigorous Sires; nor she her self denies:  
 Yet not to be enjoy'd. Nor canst thou be  
 Happy in her, though men and Gods agree.  
 Now also all to my desires accord.  
 What they can give, the eatie Gods afford.  
 What I desire, my father and hers doth please.  
 But nature croffeth, stronger than all these.  
 She, she forbids. That day begins to shine,  
 (Long wisht) wherein *Jantbe* must be mine:  
 And yet not mine. Of mortals most accurst!  
 I starve at feasts, and in the River thirst.  
*Inno*, and *Hymen*, wherefore are you come?  
 We both are Brides; but where is the Bride-groom?  
 Here ends she. Nor less burns the other Maid;  
 Who, *Hymen*, for thy swift appearance pray'd.  
 Yet *Telethusa* fears what she affects,  
 Protracting time; oft want of health objects;  
 Ill-boading dreams and auguries oft feigns.  
 But now no colour for excuse remains:  
 Their nuptial rites, put off with such delay,  
 Were to be solemniz'd the following day.  
 When she unbinds hers and her daughter's hair;  
 And, holding by the Altar, form'd this pray'r;  
*Isis*, who *Paratonium, Pharos* Isle,  
 Smooth *Mareotis*, and seven-chanell'd *Nile*,  
 Clear it with thy presence, thy poor suppliants hear:  
 O help in these extreams, and cure our fear.  
 Thee Goddess, thee of old, these ensigns, I  
 Have seen, and know; thy lamps, attendancy,  
 And sounding Timbrels; and have thee obey'd.  
 To me impanitie, life to this Maid,  
 Thy saving counsel gave: to both renew  
 Thy timely pity. Tears her words pursue.  
 The Goddess shakes her Altar; when the gate  
 Shook on the hinges: horns, that imitate  
 The waxing Moon's, through all the Temple flung  
 A sacred splendour: noiseful Timbrels rung.  
 The mother, glad of this successful sign,  
 Though not secure, returns from *Isis* Shrine.  
 Her *Iphis* follows, with a larger pace  
 Than usual; nor had so white a face.  
 Her strength augments; her look more bold appears;  
 Her shorthed curls scarce hang bencath her ears.

She's

## 190 METAMORPHOSIS.

She's far more full of courage, rapt with joy :  
 For though of late a Wench, she's now a Boy.  
 Gifts to the Templeborn, they *so* sing :  
 With joy their gifts they to the Temple bring ;  
 And add a title, in one verse display'd :

795 What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he payd.

The Morning Night dismasks with welcome flame ;  
 When *Juno*, *Venus*, and free *Hymen* came  
 To grace their marriage ; who, with gifts divine,  
*Iphis* the Boy to his *Iantke* joyn.

OVID'S



# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## THE TENTH BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Fear turns a Man to flint. Lethæas blame  
 Olenus bears, now Stones, their shapes the same.  
 Vext Cybele, to Pine her Atys turns.  
 Sweet Cyparissius in a Cypress mourns.  
 Enamour'd Jove an Eagles wings displays ;  
 And lovely Ganymede to Heaven conveys.  
 Slain Hyacinthus sighs in his new Flower.  
 The cruel Sacrificers by the power  
 Of Venus turn'd to Bulls. The Prostitute,  
 To Stones. Pygmalion weds the living fruit  
 Of his rare Art. Erigone doth shine  
 In Heaven, converted to the Virgin Sign.  
 Myrrha, a weeping tree. Hippomenes  
 And Atalanta, Lions. Cyprides  
 (Inform'd by Mentha's change) her Paramour  
 Turns to a fair, but quickly fading, Flower.

**H**ence to the Cicones, through boundless skies,  
 In Saffron mantle, Hymenæus flies,  
 By Orpheus call'd ; but neither usual words,  
 Nor cheerful looks, nor happy signs affords.  
 The Torch his hand sustain'd, still sputtering rais'd  
 A sullen smoke ; though shaken, never blaz'd.  
 Th' event worse than the Omen. As this Bride  
 Troops with the Naiades by Hebrus side,

A Ser-

- 10 A Serpent bit her by the heel ; which forc't  
Life from her body, and nuptial ties divorc't.  
Which when the *Thracian* Poet had above  
Enough bewail'd, that his complaints might move  
The Shades below, by *Tenarus* he descends  
To *Stygian* clouds ; and his bold steps extends  
15 By airy Ghosts, departed Souls, that found  
A sepulture, through that unpleasant Ground,  
To *Pluto's* Court. When, having tun'd his strings,  
Thus to his harp the God-like Poet sings.
- You Powers that sway the World beneath the Earth,  
The last abode of all our human birth ;  
If we the truth without offence may tell ;
- 20 I come not hither to discover Hell,  
Nor bind that scolding Curr, who barking shakes  
About his triple brows *Medusa's* snakes.  
My Wife this journy urg'd. Who, by the tooth  
Of trod-on Viper, perisht in her youth.
- 25 I would, and strovēt' have born her los's : but LOVE  
Won in that strife, a God well known above ;  
Nor here, perhaps, unknown. If truly Fame  
Report old Rapes, you also felt his flame.  
By these obscure Abodes so full of dread,
- 30 By this huge *Chaos*, and deep silence spred  
Through your vast Empire, by these prayers of mine,  
*Eurydice's* too-hasty fate untwine.  
We are all yours : and after a short stay,  
Early or late, we all must run this way.
- Hither we throng, 'tis our last home assign'd ;
- 35 Th' eternal habitation of mankind.  
She, when her time by nature shall expire,  
Again is yours : I but her use desire.  
If fate deny me this, my second choice  
Is, here t' abide : in both our deaths rejoice.
- 40 While thus he sung, and struck the quavering strings,  
The bloudless Shadows wept ; no cheating Springs  
Tempt *Tantalus* ; *Ixion's* Wheel stood still ;  
Their Urn the *Belides* no longer fill ;  
The Vulturs feed not *Tyrtius* Liver on ;
- 45 And *Sisyphus* late listning on his Stone.  
The Furies, vanquisht by his verse, were seen  
To weep, that never wept before. Hell's Queen,  
The King of Darknes, yield t' his powerful plea.  
Among the late-come Souls, *Eurydice*

They

They call: she came, yet halting of her wound.  
50 *Orpheus* receives her thus: Till thou the bound  
Of pale *Avernus* pass, if back thou cast  
Thy careful eyes, thou lovest what thou hast.  
A steep ascent, dark, thick with fogs, they climb,  
Through everlasting Silence; by this time  
55 Approach the confines of illustrious Light.  
Fearing to lose her, and longing for a sight,  
His eyes th' impatient Lover backward threw:  
When she, back-sliding, presently withdrew.  
He catches at her, in his wits distraught;  
And yielding air for her (unhappy!) caught.  
60 Nor did she, dying again, her spouse reprove:  
For what could she complain of, but his love?  
But takes her last farewell: her parting breath  
Scarce reacht his ears, when she revolves to death.  
Her double loss sad *Orpheus* stupifi'd;  
65 With equal terror unto his, who spy'd  
Three-headed *Cerberus*; whom fear alone,  
Oppressing nature, turn'd into a stone.  
Or like *Olenus*, who, t' excuse his Wife,  
Accus'd himself, and taft his guiltless life:  
. With thee, *Lethas*, whose proud beauty late  
Drew on thy self and him a cursed fate:  
70 United bodies once; but for thy pride  
Now Marble starues on fount-fruitful *Ide*.  
He kindly (pressing to return) intreats  
The Ferry-man; who answers him with threats.  
Upon the banks seven days he late, forlorn  
And comfortless, all sorts of food forborn;  
75 Care, grief of mind, and tears, his only cheer:  
Calling the Gods of *Erebus* severe.  
At length to snowy *Rhodope* he hafts,  
And *Hæmus*, beaten with the northern blasts.  
Now *Titan* thrice had finished his years  
In watry *Pisces*: *Orpheus* still forbears  
80 The love of Women; or through bad success,  
Or former vows. Yet many ne'r the less  
Th' affected Poet seek; none him enjoys:  
He beauty first admir'd in hopeful boys.  
85 A Hill there was, a Plain upon that Hill,  
Which in a flowry mantle flourisht still;  
Yet wanted shade. Hither this God-born went,  
Sate down, and toucht his well tun'd Instrument.

- 90 A shade straight rose. Nor trees of *Chamomile*,  
 The Poplar, various Oaks that pierce the sky,  
 Soft Linden, smooth-rin'd Beech, unmarried Bayes,  
 The brittle Hazel, Ash, whose spears we praise,  
 Unknotty Firr, the solace shading Planes,
- 95 Rough Chesnuts, Maple fleet with different granes,  
 Stream-bordering Willow, Lotus loving Lakes,  
 Tough Box, whom never sappy spring forsakes,  
 The slender Tamatisk, with trees that bear  
 A purple fig, nor Myrtles absent were:  
 The wanton Ivy wreath'd in amorous twines,
- 100 Vines bearing grapes, and Elms supporting Vines,  
 Straight Service trees dropping Pitch, fruit red  
*Athnus*; these the rest accompan'ed.  
 With limber Palms, of Victory the prize:  
 And upright Pine, whose leaves like brittles rise:  
 Priz'd by the Mother of the Gods: for she
- 105 Her lust-stain'd *Atys* turn'd into that tree.
- The spire-like Cypres in this throng appears,  
 Of late a Boy: lov'd by that God who bears  
 The silver bow, and strikes the quavering strings,  
 Sacred to Nymphs that haunt *Carthage* Springs
- 110 A Stag there was; whose horns on high display'd  
 With spreading palms, afford his head a shade.  
 His antlers shone with gold; a carbuncle  
 His neck imbrac't with sparkling Diamonds set.  
 A silver bell upon his forehead hung
- 115 By silken strings, which every motion rung.  
 Round pearl, of equal size, from either ear  
 Hung on his cheeks: who, void of native fear,  
 Frequented houses: and well pleas'd, would stand  
 The gentle strokings of a strangers hand.
- This, *Cyparissus*, was thy only joy.
- 120 (Of all that *Cæa* bred, the fairest boy)  
 By thee full oft, to change of Pasture led:  
 To purling streams that part the ranker mead.  
 With various flowers now wouldest thou trick his hor  
 Now on his back (who no such burthen scorns)
- 125 About the spacious fields in pleasure ride;  
 And with a purple fein the willing guide.  
 'Twas Summer, and high noon: Dales burning eye  
 Made *Cancers* crooked claws with fervour fry.  
 Upon the ground the panting Hart was laid,
- 130 Cool air receiving from the spreading shade.

- 130 Whom silly *Cyparissus* wounds by chance :  
And seeing life pursue his tugg'd out lance,  
Resolves to die. What did not *Phæbus* say,  
That might a grief so slightly caus'd allay ?  
He answers him in sighs : this last good-turn  
135 Implores, That he might never cease to mourn.  
His bloud now shed in tears, a greenish hew  
His body dimis : the locks that dangling grew  
Upon his ivory forehead, bristling rise  
140 And pointing upward, seem to threat' the skies.  
When *Phæbus*, sighing : I for thee will mourn:  
Mourn thou for others: Herses still adorn.  
Such trees attracting ; and environ'd round  
With birds and beasts, upon the rising ground  
The Poet sits : who, having tun'd his strings  
145 Though dissonant, yet musical, thus sings.  
From *Jove*, O Muse, my Mother, draw my verse;  
All bow to *Jove*: *Jove's* power we oft rehearse.  
150 And late of Giants sung, in lofty strains,  
Foil'd by his thunder on *Phelegræan* plains.  
Now, in a lower tune, to lovely boyes  
Belov'd of Gods, turn we our softer laies:  
And Women well deserving punishment,  
On interdicted lust, with fury bent.  
155 Heavens King, young *Ganymed* inflames with love:  
There was what *Jove* would rather be than *Jove*:  
Yet daigns no other shape than hers that bears  
His awful lightning in her golden sears.  
Who forthwith stooping with deceitful wings,  
160 Truss'd up *Iliades* by *Ida*'s spring.  
Who now for *Jove* (though jealous *Juno* scouls)  
Delicious Nectar fills in flowing bowls.  
And *Amyclides*, thee in azure skies  
Had *Phæbus* fixt; if cruel Destinies  
Had not prevented: yet in some sort made  
Eternal. For, as oft as Springs invade  
165 Sharp Winters, and to *Aries Pisces* yields:  
So oft renew'd, thy Flower adorns the fields.  
My fathers love to thee did mans excel,  
Their president the *Delphians* mis, who dwell  
On round Earths navel: while the God of Beams,  
Haunts wall-less *Sparta*, and *Euotis* streams.  
170 Now, neither for his Harp, nor quiver, cares:  
Himself debaring, bears the corded shores.

## 196 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Or leads the Dogs; or clammers Mountains, led  
By Lordly Love, and flames by custom-fed.  
Now *Titan* bore his equal distant Light,  
175 Between forerunning and ensuing night:  
When lightned of their girmens, either shone  
With suppling oyl; in strife to throw the stone.  
This swinging through the air first *Phœbus* threw:  
The obvious clouds dispersing as it flew;  
180 On solid earth, though flying long, at length  
Descends; and shews his art-inabling strength.  
Th' imprudent Boy attempts with fatal hast  
To take it up; when Earth, by boundings, cast  
The stone, O *Hyacinthus*, at thy head.  
185 The Boy lookt pale; so lookt the God, who bled  
Even in his bleeding. Raised from the ground;  
He sought t' asswage, and dry the bitter wound.  
And would with herbs his flying soul have staid:  
That wound was cureless; art affords no aid.  
190 As Violets, or Lillies loving streams,  
Or Poppy, bruised in their yellow stems,  
Wither forthwith, and hang their heavy heads,  
Nor raise themselves, but bow to their first beds:  
So hung his dying looks, so oversway'd,  
His limber neck upon his shoulder laid.  
195 Sweet flower, said *Phœbus*, blasted in the prime  
Of thy fair youth: thy wound presents my crime.  
Thou art my grief and shame. This hand thy breath  
Hath crusht to air: I, author of thy death,  
200 Yet what my fault? unless t' have play'd with thee,  
Or lov'd thee, (O too well!) offences be.  
I would, sweet Boy, that I for thee might dye!  
Or dye with thee! but since the fates deny  
So dear a wish; thou shalt with me abide:  
And ever in my memory relide.  
205 Our Harp, and Verse, thy praises shall resound:  
And in thy Flower my sorrow shall be found.  
A valiant Hero shall, in time, to it  
Another add; and in the same be writ.  
While thus *Apollo* truly prophesy'd:  
Behold the bloud which late the grass had dy'd,  
210 Was now no bloud: from whence a flower full blown  
Far brighter than the Tyrian scarlet shone:  
Which seem'd the same, or did resemble right  
A Lilly: changing but the red to white.

Nor

- Nor so contented; (for the youth receiv'd  
 That grace from *Phæbus*) in the flower he weav'd  
 215 The sad impression of his sighs, which bears  
*Ai! Ai!* display'd in funeral Characters.  
 Nor shame to *Sparta* *Hyacinth* procures;  
 Whose adoration to this day endures:  
 For now, as then, they yearly celebrate  
 The *Hyacinthian* Feat in solemn State.
- 220 Perhaps if *Amathus* you ask, (whose earth  
 Abounds with metals) if she like the birth  
 Of her *Propriades*; she woul'd reply:  
 As well as theirs, for their impiety,  
 In former time, with monstrous horns defam'd:  
 Whereof they fitly were *Cerasta* nam'd.  
 Before their doors the tragick Altar stood  
 Of *Jove* the Hospitable; stain'd with blood  
 225 Of stranger guests. Who had this shambles seen,  
 Would think that blood the bloud of Calves had been:  
 A Guest new sacrific'd; fair *Cyprides*  
 Offended with such cruel Rites as these,  
 Her towns and *Ophiusa*'s fields prepares
- 230 T'abandon. Yet, said she, what guilt of theirs  
 In me so great a detestation breeds?  
 Rather with death reward such bloudy deeds;  
 Or exile: if from these extremes they 'scape,  
 What middle course, but to transform their shape?
- 235 When musing to what form, she cast her look  
 Upon the horned Herd; who from them took  
 A resolution so to arm their skulls:  
 And turns their mighty limbs to monstrous Bulls.  
 Yet durst th' obscene *Propriades* deny,  
 O *Venus*, thy all-ruling Deity.
- 240 The first that ever gave themselves for hire  
 To prostitution; urged by thy ire,  
 Their looks enboldned, modesty now gone,  
 Convert at length to little-differing Stone.
- Pygmalion* seeing these to spend their times  
 So beast-like; frightened with the many crimes.  
 245 That rule in Women; chose a single life:  
 And long forbore the pleasure of a Wife.  
 Meanwhile, in Ivory with happy art  
 A Statue carves, so graceful in each part,  
 As Woman never equall'd it: and stands  
 Affected to the fabrick of his hands.

- 250 It seem'd a virgin, full of living flame ;  
 That would have mov'd, if not with-held by shame.  
 Such Art his art conceal'd, which he admires :  
 And from it draws imaginary fires :  
 Then often feels it with his hands, to try
- 255 If 'twere a body, or cold Ivory.  
 Nor could resolve. VVho kissing, thought it kiss :  
 Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wrist ;  
 The flesh impressing (his conceit was such)  
 And fears to hurt it with too rude a touch.  
 Now flatters her ; now sparkling stones presents.
- 260 And Orient pearl (loves witching instruments)  
 Soft-singing birds, each several-colour'd flower,  
 First, Lillies, painted balls, and tears that pour  
 From weeping trees. Rich Robes, her perlon deck ;  
 Her fingers, rings ; reflecting gems, her neck ;
- 265 Pendants, her ears ; a glittering zone, her breast.  
 In all shew'd well ; but shew'd when naked, best.  
 Now lays he her upon a gorgeous bed :  
 VVith carpets of Sidonian purple spread.  
 Now calls her Wife. Her head a pillow prest
- 270 Now came the day of *Venus* Festival :  
 Through wealthy *Cyprus* solemniz'd by all.  
 White heifers, deckt with golden horns, by strokes  
 Of axes fall ; ascending incense smokes.  
 He, with his gift before the Altar stands ;
- 275 You Gods, if all we crave be in your hands,  
 Give me the Wife I wish : one like, he said,  
 But durst not say, give me my ivory Maid.  
 The golden *Venus*, present at her feast,  
 Conceives his wish ; and friendly sigos express.
- 280 The fire thrice blazing, thrice in flames aspires.  
 To his admired Image he retires :  
 Lies down besides her, rais'd her with his arm ;  
 Then kis'd her tempting lips, and found them warm.  
 That lesson oft repeats ; her bosom-oft
- 285 VVith amorous touches feels, and felt it soft.  
 The ivory dimpled with his fingers, lacks  
 Accustom'd hardness : as *Hymettia* VVax  
 Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce  
 To pliant forms, by handling fram'd for use.  
 Amaz'd with doubtful joys, and hope that reels ;  
 Again the Lover, what he wishes, feels.

- The veins beneath his thubbs impression beat:  
A perfect Virgin full of juice and heat.  
 90 The Cyprian Prince with joy-expressing words,  
The pleasure-giving *Venus* thanks affords.  
His lips to her he joyns, which seems to melt :  
The blushing Virgin now his kisses felt ;  
And fearfully erecting her fair eyes,  
Together with the light, her Lover spies.  
 95 *Venus* the marriage blest which she had made,  
And when nine Crescents had at full display'd  
Their joyning horns, replete with borrowed flame,  
She *Paphus* bore : who gave that Isle a name.  
He *Cinyras* begot : who might be styl'd  
Of men most happy, if without a child.  
 100 I sing of horror ! Daughters, far, O far  
From hence remove ! and you, who fathers are !  
Or if my winning verse your minds allure :  
Let them no credit in this part procure.  
Or if you will believe the same for true :  
Believe withal the judgments that ensue.  
 105 If nature could permit so foul a Crime :  
I joy for you, *Ismarians* ; for this Clime ;  
This World of ours ; so distant from that earth,  
That gave to such a cursed Monster birth.  
In Costus, Cinnamon, and Amomum,  
Rich let *Panchaias* be : let precious Gum  
Sweat from her trees ; affected flowers bring forth ;  
 110 So't *Myrrha* bear. No new tree of that worth.  
Cupid denies t' have us'd his darts therein :  
And vindicates his flames from such a sin.  
*Alecto*, with swoln snakes, and *Stygian* fire  
That fury rais'd. 'Tis sin to hate thy Sire :  
 115 This love, a greater. Princes their abodes  
Leave all in parts ; and for thee fall at odds :  
Of all, O *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one :  
So one of all be in that number none.  
She knew't : and striving, to her self thus spake :  
 120 Ah whither rapt ! what is't I undertake !  
O Gods : O piety ! divine respect  
Of Parents guard me : and this Sin eject :  
If so a sin it be. No piety  
Condemns such *Venus* ; Nature's common tie.  
 125 Horses their fillies back, fires Heifers bear ;  
Goats kids beget on those whose kids they were ;

- Birds of that seed conceive, whereof but late  
Conceiv'd themselves: nor they degenerate.  
Happy in this are those! but human care  
330 Hath fram'd malignant laws: and we who are  
By nature free, malicious customs bind.  
There is a Nation to their bloud more kind;  
VVhere sons their spothers, fathers daughters wed;  
Affection doubled by their birth and bed.  
Wo's me, that there I was not born! the place  
Makes this a crime. What thoughts are these! hence b<sup>37</sup>  
335 Hence wicked hopes. Though he all-worthy be:  
Yet, as a father, must be lov'd by thee.  
VVere I not daughter to great *Cyniras*;  
All I conceive in my desires might pass.  
Now, in that mine, not mine: proximity  
Disjoyns us; nearer, were we not so nigh.  
340 Hence would I fly by unreturning ways  
To shun this sin: dire Love my journy stays;  
To feast my hungry eyes with his dear sight,  
Talk, touch and kiss; or more, if more I might.  
O wicked Virgin, canst thou more propound?  
345 Know'it thou what laws and names thy lusts confound.  
Thy Father's VWhore! a Rival to thy Mother!  
Thy own Son's Sister! Mother to thy Brother!  
Now fear'it the *Furies* with their hissing hair,  
VVho on the faces of the guilty stare,  
350 VVith dreadful Torches! From thy soul exile  
This mischief, e're it actually defile.  
Nor with thy horrid lust infringe the law  
Of powerful Nature: but in time withdraw.  
VVould I, he would not: too too well inclin'd.  
355 O that like fury would inflame his mind!  
Thus she. But *Cyniras*, prest with the store  
Of worthy suitors who his voice implore;  
In his own choice irresolute, demands  
(Their names rehearsing) how her fancy stands.  
She thoughtful silent, gazing on his face,  
360 Flush't with inbosom'd flames, and wept apace.  
He, taking this for maiden fear; Defift  
From weeping, said: then dry'd her cheeks, and kist.  
This too much pleas'd her. Once more ask'd, who  
She best could like: reply'd, One, like to you,  
365 Be still, said he, so pious. At that name  
She hung the head, as conscious of her blamc.  
Twas

'Twas now the mid of night: when Sleep bestows  
On men, and on their cares, a sweet repose.  
But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with raging fires;  
370 Retracting her implacable desires.  
Despairs, hopes; will not, will; now shames, again +  
Delires; nor knows what course to take. As when  
A mighty Oak (now almost fell'd) his fall  
On each side threatens; and is fear'd on all:  
375 Even so her mind, impair'd with various wounds,  
VVaves to and fro; and changes still propounds.  
No mean, no cure, was left for love but death.  
Death pleas'd. Resolv'd to ehoak her hated breath.  
Up-starting, to a beam her girdle ties.  
380 Dear *Ciniras*, farewell, (she softly cries)  
And of my ruin understand the cause.  
That said, the noose about her neck she draws.  
Her wakeful Nurses faithful ears, they say,  
A whispering heard, who in the Lobby lay;  
Straight rose; unlockt the doors; the instrument  
385 Of death beholding, screecht: - together rent  
Her hair and bosome: and, with trembling haste,  
The girdle from her pallid neck displac't.  
Now had she time to weep, t' imbrace her Care:  
And ask the cause of such accurs'd despair.  
She, silent, fixes on the earth her eyes:  
390 And grieves at death's prevented enterprize.  
Bating her hoary hairs and empty breast,  
The Nurse, by her first food, and cradle, pres'r  
Her griefs disclosure. *Myrrha* turns aside,  
And sighs. The Nurse wou'd not be so deny'd.  
395 Nor only promis'd secrecy, but said,  
Tell me, my child, and entertain my aid.  
My old-age is not fruitless: charms have we,  
And powerful med'cines, if it fury be:  
If witchcraft, magick shall thy torments ease:  
If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appease  
400 With sacrifice. VVhat can be else surmis'd,  
Thy fortunes by incursions unsurpris'd;  
Thy mother, and thy father, well; that name  
Drew from her soul a sigh, that scortht like flame:  
Nor in the Nurse did this suspicion move  
Of such a Crime: and yet she saw 'twas Love.  
405 Importunate to know what least the seats,  
Laid in her lap now watred with her tears.

Sh' infolds her in her feeble arms, and said ;  
I know thou lov'st : wherein (nor be afraid)  
Thou maist on my sedulity rely :

Nor shall thy father ever this descry.

410 At that, in fury from her lap she sprung ;  
Then on the bed her prostrate body flung :  
Muffling her guilty looks : Be gone, she said,  
And spare the blushes of a wretched Maid.  
Still urg'd : Be gone, repli'd ; or else forbear  
To inquire of that which is a sin to hear.

The Nurse lost in a maz : her hands with years  
415 And terror trembling (kneeling to her) rears :

Now speaks her fair, now threatens to disclose  
(Unless she made her privy to her woes)  
Her purpos'd violence : and vowes to prove  
Both secret, and assistant to her love.

At that, her head she rais'd ; her Nurses brest

420 With weeping bathes : oft stroye to have confess'd ;  
As oft with-held : at length she hid her head ;  
And said, Q Mother, happy in thy bed !  
There ends : then groans. The Nurie cold horrour shook ;  
Now too much knowing : with a ghastly look,

425 Her hoary hair star'd on her head : Who said,  
What not, that might so foul a lust dissuade.  
The Virgin could not such a truth deny :  
But stands resolv'd, or to possess or die.

Love, said she, and possest (there stopt, as loth)

430 To say ; thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.

Now Matrons celebrate the yearly Feast

Of Ceres ; whom long linen stoles invest :  
And offer garlands of their first ripe corn ;  
Forbidden Venus for nine nights forborn,

435 And touch of man. In sparles ornaments,  
With these, the Queen her secret Rites frequents,  
Lying alone the lewdly diligent

Both Cinyras, o're-charged with Wine, present  
With proffer of true love, though falsely maskt :

440 And prais'd her beauty. Of what age being askt ?  
Of equal age with Myrrha, she replies.

When bid to bring her : home in hast she highes ;  
Rejoyce, said she, I bring the victory.

Th' unhappy Virgin felt but little joy ;  
Such ill success her troubled Soul divin'd ;

445 And yet she joy'd : such discord rackt her mind.

Now

- Now silence over all the world did reign :  
And slow *Bootes* had declin'd his Wain.  
(To sin addrest) from heaven bright *Cynthia* flies ; :  
Stars shroud their heads in clouds : Night lost her eyes.
- 450 *Erigone, Icarus*, first remove :  
She plac'd in Heaven for her paternal love .  
Thrice stumbled she ; the funeral Owl thrice rent  
The air with ominous shrecks : yet on she went :  
By pitchy night, of modesty bereft,
- 455 Her Nurſe right hand holding with her left,  
And groping with the other hand, explores :  
Her blind access. Now came ſhe to the doors  
Of that dire chamber ; now the way to ſin.  
She boldly opens ; and now enters in.
- Yet bloud and courage her at once forſook ;  
Her knees, unknitting, one another strook ;  
460 The nearneſt to her crime removes deſire :  
Who now repents, and would unknown retire.  
Protracting, by the hand the Nurſe her led ;  
And, having rendred her unto his bed : :  
Here *Cinyras*, ſaid ſhe, receive thine own ,  
And joins their cursed bosoms. He unknown ,
- 465 His bowels to his bed affumes : and chears  
With comfortable words her maiden fears :  
By chance he call'd her daughter, (being old )  
And ſhe him father : that their names might hold .  
Now his incestuous bed his daughter leaves ,  
With wicked ſeed her cursed womb conceives :
- 470 Who bears about the burthen of her shame :  
Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the fame .  
When *Cinyras* who longs to ſee his Lover ,  
So oft imbrac't ; did with a light discover  
His ſin, and daughter. Sorrow not a word .
- 475 Could utter : be unsheathes his shining ſword .  
She ſwiftly flies : whom nights black shelter shields  
From threatening death ; and strayes through ſpacions  
Palm-clad *Arabis*, and *Panchara* paſt ; (fields .  
Now having wandred by nine Moons, at laſt .
- 480 Reſt to her weary limbs *Sabaea* gave .  
Charg'd with her womb ; not knowing what to crave ;  
Between the hate of life, and fear of death,  
These thoughts ſhe utters with her fainting breath .  
You Powers ! If Penitency pierce your ear ,  
I have deserved, nor refufe to hear ,

Yours

- 485 Your just afflictions: yet left I prophane  
 Or those who live, or who in death remain,  
 O banish me from either Monarchy,  
 That, chang'd by you, I may not live, nor dye.  
 Confession some coelestial pity found,  
 Those wishes had their Gods. Even then the ground
- 490 Cover'd her legs: a downward spreading root  
 Burst from her toes; whose ever-fixing foot  
 Sustain'd the lengthful bote. Bones turn to wood,  
 To pith her marrow, into sap her bloud:  
 Her arms great branches grow, her fingers spine  
 To little twigs; her skin converts to rime.
- 495 Now her big womb the rising tree possest,  
 Her bosom folds, and now her neck opprest:  
 VVhen she, delay ill-brooking, downward shrunk  
 And vales her vilage in the closing trunk.  
 Though sense, with shape, she lost; still weeping, she
- 500 Sheds bitter tears, which tricke from her tree:  
 Tears of high honour; these their Mistres name  
 As yet preserve, and still shall bear the fame.  
 This ill-got Infant, now at perfect growth  
 VVithin the tree, endeavours to get forth.
- 505 The strict embracing bark her belly wrung,  
 VVith torment stretcht: nor had that grief a tongue:  
 Nor could she call *Lucina* to her throws:  
 And yet the tree like one in labour shous;  
 Bows down with pains, and groans, and weeps a floud.
- 510 *Lucina* by her trembling branches stood;  
 Her hand impo'd, and uttered powerful words.  
 The yawning tree the crying Babe affords  
 A passage; whom those Nymphs receive with joy.  
 And in his mothers tears anoint the Boy.
- 515 Nor e-vy could but praise his beauty: so  
 The naked *Cupids*, lively painted, show.  
 But, lest their habit some distinction make,  
 A quiver give, or his from *Cupid* take.  
 Time glides away with undiscovered hast,
- 520 And mocks our hopes: no wings can fly so fast.  
 He, whom his sister bore, his Grandfiers son,  
 Late trees-inclos'd, who lately life begin,  
 But now a most sweet Infant, now as rare  
 A Boy, now Man, now than himself more fair,  
 And now on *Venus* for his mothers fires  
 Revenge inflicts: who dotingly admires,

- 525 For kist by quiver-bearing *Love*, his dart  
 By fortune raz'd her tender breast ; with sinart  
 Incenst, she thrust him from her, nor then found  
 The wounds deceitful death, yet deep the wound.  
 Net now *Cythera* could the Lover please ;
- 530 Nor *Paphos*, grasped with refulting Seas.  
 High *Cnidos*, *Amathus*, renown'd for bras,  
 Nor heaven frequents ; her heaven *Adonis* was.  
 Him woos, accompanies, besides him lies  
 In grateful shades, and strives to please his eyes.  
 Now like *Diana* she her self attires ; (Brics :—
- 535 And trips o're Hills and Rocks, through Brakes and  
 Hollows the Hound ; pursuing beasts of chase,  
 Bucks, high-korn'd Harts, and Harts who fly apace ;
- 540 But rapeful Wolves, rough Bears, fell Boars eschews ;  
 And Lions, whom the bloud of Beeves imbrues.  
 And thee, *Adonis*, her misdoubts diswade  
 From such encounters ; had they been obey'd.  
 Who flie, said she, be bold in following those :  
 Valour unsafely copes with valiant foes.
- 545 Sweet Boy ! subject not me to fortunes stroke,  
 Nor cruel beasts by nature arm'd provoke,  
 For fear such glory but too costly prove.  
 Thy youth and beauty, though they *Venus* move,  
 Nor bristled Swine, nor shaggy Lion touch :  
 Pity ne'r pierc'd the eyes nor hearts of such.
- 550 Boars, in their crooked tushes lightning have :  
 And Lions with impetuous fury rave.  
 I hate them. Asked, why ? We will relate  
 Old crimes, said she, and wonder-striking fate.  
 But now unusual toil my strength invades :
- 555 And lo, yon' Poplar courts us with her shades,  
 The grafs affords a bed : There let us rest.  
 When, lying down, the grafs and him she prest.  
 Her head now in her Lovers bosom laid :  
 Thus (words with kisses intermixing) said :
- 560 Perhaps you of a Maid have heard, who wan  
 The Prize in running from the swiftest Man.  
 'Tis true, She won indeed : nor could you tell  
 Whether her speed or beauty did excel.  
 Enquiring of an husband, this reply
- 565 *Apollo* gave. The use of husband flie,  
 O *Alas !* yet thou shalt vainly strive  
 Against thy fate, and lose thy self alive.

Frighted

Frighted herewith in shady woods she lives :  
And troops of pressing Sutors from her drives  
With this reply : Except out-run I be,

570 I am a Wife for no man ; Run with me.

My bed and I, are both the winners need :  
The tardy dies. Upon this law proceed.

She, cruel : yet so powerful was her look,  
That many a youth the peril undertook.

575 *Hippomenes* beheld this tragick strife.

Will any through such danger seek a Wife ?

(Said he) and taxt their follies that purſu'd.

But when her face and naked form he view'd :  
Such as is mine ; or thine, wert thou a Maid :

580 Amaz'd ! with hands up-heav'd, Forgive (he said)

Q you whom late I blam'd ! not then I knew

The prizes worth. Love still by praising grew :

Who wishes now that none might run so fast :

Envies and fears : Why linger I, nor haste

585 (Said he) to try my fortune ? Gods still aid

Th' adventurous. VVhile this in thought he said ;

The Virgin with a winged pace past by ;

Though seeming to th' *Aonian* Youth to fly

As swift as *Scythian* shafts ; her form he more

590 Admires ; by motion lovelier than before.

The wind reverberates her ancles wings,

And whisks her ham-bound buskins purple strings,

Tossing her hair, on Ivory shoulders spread.

Her pure white body so receives the red,

595 As when carnation curtains are displai'd

On pure white walls, and die them with their shade.

VVhile this the stranger view'd, the face was run;

And *Atalanta*'s brows the Garland won.

The vanquisht sigh, and pay their forfeiture.

600 Nor could so sad success his fear procure :

VVho rose ; and fixing on the Maid his eyes ;

VVhy seek you praise by easie victories ?

Contend with us : if we obtain the Bays,

Our victory will not eclipse your praise.

605 *Megareus* me begot, *Onchestius* blood ;

He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the sacred flood :

Nor we degenerate. My foil your name

VVill honour ; and immortalize your fame.

This while, a well-pleas'd eye he on him threw :

610 Nor knows her wish ; to lose, or to subduc

VVhat

- What God, a Foe to beauty, would destroy  
 This Youth, said she, who seeks my bed t' enjoy  
 With his lifes forfeiture? If I may be  
 The Judge, there is not so much worth in me.  
 Nor is't this beauty moves, thought it might move,  
 615 But that a Boy. We pity, and not love.  
 Besides, his courage, and contempt of death!  
 Who from great *Neptunes* son derives his birth?  
 And then, his love; content to part with life,  
 If harder fate deny me for his Wife!
- 620 Be gone, O stranger; shun my bloody bed,  
 While yet thou mai'st: this match will lose thy head.  
 No Virgin is there who would not be thine:  
 And such would seek, whose lustres darken mine.  
 Yet why regard I him, so many slain?  
 Look to thy self, or perish, since in vain  
 Admonish'd by such numbers, whom this strife  
 625 Hath sent to death, Th' art weary of thy life.  
 And must he die, because he'd live with me?  
 Must death, adventurous love, thy wages be?  
 This murther will our victory defame  
 And purchase hate; yet am not I in blame.  
 O would thou wouldst desist, and danger shun!  
 630 Or since so mad, would thou couldst fafter run!  
 How Boy and Virgin glory in his face!  
 O poor *Hippomenes*! O would this place  
 Th' hadst never seen! thou well deserv'it to live.  
 Were I more happy, and hard fate would give  
 Me leave to marry; thou art He alone,  
 635 To whom my bed, and beauties should be known.  
 Thus she, who raw, and pierc'd with loves first touch,  
 Errs in her thoughts; and loves; nor knew so much.  
 Now King and People call upon the Race;  
 When *Neptune's* Issue thus implor'd thy grace.
- 640 O *Venus*, favour my attempts, he said,  
 And those affections, which you gave me, aid!  
 This friendly winds convey'd unto my ear:  
 I pity, and no longer help forbear.  
 A field there is, so fertile none, through all  
 645 Rich *Cyprus*; which they *Damascenus* call.  
 Antiquity this to my honour vow'd;  
 And therewithal my Temples had indow'd.  
 A Tree there flourisht on that pregnant mold,  
 Whose glittering leaves, and branches, shone with gold;

There

## 208. METAMORPHOSIS,

Three golden Apples, gathered from that tree,  
 650 By chance I brought: and, so as none could see,  
 Himself excepted, to *Hippomenes*,  
 Together with their use, deliver'd these.

The trumpets sound. Both from the Barrier start,  
 Whose nimble steps scarce touch earth's upper-part.  
 Their feet unweary, the sea might well have born:

659 Or unsupprest stalks of standing corn.  
 Favour and Clamour, joining in remorse,  
 The youth thus hearten: now thy speed enforce,  
 Make hast, *Hippomenes*, delay decline,  
 Collect thy powers: the victory is thine.

'Tis doubtless whether, what the people said,  
 660 More joy'd the Heros or *Schaneas* Maid.  
 How often lagg'd she, when she might o're-go;

And gazing on him, sigh'd t' out-strip him so!  
 Short breath from panting bosoms scorching flew,

665 The Gaol far off: when *Neptune's* Nephew threw  
 One Apple of the three: the Maid admires;  
 And greedy of the shining fruit, retires  
 To catch the rolling gold: the Youth past by,  
 And all the field resounded shouts of joy.

This hindrance she repairs with winged hast:  
 670 Again *Hippomenes* behind her cast;

The second fruit, thrown farther than before,  
 Declin'd her steps, yet him out-strips once more:  
 The Race now near an end, he said, O save!  
 Great Goddess, give success to what you gave!

675 And threw the shining gold another way  
 With all his vigour, to prolong her stay.

When I compell'd her, doubtful what to do,  
 To take it up, and added weight thereto,  
 With-held, both by diverting her pursuit,  
 And with the burthen of that ponderous fruit.  
 But left my words the race in length exceed:

680 She was out-run, and he receiv'd his Meed.

Deserv'd not I both thanks and frankincense,  
 Think you, *Aionis*, for his lifes defence?  
 He neither gave. Provok'd with sudden rage  
 At this contempt, and left the future age  
 By such examples should my God-head slight,

685 Against them both I due revenge excite.

The Fane, erected by *Echion's* vow  
 Unto the Mother of the Gods, they now

Had past, obscur'd by dark and secret shades :  
When their long journey them to rest periwades.

690 *Hippomenes*, incensed by .ny fires ;  
Here lusteth with unfeas'nable desires.  
A gloomy grot, much like unto a Cave,  
Stood near this Fane ; to which light purnice gave  
A natural cover, by devotion grac'd :  
Within this Cell the reverend Priest had plac'd  
The wooden Images of ancient Gods :

695 This entring ; he pollutes their chaste abodes.  
The Statues wry their looks. The Mother, crown'd  
With Towers, had struck them to the Stygian found:  
But that she thought that punishment too small.  
When yellow mains on their smooth shoulders fall ;  
Their arms to legs ; their fingers turn to nails ;  
700 Their breasts of wondrous strength : their tufted tails  
Whisk up the dust ; their looks are full of dread :  
For speech, they roar : the woods become their bed.  
These Lions, fear'd by others, *Cybel* checks  
With curbing bits ; and yokes their stubborn necks.  
705 These, O my Dear, and all such kinds of beasts  
As will not turn their backs, but bend their breasts  
T' encounter with the rash Assailant, shun :  
Left by thy courage We be both undone.

This said : thence flew she, rais'd by yoked Swans.  
But Valour such admonishments with-stands.

710 By chance the dogs, pursuing long before  
His scented footings, had dislodged a Boar.  
Whom, rushing from his covert, the bold Youth  
Obliquely wounds. The Boar with crooked tooth  
Writhes out the javelins with his bloud imbru'd.  
Who now his safety-seeking Foe pursu'd ;  
715 Sheathing his tushes in his groins : and threw  
To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew  
*Idalia's* weightless chariot through the air,  
Yet reaclit not *Cyprus* : when the heavenly Fair  
Thence heard his dying groans ; and wheeling round,  
720 Her silver birds directs to that sad sound :  
But when she saw him weltring in his Gore ;  
Down jumping from the skies, at once she tore  
Her hair and bosom : then her breast invades  
With bitter blows ; and Destiny upbraids.  
Not all, said she, is subject to your wast :  
725 Our sorrows monument shall eyer last.

## 210 METAMORPHOSIS,

Sweet Boy ! thy deaths sad image, every year  
Shall in our solemniz'd complaints appear.

But be thy bloud a Flower. Had *Proserpine*

730 The power to change a Nymph to Mint ? is mine  
Inferior ? or will any envy me  
For such a change ? This having utter'd, she  
Pour'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant smell,  
Sprinkled therewith ; the bloud began to swell ;  
Like shining bubbles, which from drops ascend.  
And e're an hour was fully at an end,

735 From thence a Flower, alike in colour, rose :  
Such as those trees produce, whose fruits inclose  
Within the limber rind their purple grains,  
And yet their beauty but a while remains ;  
For those light-hanging leaves infirmly plac't,  
The winds that blow on all things, quickly blast.

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— OVID'S



# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

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## THE TENTH BOOK.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

A Serpent chang'd to Stone. Rough barks infold  
 The cruel Bacchanals. To starving Gold,  
 All turns at Midas touch: His body larves -  
 In clear Pactolus, whose enriched waves  
 Wash off his gold and gilt; and Asses ears.  
 His folly shame: the whisp'red Secres bears  
 Like sounding Reeds. Apollo, and the Guide  
 Of sacred Seas, in human shapes reside.  
 Forc'd Thetis varies forms. Daedalion -  
 T' a Falcon turn'd. A Wolf congeal'd to Stone.  
 Morpheus to mortals, Phobetor to Brutes,  
 And Phantasus to shapes inanimate futes.  
 Transform'd Halcyone and Cyx fly.  
 So Aelacus, who vainly strives to die.

**T**HUS while the Thracian Poet with his songs  
 Beasts, Trees, and Stones, attracts in following  
 Behold, Ciconian Dames (their furious breasts (throng:  
 Clad with the spotted skins of salvage beasts)  
 The sacred Singer from an hill espy'd,  
 As he his ditty to his Harp apply'd;  
 Of these, one cry'd, and toss'd her staring hair;  
 Lo he who hates our Sex! then threw her spear  
 At his melodious mouth; which Ivy bound,  
 Kist his affected lips without a wond.

An other.

- 10 Another hurls a stone; this, as it flew,  
His voice and Harps according tunes subdue:  
Which self-accus'd for such a rude assay,  
Before his feet, as in submission lay:  
Rash violence, the mean-exil'd, increast:  
And mad *Erynnis* reign'd in every breast.
- 15 His songs had all their weapons charm'd, if noise  
Of *Beritynthian* strains, clapt hands, loud cries,  
Drums, howling *Bacchanals*, with frantick sound  
Had not his all-appealing musick drown'd.  
The stones then blush with silene'd *Orpheus* blood.
- 20 But first on ravish't beasts that listning stood,  
- On Fowl, and Serpents, they their spite infer;  
And razeth the glory of his Theater.  
Then all with cruel hands about him fly:  
And flock like birds, when they by day espy.
- 25 The bird of Night. And as a stag at bay,  
In th' Amphitheater now made a prey.  
To eager hounds: so they together hung  
Their leavy spears, not fram'd for such a wrong;  
Some cloots, some arms of trees, some stones let fly,
- 30 And left wild Rage should weapons want, hard by,  
By chance slow Oxen drew the furrowing ploughs;  
And Swains, providing food with sweating brows,  
Digg'd with their brawny arms: who fear-inclin'd,
- 35 Before them fled, and left their tools behind.  
Their Mattocks, Rakes, and Spades dispersed lay,  
About the empty fields: these snatched away.  
(The ploughs from threatening Oxen torn) their hate  
Hurries them back unto the Poets fate.
- Him, holding up his hands, who then in vain
- 40 First spent his breath, nor pity could obtain,  
That Ront of sacrilegious Furies slew!  
Even through that mouth, (O Jupiter) which drew  
From stones attention, which affection bred:  
In Salvage beasts, his forced spirits fled.
- 45 Sad birds, wild herds, hard flints, and woods, of late  
Led by thy verse, then wept: at thy sad fate  
Trees shed their leaves; streams with their tears in  
The *Naiades* and *Dryades* invest  
Themselves in sullen fable, and display
- 50 His head and harp they into *Hebrus* flung,  
The harp sounds something sadly; the dead tongue  
Sighs

Sighs out sad ditties : the banks sympathize  
(That bound the River) in their sad replies.  
Now them to Sea their native current bore ;  
55 Both cast upon *Methymian Lesbos* shoar.

A Dragon on the foreign land prepares  
To seize his head, and lick his dropping hairs.  
When gaping to devour the Hymnists face,  
*Phœbus* descends ; and in that very space,  
60 Into a stone converts him by his power,  
With jaws extended ready to devour.

His Ghost retires to under-shades : once more  
He sees, and knows, what he had seen before.  
Then through th' *Elysian* fields among the blest  
Seeks his *Euridice*. Now re-posiet  
With strict imbraces, guided by one mind,  
65 They walk together : oft he comes behind,  
Oft goes before : now *Orpheus* safely may  
His following *Euridice* survey.

Yet *Bacchus* renders vengeance for their hate.  
Who vexed at his Prophets cruel fate,

70 Fikt all th' *Edonian* Dames that then were by  
With spreading roots ; and who more eagerly  
Pursu'd his death, their toes he deeper drew  
Within the solid earth, which down-ward grew.  
And even as owl, whose feet intangled are.

75 Within the subtil fowlers secret snare,  
Become by fearful fluttering faster bound,  
So, each of these, now cleaving to the ground,  
With terror struggle to escape in vain ;  
For faster-binding roots their flight restrain.  
80 One, looking for her nails, her toes, her feet :  
Behold, her twining legs in timber meet :  
In passion, thinking to have struck her thighs,  
She strikes her breasts, hard Oak her breasts supplieis ;  
Her shoulders such : her arms appear to grow  
85 In natural branches ; and indeed did so.

Nor thus content, their fields *Lycus* leaves :  
Whom *Tmolus*, with a better troop receives,  
And switt *Pattulus*, who did then infold  
No precious sands nor grains of envi'd gold.

90 *Saxyes* and *Bacchanals* to him repair,  
His usual train : *Silenus* then not there,  
Him erst the *Plyrian* Rurals reeling found  
With age and wine ; and now, with Ivy crow'd,

To *Midas* bring, whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,  
And sage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.

95 When known to be his partner in those Rites;  
Full twice five days, with their succeeding nights,  
He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast.

Eleven times *Lucifer* the stars supprest:

When, with mild mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields

100 And to the God his foster-father yields.

He in his safe return doth much rejoice:  
Whose bounty *Midas* frustrates by his choice.  
For, will'd to wish; Let all, said he, I touch  
Convert to gold. His ignorance was such.

105 Forthwith to him his wish *Lycaeus* gives:

And at his folly not a little grieves.

But in his curse the *Berecynthian* joys:

And homeward bound, the truth by touching tries,  
Scarce trusting his own sense, a tree bereaves

110 Of slender boughs; they shone with golden leaves.

Takes up a stone; that stone pale gold became:

Takes up a clod; the clod presents the same:

Crops stalks of corn; these yield a sheaf of gold:

An Apple pulls; therein you might behold

115 Th' *Hesperian* purchase: toucht by him alone

The marble pillars with rich metal shone.

And when he washt; that water, showr'd in rain,  
Might simple *Danae* have deceiv'd again.

His breast scarce holds his hopes; whose fancy wroug

120 On golden wonders: when his servants brought

Meat to the table. Sooner had not he

Tocht *Ceres* bounty, but that prov'd to be

A shining mass: the carved viands straight

125 Between his greedy teeth convert to plate.

About to drink mixt wine; you might behold

His thirsty jaws o're-flow with liquid gold.

Struck with so strange a plague: (both rich and poor)  
He hates, and shuns the wealth he wist before.

130 His plenty feeds him not; he burns with thirst:

By loathed gold deservedly accurst.

Then lifting up his shining arms, thus pray'd:

Father *Lenaeus*, O, afford thy aid!

I have offended; pity thou, and me

From this so glorious a mischief free:

135 The gentle power the penitent restor'd:

And for his faith, affords what he implor'd.

- Lest ill-wisht gold about him still abide ;  
 Go, said he, to those Chrystral streams that glide  
 By potent *Sardis* : keep the banks that lead  
 140 Along th'encountring Current to his head.  
 There, where the gushing fountain foams, dive in :  
 And, with thy body, wash away thy sin.  
 The King obeys : who in the fountain leaves  
 That golden virtue, which the Spring receives.  
 145 And still those ancient seeds these waters hold :  
 Who gild their shoars with glittering grains of gold.  
 He, hating wealth, in woods and fields bestows  
 His time with *Pan* ; whom mountain Caves inclose.  
 Yet his cross wit remains : his shallow brain,  
 150 And softish sensēs punish him again.  
 High *Tmolus* with a steep ascent displays  
 His rigid brows, and under-seas surveys :  
 VVhose stretcht-out bases here to *Sardis* join ;  
 There to *Hypapis*, girt in small confine.  
 VVhere boasting *Pan*, while he his verse doth praise  
 155 To tender Nymphs, and pipes to rural lays,  
 Before *Apollo*'s durst his songs prefer.  
 They meet (ill-marcht) great *Tmolus* arbiter.  
 Th'old Judge on his Mountain sits ; and clears  
 His ears from trees : alone a garland wears  
 160 Of Oak, with Acorns dangling on his brow.  
 VVho thus bespake the God of Shepherds, Now  
 Your Judge attends. He blows his wax-bound reeds,  
 And *Midas* fancy with rude numbers feeds.  
 The sacred *Tmolus* to divine *Apollo*,  
 165 Converts his looks : his words his motion follow.  
 He, his long yellow hair with Laurel bound,  
 Clad in a *Tyrian* robe that swept the ground,  
 A Viol holds, with sparkling gems inchas'd,  
 And *Indian* teeth ; the bow his right hand grac'd.  
 170 A perfect Artist shew'd. Then sweetly play'd,  
 VVhen *Tmolus*, ravisht with his mulick, said,  
*Pan* to the Viol yield thy ruder reed.  
 All like of what the Mountain had decreed,  
 But *Midas* only ; whose exclaims traducc  
 175 The Censure. *Phæbus* for this gros abuse  
 Transformshis ears, his folly to declare :  
 Stretcht out in length, and cover'd with gray hair :  
 Instable, and now apt to move. The rest  
 The former figure of a man possest.

Punisht

Punisht in that offending part ; who bears  
 180 Upon his skull a slow-pac'd Asses ears.

He strives to cover such a foul defame :  
 And with a red *Tiara* hides his shame.  
 But this his servyant saw that cut his hair :  
 Who big with secrets, neither durst declare  
 185 His Sovereigns seen deformity, nor yet  
 Could hold his peace. Who digs a shallow pit,  
 And therein softly whispers his disgrace :

190 Then turning in the earth forsook the place.

A tuft of whispering Reeds from thence there grows ;  
 Which coming to maturity, disclose  
 The husbandman : and by soft South-winds blowna  
 195 Repeat his words, and his Lords ears make known.

Reveng'd *Apollo*, leaving *Tmolus*, flies  
 Through liquid air ; and on the Land which lies  
 On that side *Helles* straightned surges stands :  
 Where far-obey'd *Laomedon* commands.

Between *Rhaetum* and *Sygaum* stood  
 An ancient Altar, high above the flood,  
 Vow'd to the *Panomphean* Thunderer :

200 From whence he saw the King begin to rear  
 New *Troy*'s scarce-founded walls ; with what ado,  
 And with how great a charge they slowly grew.  
 Who, with the father of the swelling Main,  
 Indues a Mortal shape : both entertain

205 Themselves for unregarded gold to build  
 The *Plygian* Tyrants walls. That work fulfill'd,  
 The King their promised reward denies :  
 And falsehood by forswearing multiplies.

Revengeful *Neptune* his wild waves unbound ;  
 210 Which all the shoars of greedy *Ilium* drown'd,  
 And make the Land a Lake : the country Swain  
 His labour lost beneath that liquid Plain.

Besides, the daughter of the King demands :  
 Who chained to a Rock, exposed stands  
 To feed a Monster of the Sea ; set free  
 By strenuous *Hercules*. Yer could not He

215 The horses of *Laomedon* enjoy ;  
 His valours hire : who sacks twice perjur'd *Troy* ;  
 And gives his fellow-Soldier *Telamon*  
*Hesione* : for *Peleus* now had won  
 A Deity ; nor in his Grandfather  
 Took greater pride, than in his Sire by her.

For

UM

220 For Jupiter had nephews more than one :  
 But he a Goddess had espous'd alone.  
 For aged Proteus had fore-told the truth  
 To wave-wet Thetis : Thou shalt bear a Youth,  
 Greater than him, from whom he took his birth,  
 In arms and fame. Lest any thing on earth  
 225 Should be more great than Jove, Jove shuns the bed  
 Of Sea-thron'd Thetis, though her beauty led  
 His strong desires : Who bids Aescides  
 Succeed his love, and wed the Queen of Seas.

230 A Bay within Emonia lies, that bends  
 Much like an arch, and far-stretcht arms extends :  
 Which were, if deep, an harbour locket by land ;  
 Where shallow Seas o're-spread the yellow sand.  
 The solid shoar (whereon no Sea-weed grows)  
 Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing shows.  
 235 Hard by, a Myrtle grove affords a shade :  
 In this, a Cave ; rather, though doubtful, made  
 By Art than Nature : Hither Thetis swims  
 On Dolphins back, here laid her naked limbs.  
 In this the sleeping Goddess Peleus caught :  
 240 Who, when she could not by his words be wrought,  
 Attempts to force, and claspt her in his arms.  
 And, had she not affum'd her usual charms  
 In varying shapes, he had his will obtain'd ;  
 Now turns t' a fowl, yet he her flight restrain'd :  
 245 Now seems a massie tree adorn'd with leaves ;  
 Close to the bole th' enamour'd Peleus cleaves.  
 A spotted Tygress she presents at last :  
 When he, with terror struck, his arms unclaspt :  
 Who pouring wine on Seas, those Gods implores ;  
 And with perfumes and sacrifice adores :  
 250 Till the Carpashian Prophet rais'd his head,  
 And said ; Aescides, enjoy her bed.  
 Do thou but bind her in her next surprize,  
 When in her cold moist cave she sleeping lies :  
 And though she take a thousand shapes, let none  
 255 Dismay ; but hold, till she resume her own.  
 This Proteus said, and div'd to the Profound :  
 His later word in his own waters drown'd,  
 Now hasty Titan to Hesperian Seas  
 Descends ; when beauteous Thetis, bent to ease,  
 260 Forsook the flood, and to her Cave repair'd.  
 No sooner she by Peleus was infnar'd,

## 218 METAMORPHOSIS.

But forthwith varies forms; until she found  
Her virgin-limbs within his fetters bound.

'Then, spreading forth her arms, She sighing said,  
Thou hast subdu'd by some immortal aid:

265 Appears her self; nor his embrace repell'd;  
Whose pregnant womb with great *Achilles* swell'd.  
*hoc* Happy was *Peleus* in his son and wife:  
And had not *Phocus* murther spoil'd his life,  
All fortunate. With brothers bloud defil'd,  
Thee *Thraces* harbours, from thy home exil'd.

270 Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigour, reign'd;  
The son of *Lucifer*; whose looks retain'd  
His fathers lustre: Then disconsolate,  
Nor like himself for his lost brothers fate.

275 Hither, with travel tir'd, and clogg'd with cares,  
The banisht with a slender train repairs:  
His flocks and herds, with men for their defence,  
Lett in a shady vale not far from thence.  
Conducted to his royal presence, He

280 With Olive branchr, down bending to his knee,  
His shame and birth declares: The murther masks  
With forged cause of flight: A dwelling asks  
In field, or city. *Ceyx* thus replies;  
Our hospitable bounty open lies

To men of vulgar rank: What owes it then  
285 To your high spirit, so renown'd by men  
Of monumental praise? Whose bloud extracts  
His source from *Jove*, improved by your acts?

To sue, is times abuse: Your worth assures  
Your full desires; of all, the choice is yours:  
I wish it better. And then wept. The cause

290 *Jove's Nephew* asks: When, after a short pause;  
Perhaps you think this Bird which lives by rape,  
To all a terror, ever had that shape.

He was a man; as constant in his mind  
As fierce in war, to great attempts inclin'd.  
*Daedalion* nam'd; sprung from that Star which wakes

The dewy Morn; the last that heaven forsakes.  
Affected peace I foster'd, with the rites

Of nuptial joys: He joy'd in bloody fights.  
His valour Kingdoms with their Kings subdu'd;

300 By whom the *Thisbian* Doves are now pursu'd.  
His daughter *Ghione*, whose beauty drew

A thousand suitors, ripe for marriage grew.

By

- By fortune *Phæbus* and the son of *Mai*,  
 From *Delphos*, and *Cyllene*, came this way :  
 Here meeting, look, and like. The God of Light  
 Desires his joy-imbracing hopes till night.  
*Hermes* ill-brooks delay : Who on her laid  
 His drowsy rod, and forc'd the sleepy Maid.  
 Night spangs the skies with stars. An old-wives shape  
 Apollo took, and seconds *Hermes* rape.  
 Now when the fulness of her time drew nigh,  
*Autolichus* was born to *Mercury*.  
 Nor from the Sire the Son degenerates,  
 Cunning in theft, and wily in all sleights :  
 Who could with subtlety deceive the light ;  
 Converting white to black, and black to white.  
 To *Phæbus* (for she bears two sons) belongs  
*Philammon*, famous for his harp, and songs.  
 What is't I have had two sons ? Two Gods t' inflame  
 A valiant Father ? *Jupiter* the same ?  
 Is glory fatal ? Sure 'twas so to her :  
 Who to *Diana*'s durst her face confer,  
 And blame her beauty. With a cruel look,  
 She said ; Our deeds shall right us. Forthwith to  
 Her bow, and bent it ; which she strongly drew ;  
 And through her guilty tongue the arrow flew.  
 It bleeds ; of speech and sound at once bereft :  
 And life, with bloud, her falling body left.  
 What grief (O piety !) opprest my heart !  
 What said I not, t' asswage my brothers smart ?  
 Who hears me so, as rocks the roaring waves  
 That beat their brows ; and for his Daughter raves.  
 But when he saw her burn, four times assail'd  
 To sack the flamy Pile : As often fall'd.  
 Then turns his heels to flight (much like a Bull  
 By Hornets stung) whom scratching brambles pull ;  
 Yet seem'd to run far faster than a man,  
 As if his feet had wings ; and all out-ran.  
 Who swift in chase of wished death, ascends  
 Parnassus top. As he his body bends  
 To jump from down-right cliffs, compassionate  
*Apollo*, with light wings, prevents his fate :  
 With beak and talons arm'd ; with strength replete  
 Above his size : His courage still as great.  
 This Falcon, friend to none, all fowl purſu'th :  
 And grieving, is the cause of common ruth.

- As *Ceyx* thus his brothers change relates:  
*Phoecean Anetor* rusheth through the gates;  
(Who kept the Herd) and cri'd (half out of breath)  
350 *Pelens*, I bring thec news of los and death.
- Report, said *Pelus*, we are bent to bear  
The worst of fortunes. While the King with fear  
Hangs on his tongue. He panting, still afraid:  
To winding Thoars we drove the weary Herd.  
When *Phæbus* from the height of all the skie,  
355 The East and West beheld with equal eye.
- A part on yellow sands their limbs display,  
And from their rest the wavy fields survey:  
While other slowly wander here and there:  
Some swim in Seas, and lofty fore-heads rear.
- 360 A Fane, undeckt with gold, or *Parean* stone,  
Of blocks adjoins; within a grove o're-grown.  
This the *Nereides* and *Nereus* hold:  
By Sea-men, who there dri'd their nets, so told.  
Near it, a Marish, thick with Sallow, stood;
- 365 Made plashy by the interchanging flood.  
A Wolf, a monstrous beast; with hideous noise  
That frights the confines from those thickets flies.  
His lightning jaws with bloud and foam besmear'd:  
In whose red eyes two darting flames appear'd.
- 370 Though fell with rage and famine; yet his rage  
More greedy far: Nor hunger seeks t' asswage  
With bloud of Beeves, and so surcease; but all  
He meets with, wounds; insulting in their fall.  
Nor few of us, while we his force withstood,
- 375 Fell by his cruel phangs. The shoar with bloud,  
With bloud the Sea-brim blusht, and bellowing Lakes.  
Delay is los; who doubts; himself forfakes.  
Arm, arm, while something yet is left to lose:  
And joining force, this mortal plague oppose.
- 380 The Herdsman ends. Nor did this los incense  
*Aescides*; rememb'ring his offence:  
Born, as the justice of sad *Psamathe*,  
To celebrate her *Phæbus* Obsequie.  
The King commands his men to arm: Provides
- 385 To go in person. Busie rumour guides  
This to *Alcyone*: Her passion bare  
Her swiftly thither; running with her hair  
Half uncompos'd; and, that disordering, clung  
About her neck: Then weeps; and with a tongue
- That

- That scarce could speak, intreats, that they alone  
Might go; nor hazard both their lives in one.  
To whom *Aeacides*: Fair Queen, forbear  
390 (Too much your bounty flows) your vertuous fear.  
No force avails in such extremes as these:  
'Tis pray'r that must the Sea-thron'd Power appease.  
A lofty Tower within a fortres stood;  
A friend to wandring shippes that plow the floud;  
They this ascend<sup>1</sup>; and fighing, see the shoar  
395 With cattel strew'd; the Spoiler drencht in gore.  
Here *Peleus* fixt on Seas, with knees that bend,  
Blue *Psara*<sup>at</sup> the implores, at length to end  
400 The justice of her wrath. She from his speech  
Diverts her ears: Till *Thetis* did beseech,  
And got her husband's pardon: Nor yet could  
The salvage Wolf from thirst of bloud withhold;  
Till she the beast, as he an Heifer slew;  
405 Transform'd to Marble; differing but in hue:  
All else intire. The colour of the stone  
Shews him no Wolf: Now terrible to none.  
Yet fate would not permit *Aeacides*  
To harbour here; nor found in exile ease;  
Till at *Magnesia*, in an happy time  
410 *Acastus* purg'd him from his bloudy crime.  
Mean-while perplext with former prodigies,  
Both of his neice and brother; to advise  
With sacred Oracles, the joys of men,  
*Ceyx* prepares for *Clarus*. *Phorbas* then,  
With his *Phlegian* host, alike prophane,  
415 The passage stopt to *Delphian Phœbus* Fane.  
Yet first to thee his secret purpose told,  
Faith-crown'd *Alcyone*. An inward cold  
Shot through her bones: Her changing face appears<sup>2</sup>  
As pale as box, bedewed with her tears:  
420 Thrice strove to speak, thrice weeps through dear con-  
Sobs interrupting her divine complaint. (strait;  
What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy mind:  
Where is that love that late so clearly shir'd?  
Canst thou thy self enjoy, from me remov'd?  
425 Do long ways please? Is now my absence lov'd?  
Yet didst thou go by land, I should alone  
Grieve without fear: Now both combine in one.  
Seas fright me with their tragical aspect:  
Of late I saw them on the shoar eject

- There scattered wracks : And often have I read  
 430 Sad names on sepulchres that want their dead.  
 Nor let false hopes thy confidencē please ;  
 In that my father, great *Hippotades*,  
 The struggling winds in rocky caverns keeps,  
 And at his pleasure calms the raging Deepes.
- 435 They, once broke loose, submitto no command ;  
 But rage through all the Sea, on all the Land ;  
 Perplex the clouds, with stern encounters rear,  
 And strike forth flames. I fear, by knowledge, more,  
 These knew I, and oft saw their rude comport ;  
 While yet a Girl, within my father's Court.
- 440 But if my prayer no favour can procure ;  
 And that, alas, thy going be too sure ;  
 Take me along : Let both one fortune bear ;  
 Then shall I only what I suffer fear.  
 Together sail we on the toiling Main :  
 And equally whatever hap sustain.
- 445 Thus spake *Alcyone* : Whose sorrows melt  
 Her star-like Spouse ; nor he less passion felt.  
 Yet neither would his first intent forsake,  
 Nor her a Partner in his danger make.  
 Much said he to asswage her troubled breast :
- 450 As much in vain. This adds unto the rest,  
 (Which answer only could her passion name)  
 All stay is irksom ; by my Father's flame,  
 I swear, if fate permit, return I will  
 E're twice the Moon her shining Crescents fill.
- 455 Reviv'd with promise of so short a stay :  
 He bids them launch the ship without delay,  
 And fit her tacklings. This renewes her fears ;  
 Prefaging ill succels : Abortive tears.
- 460 Flow from their Springs ; then kiſt ; a ſad farewell,  
 Long firſt, at length ſhe takes ; and swooning, fell  
 The Seamen call aboard : in double ranks  
 Reduce their oars, up-riſing from their Banks  
 With equal stroakes. She rearſ her humid eyes,
- 465 And firſt her husband on the poop eſpies  
 Shaking his hand : That, anſwers. Now from ſhoar  
 The vessel drives, and thence her object bore.  
 Her following eyes the flying ſhip purſie.
- 470 That lost, the ſails her eager gazes drew.  
 When all had left her, to her chamber goes ;  
 And on the empty bed her body throws :

The bed and place, with tears to mind recall  
That absent part, which gave esteem to all.  
475 Now far from Port; the winds began to blow  
On quivering shrouds; their Oars the Sailors stow:  
They hoise their Yards a trip, and all their sails  
At once let fall to catch th' approaching gales.  
The ship scarce half her course, or sure no more,  
480 By this had run; far off from either shoat;  
When, deep in night; fierce *Eurus* stiffly blew,  
And high-wrought Seas with chafing foamy grew.  
Strike, strike the Top-sail, let the Main-shear fly,  
And furl your Sails, the Master cry'd; his cry  
485 The blustering winds and roaring Seas suppress'd:  
Yet of their own accord in this distress  
They ply their tasks: Some sieling yards bestride  
And take-in Sails; some stop on either side  
The yawning leaks; some Seas on Seas eject.  
490 While thus Disorder toils to small effect,  
The bitter storm augments; the wild winds wage  
War from all parts, and join with *Neptune's* rage.  
The Master, lost in terror, neither knew  
The state of things, what to command, or do;  
495 Confessing ignorance, so huge a mass  
Of ills oppress! which slighted Arts surpass.  
Loud cries of men resound; with ratling shrouds,  
Flouds justling flouds, and thunder-crashing clouds.  
Now tossing Seas appear to touch the sky,  
And wrap their curls in clouds, froth with their spry:  
500 The sand now from the bottom lave, and take  
Their swarter die; now black, as *Stygian* lake;  
Sometimes deprest, with hissing foam all white,  
The *Trachin* ship such horrid changes fright.  
Which now, as from a mountain rockt with flaws,  
505 Views under-vales, and *Acheron's* dark jaws:  
Now head-long with the tumbling billows fell  
And Heaven surveys from that low depth of Hell.  
Her wave-beat sides an hideous noise report:  
As when a battering Ram beats down a Fort.  
510 As chased Lions, whom no terrors fright,  
Rush on extended steel with horrid might:  
So Seas invade with storm-imbatled power  
The ships defence; and o're her batches tower.  
Her yielding planks now spring: Stern *Neptune* raves,  
515 Charging her breaches with his deadly waves,

The prodigal clouds in showers their substance spend,  
Ambitious Seas to gloomy heaven ascend :

All heaven descending to the lofty Main :

520 At least so seem. Sails suck the falling rain ;  
Show'rs join with clouds. No friendly star now shone  
Blind Night in darkness, tempests, and her own  
Dread terrors lost : These horrid lightning turns  
To light more fear'd ; the Sea with lightning burns.

525 Now vaulting clouds her upper deck o' prest.  
And as a Soldier, braver than the rest,

Tempting to scale the walls with los's assaies,  
At length enjoys his hopes ; and spurr'd with praise,

Among a thousand only stands the shock :

530 So, while assailing waves the vessel rock,  
The tenth bold billow rusheth in, nor sinks  
Until the ship beneath his fury shrinks.

Those Seas, without, the labouring bark assail :

535 These tack her hold. All tremble and look pale ;  
As at a siege, when foes enforce a wall ;  
While some within to execution fall.

Art fails, hearts sink : On every rising wave  
Death sits in triumph : And presents a grave.

540 He weeps ; he stands amaz'd ; he calls them blest,  
Whom funerals grace : He vows to heaven addrest,  
Looking at what he sees not, an' besought  
The Gods in vain : He on his parents thought,  
His children, house, and what he left behind.

545 Alcyone possest all Ceyx mind ;  
Her only names, now in her absence joy'd,  
Whose prefence was in heaven : And had employ'd  
His eyes last duty, to descry the way  
To her abode, but knew not where it lay.

550 The giddy Seas so whirl, such pitchy clouds  
Obscure the sky, Night two-fold darkness shrouds.  
Loud-howling whirlwinds over-board now bore  
The shivered Mast ; and now the Rudder tore.  
A billow, with these spoils encourag'd, raves ;

Who Victor-like contemns the under-waves :

Nor lighter falls, than if some God had torn

555 Pindus and Athos from their roots, up-born  
As high as heaven, and tumbled on the Main.  
Nor could the ship such force and weight sustain :  
But to the bottom sinks : Most of her men  
The Seas infold ; who never seen again,

560 Accomplished their fates: While others swim  
On scattered planks, a plank upholding him  
Who late a Scepter held. His father-in-law,  
And father, now invokes: But could not draw  
(Alas!) from either succour. Still his Wife

565 Runs in his thoughts, in that short span of life  
He wifht the waves would cast him on the sands  
Of *Trachis*, to be buried by her hands.

Who swimming, sighs *Alcyone* her name  
His last of speech; in Seas conceives the same.

Behold, an arch of waters, black as hell,

570 Asunder breaks: The breaking surges quell  
Their sinking Burthen. *Lucifer* that night  
Became obscure; nor could you see his light,  
And since he might not render up his p'ace,  
With pitchy clouds immur'd his daskned face.

Mean-while *Alcyone* (his fate unknown)

575 Computes the tedious nights; by day wrought on  
A garment for her Lord; another makes  
To wear, her self: Whole-flattering hope mistakes  
In his return. Who holy fumes presents  
To all the Gods; but most of all frequents

The Fane of *Juno*: At her altars pray'd

580 For him that was not. Grant success! (she said)  
A quick return! Give he our right to none!  
Of all her prayers the last succeeds alone.

The melting Goddess could no longer brook

Her death-crost prayers; but from her altar shook

585 Her tainted hand; and thus to *Iris* spake:

Haste faithful Messenger, thy journy take

To drowzie *Sleep*'s dim palace: Bid him send

A dream, that may present the woeful end

Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyone*. This said;

590 She, in a thousand-coloured robe array'd,  
Her ample Bow from heaven to earth extends:  
And in a cloud to his abode descends.

Near the *Cimmerians* lurks a Cave, in steep

And hollow hills; the Mansion of dull *Sleep*:

595 Not seen by *Phabus* whe: he mounts the skies,

At height, nor stooping: Gloomy mists arise

From humid earth, which still a twilight make:

No crested fowl shrill crowings here awake

The cheerful Morn: No barking Sentinel

600 Here guards; nor Geese, who wakeful dogs excel.

- Beasts tame, nor salvage ; no wind-shaken boughs,  
Nor strife of jarring tongues, with noises rouze  
Secured ease. Yet from the Rock a Spring,  
With streams of *Leth*e softly murmuring,
- 605 Purls on the Pebbles, and invites Repose.  
Before the Entry pregnant Poppy grows,  
With numerous Simples ; from whose juicy birth  
Night gathers sleep, and sheds it on the Earth.  
No doors here on their creaking hinges jar'd :
- 610 Throughout this Court there was no door, nor guard.  
Amid the *Heben* Cave a downy bed  
High-mounted stands, with fable coverings spred.  
Here lay the lazy God, dissolv'd in rest.  
Fantastick dreams, who various to ms exprest,
- 615 About him lay : Thin Autumn's ears far more ;  
Or leaves of trees, or sands on Neptune's shoar.  
The Virgin entring, parts the obvious Dreams :  
And fills the sacred Concave with the beams  
Of her bright robe. The God with strife disjoins
- 620 His sieled lids ; again his head declines,  
And knocks his chin against his breast. Anon  
Sleep casts off sleep ; and soft' leaning on  
His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why  
She thither came ? When Iris made reply,
- 625 Thou Rest of things, most meek of all the Gods ;  
Sleep, the Peace of minds, from whose abodes  
Care ever flies ; restoring the decay  
Of toil-tir'd limbs to labour-burd'ning Days  
Send thou a Dream, resembling truth, in post
- T' Hertulean Trach'és ; that like Cyx Ghost,  
May to Aleyone his wrack unfold,
- 630 Sarurnia this commands. Her mesage told,  
Iris withdrew ; who could the power of Sleep  
Resist no longer. When she found it creep  
Upon her yielding sensies, thence she flies  
And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.
- The Sire among a thousand sons, excites
- 635 Shape-feigning *Morphius* : Of whose brother Sprights  
None (bid t' assume) with subtler cunning can  
Usurp the gesture, visage, voice of man,  
His habit, and known phrase. He only takes  
An human form : Another shews a Snakes,
- 640 A Birds, a Beasts. This *Icelos* they call,  
Whom heaven imbow'r ; though *Phobetor* by all

Of mortal birth. Next *Phantasis* ; but he,  
Of different faculty indues a tree.  
Earth, water, stone, the several shapes of things  
That life enjoy not. These appear to Kings,  
645 And Princes in deep night : The rest among  
The vulgar stray. Of all the airy throng  
Their aged father only *Morpheus* chose  
To act *Thaumantia's* charge. His eyes then close  
Their drewzy lids, and hanging down his head,  
650 Opprest with slumber, shrinks into his bed.  
His noiseless wings by night fly *Morpheus* strains ;  
And with the swiftness of a thought, attains  
Th' *Aemonian* towers ; then laid them by, and took  
The form of Ceyx. With a pallid look  
655 He naked stood, like one depriv'd of life,  
Before the bed of his unhappy Wife :  
His beard all wet, the hair upon his head  
With water dropt ; who leaning on her bed,  
Thus spake ; while tears from seeming passion flow.  
Dost thou, O wretched Wife, thy Ceyx know ?  
660 Or am I chang'd in death ? Look on the Loft ;  
And for thy husband thou shalt see his Ghost.  
Thy pious prayers no favour could obtain :  
Lo, I am drown'd, no longer hope in vain.  
Cloud-crushing South-winds in *Ægæum* caught  
665 Our rauisht ship, and wrackt her with her traughts.  
My voice the floods opprest, while on thy name  
I vainly call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,  
Nor doubtful authour tells : This I relate,  
I, that there perisht by untimely fate.  
670 Arise, weep, put on black : Not undeplor'd  
For pity send me to the *Stygian* Ford.  
To this he adds a voice, such as she knew  
Exprest her Lord's ; with tears appearing true,  
And gesture of his hand. She sigh'd and wept ;  
675 Stretcht out her arms t' imbrace him as she slept,  
But claspt the empty air. Then cri'd, O stay !  
Ah, whither wilt thou ! Let us go one way.  
Wak'd with his voice, and husband's ghost ; with fear  
She looks about for that which was not there  
680 For now the maids, rais'd with her shrieks, had brought  
A taper in. Not finding what she sought,  
She strikes her cheeks, her nightly linnen tare,  
Invades her breast ; nor stays t' unbind her hair,

But

## 228 METAMORPHOSIS,

- But tugs it off. Her nurse the cause demands  
Of such a violence. She wrings her hands,  
And in the passion of her grief repli'd:
- 685 There's no *Alcyone*; none, none! she di'd  
Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be  
All sounds of comfort. These, these eyes did see  
My shipwrackt Lord: I knew him; and my hands  
Thrust forth t' have held him, but no mortal bands  
Could force his stay. A Ghost: Yet manifest:
- 690 My husband's Ghost: Which, O but ill express't  
His form and beauty, late divinely rare!  
Now pale, and naked, with yet-dropping hair.  
Here stood the miserable; in this place:  
Here, here (and sought his airy steps to trace.)
- 695 O this my sad mis-giving soul divin'd;  
When thou forsook'st me to pursue the wind.  
But since imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee  
Had put to Sea: An happy fate for me!  
Then both together all the time assign'd
- 700 For life had liv'd; nor in our death disjoin'd.  
Now here, I perisht there. On that profound  
Poor I was wrackt: Yet thou without me drown'd.  
O I, than floods more cruel; should I strive  
To lengthen life, and such a grief survive!
- 705 Nor will I, nor forsake thee, nor defer.  
Though one Urn hold not both, one sepulcher  
Shall join our titles: Though thy bones from mine  
The seas dissever, yet our names shall join.  
Grief chok'd the rest. Sobs every accent part:
- 710 And sighs ascend from her astonish'd heart.  
Day springs: She to the shoar address her haste,  
Even to that place from whence s. saw him last.  
And while she sadly utters, Here he stai'd;  
Here parting kist me; from thence anchour weigh'd;
- 715 While she such sighs recals; her steady eyes  
Fixt on a Sea, far off she something spies;  
But knows not what: Yet like a corse. First she  
Doubt doubt: Driven nearer (though not near) might see  
A body plainly. Though unknown, yet much
- 720 The Omen mov'd her, since his fate was such.  
Poor wretch, who e're thou art; and such (she said)  
Thy Wife (if wed) by thee a widow made!  
By floods driven nearer; the more near, the more  
Her spirits faint: Now nigh sh' adjoining shoar;

She

- 725 She sees now what she knows ; her husband's Corse.  
 Woe's me ! 'tis He, sheeries ! At once doth force  
 Her face, hair, habit : Trembling hands extends  
 To foul-lefs Ceyx, and then said : Here ends  
 My last of hopes : Thus, O than life more dear ;  
 O Husband, thus return'ſt thou ! Art a Peer
- 730 Had stretcht into the surges ; which with-stood,  
 Which brake the first incursion of the Floud.  
 Thither forthwith (O wonderful !) she springs ;  
 Beating the passive air with new-grown wings,  
 Who, now a bird, the watersummit rakes :  
 About she flies, and full of sorrow, makes
- 735 A mournful noise ; lamenting her divorce :  
 Anon she toucht his dumb and bloudleſs Corſe ;  
 With stretching wings imbrac't her perifit bliſſ ;  
 And gave his colder lips an heatleſs kiſſ,
- 740 Whether he felte it, or the flouds his look  
 Up-raiſ'd, the vulgar doubt : Yet ſure he took  
 Sense from her touch. The Gods commiferate :  
 And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.  
 As late, they love : Their nuptial faiſths they ſhew,
- 745 Now little birds ; engender, parents grew.  
 Seven Winter days with peaceful calms poſſeſſt,  
*Alcyon* ſits upon her floating neſt.  
 Then ſafely fail ; then *Eolus* incaves  
 For his, the winds, and ſmoothes the ſtooping waves.
- 750 Some old man ſeeing theſe their pinions move  
 O're broad-ſpread Seas, extols their endleſs love.  
 By theirs, a neighbour, or himſelf, revives  
 Another's fate. Yon' fable fowl that dives ;  
 (And therewith ſhews the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)
- 755 Of royal parentage may alſo vant.  
 Whose anſtors from *Tros* their branches ſpred ;  
*Iulus*, *Aſſaracus*, *Joves Ganymed*,  
*Laomedon*, and *Priamus* the laſt  
 That reign'd in *Troy* : To *Hector* (who ſurpaſt  
 In fortitude) a brother. If by power
- 760 Of Fate unchanged in his youths firſt flower,  
 He might perhaps as great a name have won,  
 Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughter's ſon.  
 For *Alixorhoe*, a country Maid,  
 Bare *Aſſacus* by stealth in *Idas* shade.
- 765 He, hating Cities, and the diſcontents  
 Of glittering Courts, the lonely Woods frequents.

And

- And unambitious fields ; but made repair  
To Ilium rarely : Yet, he debonair,  
Nor unexpugnable to love. Who spi'd  
770 Eperia, oft desir'd, by Cebren's fide  
(Her fathers river) drying in the Sun  
Her flowing hair. Away the Nymph did run,  
Swift as a frighted Hind the Wolf at hand ;  
Or like a fearful fowl thrast over-land.
- 775 Beneath a Falcon. He pursues the chace:  
Fear wings her feet, and love enforc't his pace.  
Behold, a lurking Viper in this strife,  
Seiz'd on her heel; suppressing flight with life.  
Frantick, his trembling arms the dead include:  
Who cri'd, Alas that ever I pursu'd :  
I fear'd not this; nor was the victory
- 780 Worth such a loss. Ah me! Two, one destroy.  
They wound the Serpent. I th' occasion gave :  
I, O more wicked; yet thy death shall have  
My life for satisfaction. Therewith flung  
His body from a cliff which over-hung  
The undermining Seas. His falling limbs
- 785 Upheld by Tethys pity ; as he swims  
With feathers cloth'd, now power of dying gives.  
To be compell'd, to live the Lover grieves :  
Disdaining that his soul, so well apaid  
To leave her wretched seat, should thus be staid.
- 790 And mounting on new wings, again on Seas  
His body throws: The fall his feathers ease.  
With that, enraged, into the deep he dives:  
And still to drown himself as vainly strives.  
Love makes him lean. A long neck doth sustain
- 795 His fable head ; long-jointed legs remain  
Nor ever the affected Seas forlakes ;  
And now a futed name from driving takes.

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O V L D ' S



# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

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## THE TWELFTH BOOK.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

*A Snake-like Stone. Cœnus a Swan;  
Cœnus the Maid, now Cœnus and a Man,  
Becomes a Fowl. Neleius varies shapes:  
At last an Eagle, nor Alcides scapes.*

OLD Priam mourns for *Æsculus*, nor knew  
That he surviv'd, and with light feathers flew.  
While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with tears,  
Pay to the tomb which his inscription bears.  
But *Paris*, absent from that obsequy,  
Straight with his Rape, brought ten years war to *Troy*.  
5 A thousand ships, in one confederate,  
Pursue his stealth, with all the *Achaian* State.  
Nor vow'd revenge so long had been delaid,  
If wrathful Seas had not their passage staid:  
At fishy *Aulis*, in *Bæotia*,  
10 Their wind-bound Navy in expectation lay.  
Here (as of old) to *Jove* they sacrifice.  
While from the antique altar flames arise,  
A blew scal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,  
Ascends a tree, which near the Altar grew.  
A Nest there was upon an upper bough, (now  
15 With twice four Birds: These, and their Dam (which  
Flutter'd about her young) the greedy Snake  
At length devour'd: This all with wonder strike.

When

- When *Chalchas* cri'd, (who could the truth divine)  
Rejoice, *Pelsgans*, 'tis an happy sign !
- 20 Proud *Troy* shall fall ; though with long toil and care,  
These thrice three birds, thrice three years war declare,  
She wound about a bough, gorg'd with her rape,  
Became a stone, that held a Serpent's shape.
- Still! *Nereus* in *Aonian* surges raves,
- 25 Nor war transfers. Some think the God of waves  
Would *Troy* preserve, and save the walls he made.  
*Thesterides* dissent, who knew and said,  
A virgins bloud must *Dian*' reconcile.  
Now did the publick cause the private foil.
- 30 A King a father, *Iphigenia* stood  
Before the Altar to reign her bloud.  
The Priest then wept, so pity did subdue  
The Goddess, who a cloud about her shew.  
And while they prosecute her Rites, and pray'd,  
Produc't an Hinde to represent a Maid.
- 35 When fitter sacrifice had dull'd her rage,  
Her fury and the Seas, at once asswage.  
A forewind then their thousand Vessels bore ;  
Who, suffering much, attain the *Phrygian* shore.  
Amid the world, between Air, Earth, and Seas,  
A place there is, the confines to all these.
- 40 Where all that's done, though far remov'd, appear,  
And every whisper penetrates the ear.  
The house of *Fame*, who in the highest tower  
Her lodging takes. To this spacious bower  
Innumerable ways conduct, no way
- 45 Barr'd up, the doors stand open night and day,  
All built of ringing bras, throughout resounds,  
Things heard reports, and every word rebounds.  
No rest within, no silence, yet the noise  
Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice,
- 50 Such as from far by rowling billows sent,  
Or as *Jove*'s fainting thunder almost spent.  
Hither the idle Vulgar come and go,  
Millions of Rumours wander to and fro,
- 55 Lies mixt with truths, in words that vary still.  
Of these, with news unknowing ears some fill ;  
Some carry tales, all in the telling grows,  
And every Author adds to what he knows.  
Here dwells rash Error, light Credulity,
- 60 Dejected Fear, and vainly grounded Joy,

New rais'd Sedition, secret Whisperings  
Of unknown Authors, and of doubtful things.  
All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fame surveys;  
And through the ample world inquires of news.

She nonce gave, how with a dreadful hoast

65 The Grecian Navy steered for their coast.

Nor unexpected came: The Trojans bend  
Their powers t' encounter, and their shores defend:  
First, thou thy life, *Proteus*, lost  
By *Hector*'s fatal Lance; the battel cost  
The Greeks much noble bloud: So clearly shone  
Their fortitudes: Great *Hector* yet unknown.

70 Nor no small streams of bloud their valours drew

From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could do.  
And now their mingled gores *Sigæum* stain:  
Now *Neptunes* *Cyenus* had a thousand slain,  
Now on the Foe the fierce *Achilles* flew;

And with his Lance whole squadrons overthrew:

75 Seeking for *Cyenus*, or for *Hector*, round

About the field; at length brave *Cyenus* found  
(For *Yeue* nine years great *Hector*'s life sustains.)  
Cheering his horses with the flaxen mains,  
His thundring chariot drives against his foe,

And shakes his trembling Lance: About to throw;

80 O youth, he said, what e're thou art, rejoice:

*Achilles* honours thee with death. His voice

His spear purses: The steel no wound imprest / breast,

85 Though strongly thrown. When, bounding from his  
He said, Thou Goddes-born. Fame bruits thee such,  
Why wondrest thou? (*Achilles* wondred much)

This helm with horse-hair deckt, this shield I bear,

90 Deicad not me: For fashion these I wear.

So *Mars* his person arms. Should I display

My naked breast, thy force could find no way.

The grace to be *Nereis* son is small.

This, who *Nereis*, who his Nymphs, who all

95 The Ocean guides: Then at *Achilles* threw

His Lance, that pierc't his plated shield, and through  
Nine Ox-hides rusht: The tenth did it restrain.

The Hero caught it, and retorts again

The singing steel; again it gave no wound.

100 The third assay no better entrance found,

Though *Cyenus* bar'd his bosom to the blow.

He rages like a Bull in Circian show;

Whose

Whose dreadful horns the scarlet, which provokes  
His fury, tost with still deluded strokes.

105 Then searches if the head were off; that om:  
What, is my hand, said he, so feeble grown? A  
On one is all my vigour spent? My power add  
Was more, when first I raz'd *Lycus's* towers?

110 When *Tenedos, Eetian Thebes*, were fall'd  
With bloud of theirs, by my encounters spill'd?  
The red *Caycus* slaughtered natives did kill,  
Twice *Telephus* my javelin powerful tried.  
Behold thed heap of bodies! These I slew'd with  
Much could my hand have done! as much can do.

115 This said, his former deeds almost suspic<sup>n</sup>  
And at *Menetes* breast his aim directs,  
(A *Lycian* of mean rank) the thriling dart him  
Quite through his inimicis carals pierc'd his heart;  
Whose dying body struck the groaning ground.

120 Snatching the weapon from the recking wound;  
This hand, he said, this now victorious Launce  
Shall urge thy fate: Assist me equal chance!  
With that, th' unerring dart at *Caycus* flung,  
Th' unevitated on his shoulders rung.

125 Which like a Rock the Launce repell'd again:  
Yet where it hit, it left a purple stain;  
By vainly glad *Aescides* deser'd,  
He woundless: This *Menetes* blood had did.

Then roaring, from his chariot leaps; and made  
130 An horrid on-set with his flaming blade  
Who breaches in his Helm and Shield beheld;  
Yet he secure: His skin the steel repell'd.  
Now all impatient, with the Hilt his Foe's

Hard front invades, with thick redoubled blows:  
Prest on as he gave back, pursues, insists;

135 Nor lets the astonish't breathe: He faints; blue mists  
Swim over his digneies: Whose backward steps  
A Stone withstood, on whom *Achilles* leaps  
With all his strength, and *Caycus* up-ward cast  
On sounding earth: There held the Hero fast.

140 Then setteth his shield and knees upon his breast  
And, drawing hard his Helmet strings, opprest  
His gassing jaws: The breathing-parch and way  
Of life shutup! About t' unarm his prey,  
The body mist. To a Fowl as white as snow.

145 By N. tunc chang'd; whom by that name we know.  
This

This toil, this fight gave many days of rest,  
And either part from deeds of arms surceast.  
While on their walls the watchful *Plygians* ward,  
And while the watchful Greeks their trenches guard,

150 A feast was kept: Wherein *Aeacides*,  
For *Cygnus* death with Heifers bloud did please  
Propitious *Pallas*. When the entrals laid  
On burning Altars, to the Gods conveyigh'd  
An acceptable smell: A part addrest  
To sacred use; the board receiv'd the rest.

155 Down lay the Heroes, fed on roasted flesh,  
And generous wines their cares and thirst refresh'd.  
Nor musick now, nor songs their ears delight,  
But in discourse consume the shortned night.  
The subject, Valour: Of the valour shown

160 By their courageous foes, and of their own.  
Promiscuously of passed dangers tell,  
And former enterprizes. What so well  
Could great *Achilles* speak of? Or what were  
A fitter theme for great *Achilles* ear?

Then spake he of his Conquest, in the fall  
165 Of noble *Cygnus*: Wondred at by all,  
That weapons had no power to penetrate  
His woundless body, which could steel rebate.  
This the *Pelasgans*, this *Aeacides*  
Himself admires. When *Nestor* said to these

170 *Cygnus* is he, who in your age alone  
Conterned steel, and could be kurt by none.  
I saw *Perrhabian Ceneus* once indure  
A thousand strokes; yet he from wounds secure.  
*Perrhabian Ceneus*, excellent in deeds,

175 On *Oehrys* dwelt: And what belief exceeds,  
A Woman born. This prodigy begets  
Their greater wonder. Every one entreats  
*Achilles* thus: Divinely eloquent;  
O thou the wisdom of our age; consent

180 To our desires; for all desire the same:  
Of *Ceneus* tell; how he a man became;  
In what contention, of what battel known,  
By whom, if so by any, overthrown.  
Then He: Though age impair my memory,

And much beheld in youth my knowledge lie,  
I much remember: Yet, of all that are  
Among so many acts of peace and war,

None

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- 185 None deeper is imprinted in my brain.  
 And if the length of time not spent in vain  
 Can many accidents to knowledge give;  
 Two Ages finisht, in the third I live.
- Not all the Virgins that *Theissalia* bare,  
 With *Elateian Cœnus* could compare,
- 190 For beauty. From the Cities bordering,  
 And those, *Arcades*, which call thee King  
 (For she her birth to your *Æmonia* ought)  
 A world of Lovers her affection sought.  
 And Peleus too perhaps had wo'd her bed;  
 But that already to thy mother wed,
- 195 Or else assured. *Cœnus* still forbore  
 All nuptial ties. As on the secret shore  
 She walkt alone, the Sea-god her dissent  
 Enforc't to Rape: For so the rumour went:  
 Rapt with the joy of loves first tasted fruit;  
 All shall, said *Neptune*, to thy wishes sue;
- 200 Wish what thou wilt. So Fame the story told.  
 My wrong, said *Cœnus*, makes my wishes bold:  
 That never like enforcement may besal;  
 Be I no woman; and thou giv'st me all.  
 Her later words a deeper voice express,  
 Much like a man's: For now it prov'd no leſs.
- 205 The Sea-god had assented to her will:  
 And further adds, that steel should neither kill  
 Nor wound his person. Young *Atracides*  
 Departs, rejoicing in such gifts as these:  
 Who great in every manly virtue grows;  
 And haunts the fields through which *Peneus* flows.
- 210 The son of bold *Ixion* now had wed  
*Hippodame*: The salvage Centaurs, bred  
 Of elasped Clouds, his invitation grac't;  
 In shady bowers at sundry tables plac't.  
 There were th' *Æmonian* Princes; there was I:  
 The Palace rung with our confused joy.
- 215 They *Hymen* sing; the Altars fume with flames:  
 Forth came th' admired Bride with troops of Dames.  
 We call *Peritonus* happy in his choice:  
 But scarce maintain the Omen of that voice.  
 For *Eurytus*, more heady than the rest,  
 Foul rapine harbours in his salvage breast;
- 220 Incens'd by beauty, and the heat of wine;  
 Lust and Ebriety in our-rage join.

Straight:

- Straight, turn'd up boords the feasts prophane: the fair  
And tender spouse now haled by the hair.  
Fierce *Eurytus*, *Hippodame*; all took  
Their choice, or whom they could: Sackt Cities look  
225 With such a face. The women shriek: We rise:  
When *Theseus* first; O *Eurytus*, unwise!  
Dar'st thou offend *Perithous* as long  
As *Theseus* lives? In one to suffer wrong  
230 The great-soul'd *Hero*, not to boast in vain,  
Breaks through the throng, and from his fierce disdain  
The Rape repriz'd. He no reply affords;  
Such facts could not be justifi'd by words:  
But with his fists the brave redeemer prest;  
Assails his face, and strikes his generous breast.  
Not far off stood an antique Goblet, wrought  
335 With high-rais'd figures: This *Aegides* caught;  
Hurl'd at the face of *Eurytus*: A flood  
Of reeking wine, of brains, and clotted bloud,  
At once he vomits from his mouth and wound,  
And falling backward, kicks the stained ground.  
240 The Centaures, frantick for their brother's death,  
Arm, arm, resound, with one exalted breath.  
Wine courage gives. At first an uncouth flight  
Of Flagons, Pots, and Boles, began the fight:  
Late fit for banquets, now for blood and broils,  
245 First *Amycus*, *Opion's* issue, spoils  
The sacred places of their gifts; who ramp'd  
Tears down a brazen Creilet stuck with Lamps:  
This swings aloft, as when a white-hair'd Bull  
The Sacrifer strikes; which crush't the skull  
Of *Celadon* the *Lapithite*, and left  
250 His face unknown; confusion form bereft.  
Out start his eyes; his batter'd nose betwixt  
His shiver'd bones flat to his palat fixt.  
*Pellaeon Belades*, a tressel tore  
That propt the boord, and fell'd him to the floor.  
255 He knocks his chin against his breast, and spu'd  
Bloud mixt with teeth. A second blow pursu'd  
The first; and sent his vexed soul to hell.  
Next *Gryneus* stood; his looks with vengeance swell:  
Serves this, said he, for nothing? Wherewith rais'd  
260 Aloft a mighty altar: As it blaz'd,  
Among the *Lapithites* his burthen threw;  
Which *Brotcas*, and the bold *Orion* slew.

## 238 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Orion's mother *Mitelle*; with fear  
Could pale the Moon, and hale her from her sphear.
- 265 *Exadius* cri'd: Nor shalt thou so depart,  
Had I a weapon. Of a vot'd Hart  
The Antlers from a Pine he pulls; they fix  
Their forks in *Gryneus* darkned eyes: One sticks  
Upon the horn, the other in thick gore
- 270 Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhaetus* bore,  
Snatcht from the Altar; and *Charaxus* head  
Crackt through the skull, with yellow tressles spred.  
The rapid flame his blazing curls surround,  
275 Like corn on fire; bloud broiling in his wound  
Horribly hisses: As red Steel that gloses  
With fervent blasts, which pliant tongues dispose  
To quenching cool-troughs, sputters, strives, consumes,  
And hissing under heated water, fumes.
- 280 The wounded from his signed tressles shakes  
The greedy flame; and on his shoulders takes  
A stone torn from the threshold, which alone  
Would lead a Wain, at distant *Rhaetus* thrown.  
This, falling short, *Cometes* life invades:  
And sent his friend to everlasting shades.
- 285 When *Rhaetus*, laughing, May you all abound  
In strength so tri'd; and aggravates his wound  
By blows redoubled, with his burning brand.  
Crusht bones now sink in brains. Then turns his hand;
- 290 On *Coritus*, *Evagrus*, *Dryas* flew:  
Who *Coritus*, a youth, too timely flew.  
What glory can the slaughter of a Boy  
Afford, *Evagrus* said? Nor more could say,  
For *Rhaetus* e're his jaws together came;
- 295 Hid in his throat and brest the choking flame.  
Then whisks the brand about his brows: assails  
The valiant *Dryas*; but no more prevails:  
For through his shoulder, who hath triumpht long  
In daily slaughter, *Dryas* fixt his Prong.
- 300 Who groaning, rugs it out with all his might:  
And soil'd with bloud, now fayes himself by flight.  
So *Lycidas Araneus*, *Medon* (red  
With his own bloud) *Prisenor*, *Caunus*, fled:  
Wound-tardy *Mermurus*, late swift of pace,
- 305 *Meneleus*, *Pholus*, *Abar*, us'd to chace  
The Bore; and *Astylor*, who fates fore-knew:  
Who vainly bad his friends, that war eschue;

And

- 310 And said to frightened *Nessus*, Flie not so;  
 Thou art reserv'd for great *Alcides* bow.  
 But yet *Eurynomus*, nor *Lycidas*,  
*Areus*, nor *Imbreus*, unslaughtred pass :  
 All slain by *Dryas* hand. The *Caneus* too,  
 Though turn'd about to flie, a fore-wond ilue:  
 For looking back; the point between his lights,  
 315 There, where the nose joins with the forehead, lights.  
 Unwakened with the tumult of this fray,  
 Dissolv'd in death-like sleep, *Aphidus* lay  
 Upon a Bears rough hide on *Offa* kil'd :  
 Whose lazy hand a mixed goblet held.  
 320 *Phorbas* far off the vainly hurtless spi'd :  
 And to the thong his fingers fitting, tri'd,  
 Thy wine henceforth with *Stygian* water brew,  
 This said, at flumber-bound *Aphidus* threw  
 His trembling dart : The steeled ash made way  
 Through's naked neck, as he supinely lay.  
 325 Death was unfelt: His full throat voids a floud :  
 The hide and goblet, drown'd and fil'd with bloud.  
 I saw *Petreus* tearing from the ground  
 A well-grown Oak: While he imbrac't it round  
 With his strong arms, now, this, now that way hal'd,  
 330 *Perithous* to the bole his bosom nail'd.  
 Stout *Lycus* by *Perithous* valour fell :  
*Perithous* valour *Chromis* sunk to hell.  
 These less the glory of his acts relate  
 Then *Aelop*'s death and *Diclys* stranger fate.  
 335 His eager Javelin *Helops* temples cleft :  
 Which at the right ear rush'd through the left.  
 But *Diclys* from a broken mountain slides,  
 As he *Ixion*'s furious son avoids,  
 And headlong fell: His weight asunder brake  
 340 A mighty Ash, the stumps his entrals stake.  
 In rulht revengeful *Phereus* with a stone  
 Torn from a rock: His mighty elbow bone  
 (About to hurl) in shivers *Theseus* crackt :  
 Nor leisure had, or further care t'exact  
 His useles life, then nimbiy vaults upon  
 345 *Byanor*'s back, before bestrid by none.  
 His knees clap to his sides, his shaggy hair  
 His left-hand hales : His eyes, that grimly stare  
 And threaten, crushes with his knotty Oak.  
 350 Dart fam'd *Lycesper*, and *Medimnus* stroke

To

To humble earth: So *Hippasus*, whose beard  
Reacht to his breast; and *Riphaeus*, who appeal'd  
More tall than trees, with *Thereus* who caught  
Wild bears on *Othrys* heretofore, and brought  
Th' enraged purchase to his home alive.

355 *Demoleon* frets to see *Aegides* thrive.  
With such success; and from the center strives  
To tear a Pine; which when he could not, rives  
The yielding bole, and darts it as his foe,  
*Thefeus* far off espi'd the deadly throw;

360 Who by *Minerva's* counsel (for so he  
Would have us think) withdrew: And yet the tree  
Not idle fell; but *Crautor's* shoulder, breast,  
And throat divides; which tortur'd life releast.  
He was (*Aecides*) thy father's Squire;  
Given by subdu'd *Amynor* to thy sire  
(*Amynor* the well-train'd *Dolopian's* Guide)

365 In hostage for their peace, and faith affi'd.  
When *Peleus* saw that spectacle of ruth;  
Receive, O *Crautor*, O beloved youth,  
This sacrifice, he said: And sent a dart,  
With all the vigour of his hand and heart,  
At proud *Demoleon*; which the bones that join  
His ribs transfixt; and quaver'd in the chine.  
370 His hands from thence the headless Javelin pluck,  
And hardly that: The head behind it stuck.  
Anguish it self the heat of wrath improves:  
He rears afore, and pawshim with his hooves.

375 Who with his shield and burgonet defends  
The sounding strokes: Yet still his sword extends,  
And 'twixt his shoulders at one thruff doth gore  
His double breasts. Yet had he slain before  
*Phlegreas*, *Hyles*, with his Lances flight,  
*Hippinus* and *Danis*, in close fight,

380 Adds *Dorylas* to these, who wore a skull  
Of Wolf-skin tann'd, the sharp horns of a Bull,  
Instead of other weapon, fixt before,  
And di'd in crimson with *Lapithian* gore.  
To whom, with courage fir'd I said in scorn,  
Behold how much our steel excels thy horn.

385 And threw my Lance: Not to be shunn'd, he now  
Claps his right hand upon his threatened brow,  
Which both together nail'd. They roar: And while  
Th' engaged with his bitter wound doth toil,

Thy

- Thy father, who was nearest, nearest prest :  
 And thrust his sword deep in, below his breast.  
 390 He Bounds aloft, on th' earth his bowels trails ;  
 The trailed kicks, the kickt in pieces hales ;  
 Which winding, tetter both his legs and thighs :  
 So falls ; and with a gutless belly dies.  
 Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could save :  
 If such a two-form'd figure beauty have.  
 395 His chin began to bud with down of gold ;  
 And golden curls his ivory back infold :  
 His looks a pleasing vigour grac'd ; his breast,  
 Hands, shoulders, neck, and all that man expressit,  
 Surpassing arts admired images.  
 Nor were his bestial parts a shame to these ;  
 400 Add, but a horses head and crest, he were  
 For *Castor's* use ; his back so strong to bear,  
 So largely chested ; blacker than the crow :  
 His tail and feet-locks, white as falling snow.  
 A number of that nation sought his love ;  
 405 Whom none but fair *Hylonome* could move :  
 None for attracting favour so excel,  
 Of all the half-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.  
 She, by sweet words, by loving, by confessit  
 Affection, only *Cyllarus* possest.  
 With combs she smooths her hair ; her person trimm'd  
 With all that could be graceful to such limbs.  
 410 Of roses, rosemary, and violets,  
 And oft of Lilies curious dressings pleats.  
 Twice daily washt her face in springs that fall  
 From *Pegasæan* Hills ; twice daily all  
 Her body bathes in cleansing streams, and ware  
 The skins of beasts, such as were choice and rare,  
 Which flowing from her shoulder cross her breast,  
 415 Vail her left side. Both equal love possest :  
 Together on the shady mountains stray,  
 In woods and hollow caves together lay :  
 Then to the palace of the *Lapithise*  
 Together came ; and now together fight :  
 A javelin from the left hand flung, thy breast,  
 420 O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy neck imprest.  
 Her heart though slightly hurt (the dart out-hal'd)  
 Grew forthwith cold ; and all his body pal'd.  
*Hylonome* his dying limbs receives ;  
 Fomentis his wound, close to his lips she cleaves,

- 425 To stay his flying soul. But when she found  
 Lifes fire extinct; with words in clamour drown'd,  
 Even on that steel, which through his bosom past,  
 She threw her own: and him in death imbrac't.  
 Methinks I see grim *Phaeomenes* yet:
- 430 Who with two Lions skins, together knit,  
 Protects his double form. A log he took,  
 Which scarce two teems could draw, this darted, strok  
 The crown of *Phonolenides*; his brains  
 It through his battered skulls deep crannies strains;
- 435 Which from his mouth, eyes, ears, and nostrils gush'd,  
 Like curds through wicker squeas'd; or juices crush'd  
 Through draining colanders. As he the dead  
 Prepares t'unarm, my sword his bowels shred.  
 Your fath'fer saw his downfal. *Chthonius* too,
- 440 And stout *Teleboas* our fawchion slew.  
 The first a forked branch, the other bore  
 A latince; the launce this wound had given before;  
 Whereof you see the ancient scar. Then I,  
 Then should I have been sent t' have ruin'd *Troy*,
- 445 Then might I have restrain'd, if not o'rethrown  
 Great *Hector*. But, he either then was none,  
 Or else a child. Now spent with age, I wain.  
 What speak I of two-shap't *Pyretus* slain  
 By *Periphas*? Thy dart without an head,
- 450 Brave *Ampycus*, four-hoof'd *Oicles* sped.  
*Macareus* born by *Pelestrian* rocks,  
 Huge *Eridapus* with a leaver knocks  
 To echoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* sheath'd  
 Deep in *Nessus* groin, and life bereav'd.
- 455 Nor would you think *Ampycides* alone  
 Could fate fore-tel; a launce by *Mopsus* thrown  
*Odites* flew: this, as the Centaur rail'd,  
 His tongue t' his chin, his chin t' his bosom nail'd.  
 Five, *Caneus* flew; *Bromus*, *Antimachus*,
- 460 Ax-arm'd *Pyracmus*, *Helius*, *Strophelus*.  
 Although forgetful by what wounds they fell;  
 Their names, and number, I remember well.  
 Giant-like *Latreus* lightneth to these broils;  
 Arm'd with *Emathian* *Alesus* spoils:
- His years twixt youth and age; nor age impairs  
 The strength of youth though it sprinkled with gray hair.
- 465 A *Macedonian* spear, a sword, and shield,  
 Confirm his pride: o're-views the well-fought field.

- Clashes his arms ; and trotting in a round,  
Enforc'd the air with this disdainful sound.
- 470 Shall I indure thee, *Cænus*? still to me  
Thou art a woman, and shalt *Cænus* be.  
Thou hast forgot thy births original,  
And for what fact rewarded ; by what fall  
Advanc't to this man-counterfeiting shape.  
Think of thy birth ; think of thy easie rape.
- 475 Go, take a Spindle and a Distaff ; twine  
The carded wool, and arms to Men reign.  
While thus he scoffs ; and circularly ran ;  
*Cænus* his sides gores with his launce, where Man  
And Horse unite. He, mad with anguish, flings  
His spear at the *Phyllian* youth, which rings  
480 On his unwounded face ; and back recoils,  
As Pebbles dropt on Drums, or Hail on Tiles.  
Then rushing on, with thrusts assays to wound  
His hardned hides, the sword no entrance foun'd.  
Nor shalt thou scape ; the edge shall lance thy throat,
- 485 Although the point be dull. This said, and smote  
At once, the blow, as if on marble, sounds,  
And from his neck the broken blade rebounds.  
When he his charmed limbs had open laid  
Enough to wounds and wonder, *Cænus* said :
- 490 Now will we try, if thou our sword canst feal.  
Then twixt his shoulders thrust the fatal steel  
Up to the hilts ; which to and fro he waves  
Deep in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraves.  
The frightened Centaurs with an horrid cry,
- 495 On him alone, with all their weapons, fly.  
Their Darts rebated, fall, but draw no bloud :  
For *Cænus* still invulnerable stood.  
This more amaz'd. Ah, *Monychus* exclaims,  
One foils us all, to all our endles shames !
- 500 He scarce a man ! nay he the man, and we  
Are what he was : so poor our actions be.  
What boots our mighty limbs ? our double force ?  
The strongest of all creatures, Man and Horse,  
In us by Nature join'd ? sure we are not
- A Goddess birth, nor by *Ixion* got,
- 505 Who durst the Queen of Deities imbrace :  
This half-man conquers his degenerate race.  
Stones, massive Logs, whole Mountains on him rou' ;  
And with a file of Trees crush out his soul.

- Let woods oppres his jaws : o're-whelm with weight,  
In stead of idle wounds. Thus he : and straight  
 510 An Oak up-rooted by the furious blasts  
Of frantick winds, on valiant *Ceneus* casts.  
Th' example quickly *Othrys* dis-array'd  
Of all his trees ; and *Pelion* wanted shade.  
Prest with so huge a burthen, *Caneus* fwears :  
 515 And to th' o're-whelming Oaks his shoulders sets,  
But now the load above his stature climbs,  
And chokes the passage of his breath. Sometimes  
He faints ; then struggles to advance his crown  
Above the Pile, and throw the timber down :  
 520 Sometimes the burthen with his motion quakes ;  
As when an Earth-quake high-brow'd *Ida* shakcs.  
His end was doubtful ; some there be, who tell  
How with that weight his body sunk to Hell ;  
*Mopsus* dissent ; who saw a fowl arise  
 525 From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies ;  
(The first I ever saw) which flying round  
About our tents, sent forth a mournful sound.  
This he pursuing with his soul and fight,  
 530 Cry'd, Hail thou glory of the *Lapithite* :  
O *Ceneus*, late a man at arms ; but now  
An un-matcht fowl ! his witnes all allow.  
Grief whets our fury ; brooking ill, that one  
By such a multitude should be o're-thrown :  
And sorrow so long executes the fight,  
 535 Till half were stain : half sav'd by speed, and night.  
*Tlepolemus* could not his tongue debar :  
Since in the repetition of that war,  
Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.  
Old man, how can you so forget (he said)  
 540 *Alcides* praise ? my father oft would tell,  
How by his hand the Cloud-born Centaurs fell.  
To this sad *Nestor* answer'd : Why should you  
Compel me to remember, and renew  
My sorrow lost in time ? or iterate  
Your father's guilt ; together with my hate ?  
 545 His acts transcend belief, his high repute  
Fills all the world : which would I could refute.  
But not *Polydamas*, *Deiphobus*,  
Nor valiant *Hector*, are extoll'd by us.  
For who commands his foe ? *Messene*'s walls  
 550 He rais'd : Fair *Elis*, *Pylus*, in their falls.

Detest his fury : Cities which his hate  
 Had not deserv'd ; with them did ruinate  
 Our House with sword and fire. Not now to tell  
 Of others, who by his stern out-rage fell ;  
 Twice fix fair-fam'd *Neleidae* were we ;  
 Twice fix *Alcides* flew, excepting me.

555 Others have been subdu'd : but more than strange  
 Was *Periclymen*'s slaughter ! who could change  
 And re-change to all figures. Such a grace  
 Great *Neptune* gave ; the root of *Nelens* race.  
 He, forc'd to vary forms, at length appears  
 560 Like *Jove*'s lov'd Fowl, who in her talons bears  
 Impetuous thunder ; and in his descent  
 His face with his strong beak and pounces rent.  
 At him his Bow, too sure, *Alcides* drew,

565 As tow'ring in the lofty clouds he flew,  
 And struck his side-join'd wing. The wound was slight,  
 But sunder'd nerves could not sustain his flight.  
 When tumbling down, his weight the arrow smote  
 570 In at his side, and thrust it through his throat.  
 Now brave Commander of the *Rhodian* Fleer,  
 Think'it thou *Alcide*'s praise a subject meet  
 575 For my discourse ? Alone with silence we  
 Revenge our slaughtred brothers ; and love thee.

When *Nestor* with mellifluous eloquence  
 Had thus much utter'd ; they with speech dispense,  
 And liberal *Bacchus* quaff : then all arose,  
 And give the rest of night to soft repose.

580 The God, whose Trident calms the Ocean,  
 For strangled *Cyclus*, turn'd into a Swan,  
 Grieves with paternal grief. *Achilles* fate  
 He prosecutes with more than civil hate.  
 Ten years now well-nigh laps'd in horrid fights,

585 This unshorn *Smintheus* his stern rage excites.

Of all our brothers sons to us most dear ;  
 Whose hands, with ours, *Troy*'s wall in vain did rear :  
 O sigh'st thou not to see the *Asian* towers

590 So near their fall ? their own, and aiding powers.

By millions slain ? the halt of all their joy.

Dead *Hector* dragg'd about his fathers *Troy* ?

Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labour gives

To utter spoil, than War more cruel, lives.

Came he within my reach, he then should try

The vengeance of my Trident : but since I

## 246 METAMORPHOSIS.

- 595 Cannot approach t' encounter with my foe ;  
 Let him thy close and mortal arrows know.  
*Delius* assents : his Uncles wrath intends ;  
 With it, his own ; and in a cloud descends  
 To th' *Ilian* holt : amid the battel seeks  
 600 For *Paris*, shooting at un-noted Greeks.  
 Then shew'd a God, and said : why dost thou lose  
 Thy shafts so basely ? nobler objects choose ;  
 If thou of thine at least hast any care :  
 Thy brethrens deaths revenge on *Peleus* heir,  
 Then shew'd him stern *Achilles*, as he flew  
 605 The *Trojan* troops : and while his bow he drew,  
 Directs the deadly shaft. This only might  
 Old *Priam*, after *Hector's* death, delight.  
 Him, wh. with conquest cloy'd the jaws of death,  
 610 A faint Adulterer deprives of breath.  
 If by the effeminate to be o're-thrown,  
 Then should the *Pallas* of the *Amazon*  
 Have forc't thy fate. The *Phrygian* fears the frame,  
 And strong protection of the *Grecian* Name.  
 Invincible *Macides* now burns :  
 The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turns.  
 615 And of that great *Achilles* scarce remains  
 So much, as now a little Urn contains.  
 Yet still he lives ; his glory lightens forth,  
 And fills the world : this answers his full worth.  
 This, O divine *Pelides*, fears as high  
 As thy great spirit, and shall never die.  
 620 And even his arms, to instance whose they were ;  
 Procure a war, Arms for his Arms they bear,  
*Ajax* *Oileus*, *Diomedes*, nor  
 The less *Atrides* ; not in age and war  
 The Greater : no not any ; but the Son  
 Of old *Laertes* and bold *Telamon*,  
 625 Durst hope for such a prize. *Tantalides*,  
 To shun the burthen and the hate of these,  
 The Princes bids to sit before his tent :  
 And puts the strife on their arbitrement.

OVID'S



# OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

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## THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

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### THE ARGUMENT.

Those purple flowers which Ajax name display,  
His blood produce. Enraged Hecuba  
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnon's cynders rise  
Self-slaughtring Fowl: a yearly sacrifice.  
Whatever Anius daughters handle, proves  
Corn, Wine, or Oyl: themselves transform'd to Doves.  
From honour'd Virgins ashes Sons ascend.  
Th' Ambracian Judge, a Stone. Light wings defend  
Molossus royal issue. Scylla grows  
An horrid Monster. Murther'd Acys flows  
With speedy streams. The kind Nereides  
For Glaucus sue: inshron'd in sacred See.

**T**He Princes sat; the soldier crowns the field;  
Up rose the Master of the sevenfold Shield:  
With wrath impatient, his stern eyes survey  
Sygaum, and the Navy which there lay.  
Then throwing up his hands, O Jove, he said;  
Before the Fleet must we our title plead?  
And am I rivall'd by Ulysses claim?  
Who made no doubt to fly from Hector's flame?  
This I sustain'd; from this that Navy freed  
Tis safer to contend in word than deed.  
I cannot talk, nor can he fight: as far  
His tongue excels, as I exceed in war.

- Nor need I to rehearse what you have seen  
In act, renowned Greeks: what his hath been  
Let *Ithacus* declare; perform'd by fight,  
15 Without a witness, only known to night.  
Great is th' affected prize, I must confess:  
But such a Rival makes the value less.  
For me, 'tis no ambition to obtain,  
(Though great) whatever he could hope to gain.  
Who now in this is honour'd, that can ~~o~~ <sup>o</sup> xast  
20 He strove with me, when he the palm hath lost.  
But were my valour question'd, I might ea  
My birth insist; begot by *Tetamon*,  
Who under *Hercules* *Troy's* bulwarks scal'd:  
In *Pegasus* keell to *Cotchis* sail'd.  
25 His father, *Aeacus*, the Judge of Souls,  
Where *Sisyphus* his restless torment rous.  
High *Jupiter* upon a mortal Love  
Got *Aeacus*: I *Ajax*, third from *Jove*.  
Nor let this pedigree assist my claim,  
30 If great *Achilles* joyn'd not in the same.  
He was my brother, his I ask. Why thus  
Should'st thou, thou son of damned *Sisyphus*,  
Alike in theft and fraud, a stranger to  
*Achilles* race, the right of his pursue?  
Because I first assumed arms, descry'd  
35 By no detector, are these arms deny'd?  
Or rather for the last in field design'd?  
Who with feign'd Lunacy the war declin'd:  
Till *Palamed* more politick, though more  
Unhappy, did his coward-guile explore,  
And dress him to avoided arms? Must he  
40 Now wear the best, who all eschew'd? and we  
Unhonour'd, robbed of a Kinsman's right,  
Because we at the first appear'd in fight?  
And would to *Jove* he had been truly mad;  
Or still so thought: nor this companion had,  
This tempter to foul actions, ever seen  
The *Phrygian* tow'r's. Then should'st not thou have been  
45 O *Pean's* son, exposed by our crime  
To *Leminiian* Rocks: where thou consum'st thy time  
In lonely Caves obscur'd with woods, the stones  
Provok'd to pity with thy daily groans,  
And wishest him, what he deserves, thy pain,  
If Gods there be, thou wishest not in vain.

Now.

50 Now our Confederate (a Prince of brave  
Command) to whom his shafts *Alcides* gave,  
Broken with pain and famine, doth employ  
Those arrows, that import the fate of *Troy*,  
For food and clothing: yet he lives the while,

55 In that removed from *Ulysses* guile.

And *Palamed* might wish t' have been so left:  
Then had he liv'd, or been of life bereft  
Not by our crime. He hellishly inclin'd,  
Bears his convicted madnes in his mind;  
And falsly him accus'd to have betray'd

Th' *Achaian* host; confirming what he said

60 By shewing sums of gold, which in his tent  
Himself had hid. Thus he by banishment

Or death, our strength impairs; for this prefer'd:  
So fights, so is *Ulysses* to be fear'd.

Though faithful *Nestor*, he in eloquence,  
Surpals: his leaving *Nestor*, no defence

Of words can salve: who slow, through his hurt horse;

65 And clogg'd with age, implor'd *Ulysses* force

To fetch him off; who left to odds of foes

His old acquaintance. This *Tydiades* knows

For no forg'd crime; who vainly call'd, to stay  
His trembling friend, reviling his dismay.

70 The Gods with justice view our human deeds.

Who would not late assist, assistance needs:

And now to be forsaken by the Law

Himself prescrib'd. He cry'd, I came, and saw

The coward quaking, pale, about to yield

75 His ghost for fear. I interpos'd my shield;

Bestrid him as he lay; and from that strife

Redeem'd (my least of praise) his coward life.

But if thou wilt contend, rejoyn we there;

Revoke the foe, thy wounds, and usual fear;

Behind my target skulk: then plead. This man,

80 Who reel'd with wounds; freed, as unwounded ran.

Now *Hector* came, and brought the Gods along;

Rush't on all parts: not thou alone, the strong

Anf best resolved shrinkt: so great a dread

He drew on all. Him, as he conquest led

85 Through blood and slaughter, with a mighty stone

I struck to earth: him I sustain'd alone,

When he to all so bold a challenge made;

When for my lot you all devoutly pray'd.

## 250 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Nor pray'd in vain: if you enquire the sum  
 90 Of this our fight, I was not overcome.  
 With bloody weapons, flames, and *Jove*, the men  
 Of *Troy* invade our navy: where was then  
 Your eloquent *Ulysses*? I, even I  
 A thousand ships preserv'd; whereon rely  
 The hopes of your return. These arms for all  
 95 Your Fleet afford. The meed more honour shall  
 Receive than give: our glories justly please;  
 These arms do *Ajax* seek, not *Ajax* these.  
*Rhesus* surprize, with ours let him compare,  
 That poor spy *Dolon's*, *Helenus* despair;
- 100 The rapt *Pauadium*: nothing done by day:  
 He of no worth, take *Diomed* away.  
 If to such mean deserts these arms accrue;  
 Divide them: to *Tydiades* most is due.  
 Why would he these? who still unarmed goes,  
 Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?
- 105 This radiant Cask that shines with burnisht gold,  
 Will his deceit, and lurking steps unfold.  
 His neck can scarce *Achilles* helmet bear;  
 Nor can his feeble arms employ this spear:
- 110 His shield, whose orb the figur'd world adorns;  
 A cowards arm, injur'd to thieving, scorns.  
 O fool, that thus thy own undoing seeks!  
 If given thee by th' error of the Greeks,  
 It will not make thee dreadful to thy foe;  
 But give occasion of thy overthrow.
- 115 And flight, wherein thou only dost exceed,  
 Clogg'd with so huge a weight, will fail thy need.  
 Besides, thy shield in battel rarely born,  
 Is yet entire: but mine, all haekt and torn  
 With storms of blows, a new successor needs.
- 120 What boots so many words? behold our deeds.  
 These arms deliver to the foes defence:  
 And let him keep, that takes the prize from thence.  
 Here *Ajax* ends. The Soldiers in the close  
 125 A murmur rais'd, till *Ithacus* arose:  
 Who having fixed on the earth a space  
 His eyes, unto the Princes rais'd his face;  
 And now expected, spake unto this sensē;  
 With all the grace of winning eloquence.
- Grecians!* if heavens, with yours, had heard my prayer;  
 What now we seek had found no doubtful Heu;

Th'hadst

- 130 Th' hadst kept thy arms, *Achilles*, and we thee.  
 But since stern Fate, averse to you and me,  
 So covered an happiness denies,  
 (With that appears to weep, and wipes his eyes)  
 Who great *Achilles* with more right succeeds,  
 Than he, who gave you great *Achilles* deeds?
- 135 Favour not him because he seems to be,  
 And is a sot; nor blame this wit in me,  
 So blest in your affairs: or take offence  
 That for my self I arm my eloquence,  
 (It I have any) oft for you implo'rd,  
 Let none the glory of his own avoid.
- 140 For Ancestors, divine original,  
 And deeds by us not done, we ours miscal.  
 Yer in that *Ajax* vaunts himself to be  
 Great-Granchild unto *Jove*; no less are we.  
*Laertes* was my Sire, *Arceus* his;  
 His, *Jupiter*: in this descent none is.
- 145 Condemn'd, nor banisht. By the mother I  
 From *Hermes* spring: in both a Deity.  
 Not that more noble by the Mothers side,  
 Nor that my Father had his hands undi'd.  
 In brothers bloud, do I inforce this claim:
- 150 Weigh but our worths: and censure by the same.  
 That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,  
 In *Ajax* is no merit. Not the near  
 In birth, but great in act, deserve this grace:  
 Or if proximity in bloud have place,
- 155 *Peleus* his father, *Pyrrhus* is his son:  
 What right remains for *Ajax Telamon*?  
 To *Pthia* then, or *Scyros* carry these.  
*Teucer* is Cousin to *Æacides*  
 As well as he; yet stirrs not he herein:  
 Or if he should, should he the honour win?  
 Then since our actions must our suit advance;
- 160 Although my deeds surmount my utterance,  
 Their abstract yet in order to relate:  
*Thetis*, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate,  
 Disguis'd her son: so like a Virgin drest,  
 That all mistook, and *Ajax* with the rest.  
 When arms, with women's trifles, that might blind  
 Suspect, I brought to tempt a manly mind.
- 165 Yet wasthe Hero Virgin-like afraid,  
 Who taking up the spear and shield, I said:

O Ged.

- O Goddess-born, for thee the fate of *Troy*  
Her fall reserves: why doubt'st thou to destroy  
*Great Pergamus?* then made him leave those weeds:
- 170 And sent the Mighty unto mighty deeds.  
His acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus*  
Doil'd by our Lance; the suppliant cur'd by us.  
*Strong Thebes* we sack'd: sackt *Lesbos* us renowns,  
*Chrysa* and *Tenedos* (*Apollo's towns*)
- 175 *Cilla*, and Sea-girt *Cyrus*, in their falls  
Our fame advance: we raz'd *Lerne's* walls.  
To pass the rest; I gave, who could subdue  
The brave *Priamides*: I *Hector* slew.  
For th' arms that found *Achilles* these I crave:
- 180 He dead, I ask but what, alive, I gave.  
The grief of one, with all the Greeks prevails:  
*Eubœan Aulis* held a thousand sails.  
The long-expected winds opposed stand,  
Or sleep in calms. When cruel Fates command  
Afflicted *Agamemnon* to affwage
- 185 With *Iphigenia's* death, *Diana's* rage.  
But he disents; the Gods themselves reproves;  
And in a King a father's passion moves.  
His noble disposition ne'retheleſs  
I to the publick won: and must confess  
(*Atrides*, pardon;) we did prosecute.
- 190 Before a partial Judge, an hateful suit.  
Yet him his brother, Scepter, publick good  
Perswade to purchase endless praise with bloud.  
Then went I to the mother for her child:  
Now not to be exhort'd, but beguil'd.  
Had *Ajax* thither gone, our flagging fails
- 195 Not yet had swell'd with still-expected gales.  
Then on a bold embassage I was sent  
To haughty *Troy*: to th' *Ilian* Court I went  
Yet full of men: and fearless, urg'd at large  
The common cause committed to my charge.
- 200 False *Paris* I accuse: rap'd *Helena*  
I re-demand, with all they bore away.  
Old *Priam* and *Antenor* just appear,  
But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were  
His followers in that stealth, from wicked blows  
Could scarce refrain. This *Memelans* knows,  
The first of dangers, wherein you and I
- 205 Together joyn'd. But what my policy

- And force perform'd behoofful to this State,  
In that long war, too long is to relate.  
The first great battel fought, our wary foes  
Long live immur'd : nor durst their powers expose..  
Nine years expir'd, warrs all the fields affright.
- 210 Meanwhile what didst thou, only fit to fight?  
What use of thee? inquire my actions; I  
The foe intrap, our trenches fortifie,  
Encouraging the weary Souldier  
To brook the tedioufness of lingring war  
With fair expectance: teach them ways to feed,
- 215 The use of arms: imploid at every need.  
The King deluded in his sleep by *Jove*,  
Bids us the care of future war remove.  
The author was his strong apology.  
*Ajax* should have withstood; the sack of *Troy*  
He should have urg'd; done what he could, have fought.
- 220 VWhy was the nobler siége by him unsought?  
VWhy arm'd he not? a speech he might have made,  
That would the wavering multitude have stai'd:  
To him not difficult, who looks so high,  
And speaks so big. VWhat if himself did flie?  
I saw, and sham'd to see thee turn thy back,  
To hoise thy fails unto thy honours wrack.
- 225 VWhat do you? O what madness, mates, said I,  
Provokes you to abandon yielding *Troy*?  
Ten years nigh spent, what will you bear away  
But infamy? I this and more did say;  
VWherein my sorrow made me eloquent:  
They thus perswaded, alter'd their intent.
- 230 The King a Council calls; distrusts afford  
No sound advice: durst *Ajax* speak a word?  
VWhen base *Thersites* durst the King provoke  
VVith bitter words: who felt my scepters stroke.  
Their doubts with hopes of conquest I inspire:
- 235 And let their fainting courages on fire:  
Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right  
To me belongs, that thus restrain'd his flight.  
Besides, what one of all the wiser Greeks  
Makes choice of thee? or thine assistance seeks?  
*Tytaides* us approves, builds on our will;
- 240 Is confident in his *Ulysses* still.  
Among so many, 'tis a grace for me  
To be his consort; and the choice so free.

## 254. METAMORPHOSIS,

- The danger of the foe, and night despis'd ;  
 I Dolon, then a counter-scout, surpriz'd :
- 245 Nor him, till I had searcht his bosom, flew ;  
 Informed what perfidious Troy would do.  
 All known, and nothing left to be enquir'd ;  
 I now with praise enough might have retir'd.  
 Yet not so satisfi'd, I forward went ;
- 250 And Rhesus flew, with his, in his own tent ;  
 When, like a Victor, on his Chariot I  
 Return'd in triumph. Can you then deny  
*Achil'les* arms, whose horses were assign'd  
 For one nights hazard ? Ajax is more kind.
- 255 What should I of Sarpedon's forces tell,  
 O'rethrown by us : by us Ceraunos fell,  
*Iphitides*, *Alastor*, *Chromius*,  
*Alcander*, *Prytanis*, *Noemonius*,  
*Halius*, stout Thoon, bold Pheridamas,
- 260 With Charopes Eunomius fatal Pas  
 Sign'd by my Launce : and many more in view  
 Of hostile Troy, of meaner rank, I flew.  
 And I, O Countrymen, have honour'd wounds,  
 Fair in their scars ; nor trust to empty sounds :  
 Behold, (said he, with that his bosom bares)
- 265 This breast, still exercis'd in your affairs.  
 No blood for Greece in all these lengthful wars  
 Hath Ajax shed : let him produce his scars.  
 What boots it, though his deeds his brags approve ;  
 That for our Fleet he fought with Troy and Jove ?
- 270 I grant, he did so : nor will we detract  
 With hated envy from a noble act.  
 So he ingross'd not to himself alone  
 A common praise, but rende'red us our own.  
*Aetorides* (for great *Achilles* held)  
 Troy's flames and Fautör from our ships repelld.  
 He vainly glories that himself alone
- 275 Could answ'rer *Hector*'s opposition :  
 The King, his brother, and my self forgot :  
 Of nine the last, and but preferr'd by lot.  
 But what event, O great in valour, crown'd  
 Your famous combat ? *Hector* had no wound.
- 280 Wo's me ! with what a tide of grief I call  
 That time to mind ; wherein the Grecian Wall,  
*Achilles* fell ! tears, fears, nor sorrow staid  
 My forward zeal, his raised corps laid

Upon

- Upon these shoulders: these, even these did bear  
 285 Him, and his arms; which now I hope to wear.  
 Our strength can such a weight with ease sustain:  
 Our knowledge can your honour'd gift explain.  
 Was *Thetis* so ambitious for her son,  
 That such a brainless Souldier should put on  
 290 This heavenly gift, of so divine a frame?  
 Whose figur'd shield his ignorance would shame.  
 Wherein, the Ocean; Earth with Cities crown'd;  
 Skies deckt with Stars; cold *Arctos* never drown'd,  
 Sword-girt *Orion*, sad *Pleiades*,
- 295 The rainy *Kids*. He seeks, yet knows not these.  
 Upbraids he me, that I this war did shun,  
 And time deferr'd till others had begun?  
 Nor can consider, how he wounds in me  
*Achilles* honour. If a crime it be  
 To counterfeit; we join in that defame:  
 300 If, in that tardy; I before him came.  
 Me, my kind wife, his mother him withdrew:  
 Our flow'r to them we gave, the fruit to you.  
 Nor fear I, should I quit my own defence,  
 To suffer with so clear an excellency.  
 Nor was it *Ajax* found out me: and yet  
 305 *Achilles* was discover'd by my wit.  
 Lest I should wonder why his foolish tongue  
 Should slander me, he you upbraids with wrong.  
 If *Palamedes* was accus'd by me  
 Without just cause, must not his judgment be  
 310 To you reproachful? neither *Nauplius* Seed  
 Could justify so evident a deed:  
 Nor heard you only of his treacheries,  
 The hire of treason laid before your eyes.  
*Peleus* in *Lemnos* left, was none  
 Of my offence, do you defend your own:  
 315 You to his stay contented. Yet again  
 I must confess, I advis'd him to abstain  
 From travel, toils of war: and to appease  
 The anguish of his bitter wound with ease.  
 He did; he lives. Th' advice was good: success  
 As fortunate approves it for no less.  
 320 Since Fate deligis him for the fall of *Troy*:  
 Spare me, and *Ajax* industry employ.  
 His tongue the mad with wrath and anguish will  
 Appear: he'll fetch him with some reach of skill.

## 256 METAMORPHOSIS.

- First *Simeon* shall retire, *Ide* want a shade,  
 325 *Achaea* promise to the *Trojans* aid ;  
 E're my endeavours in your service fail,  
 And softish *Ajax* with his wit prevail.  
 And *Philotetes*, though obdure, thou be  
 Incenst against the King, these Lords, and me ;  
 330 Though curses lighten from thy lips, though still  
 Thou covet my access, my bloud to spill ;  
 Yet I'll attempe thee ; and will bring thee back ;  
 That neither may, what we so wish for, lack.  
 Thy shafts I mast posseſſ (ſo favour Fate)  
 335 As I posſeſt the *Dardan* prophet late ;  
 As I unknit the *Trojan* destiny,  
 And doubtful anſwer of the Gods ; as I,  
 Amid a world of foes, the fatal Sign  
 Of *Phrygian Pallas* ravifh from her Shrine.  
 Compare with me will *Ajax*? thisunta'ne,  
 Troy's hop'd-for expugnation had been vain.  
 340 Where was strong *Ajax*? where the glorious boarſt  
 Of that great Souldier? why in terrour lost ?  
 How durſt *Ulyſſes* trust himſelf to night,  
 Pass through the watch, their thret'ning weapons flight?  
 The walls not only, but the highest tower  
 Of *Ilium* ſcale : and from her Fane the Power  
 345 That bears their fate inforſe : and with this prey,  
 Repaſſes the dangers of that horrid way ?  
 Which, had not I atchieved, yet in field  
 Had *Ajax* vainly born his ſeven-fold shield.  
 That night *Troy* fell before *Laertes* ſon :  
 Won, when I made it that it might be won.  
 350 Why doſt thou fleer on my *Tydiides* ſo :  
 And nodd'ſt at me? our praifes jointly grow.  
 Not for our Navy diſt thou fight alone :  
 Thou by an hoſt affiſted, I by one.  
 Who knew that wiſdom valour ſhould command ;  
 355 That theſe belong'd not to a ſtrenuous hand :  
 Else he himſelf had join'd in this debate ;  
 Or th' other *Ajax*, far more moderate ;  
 Brave *Thoas*, fierce *Euripylis* ; with theſe  
*Idomenus* and *Menelauſ*. For they are,  
 360 As strong, nor ſecond unto thee in war :  
 Yet yield to our advice. Thou fit for fight,  
 Dost need my reaſon to direct thy might :

Thy

- Thy valour wants forecast ; my care is set  
 Upon the future : thou canst fight ; and yet  
 The time and place must be by us assign'd :
- 365 Thou only strong in body, I in mind.  
 As skilful Pilots those surpass, who row ;  
 As wise Commanders, common Souldiers ; so  
 I thee excel. Our vigour is less great  
 In bones and sinews, yet my soul compleat.
- 370 Then O remunerate my vigilance :  
 And, Princes, for so many years expence  
 In anxious cares, this dignity extend  
 To my deserts, our work is at an end :  
 Withstanding fates removed : I, in that I  
 Have made it feasible, have taken *Troy*.
- 374 Now by our mutual hopes, *Troy's* overthrow,  
 Those Gods which late I ravish'd from the toe ;  
 If ought remain to be discreetly done,  
 That courage crav'd, through danger to be won ;  
 If in the *Ilian* destiny there be  
 A knot yet to unknit ; remember me :
- 380 Or if you can forget ; these arms reign  
 To this ; and shew's *Minerva's* fatal Sign. (charms)  
 The Chiefs were moy'd. Here words approv'd their  
 And Eloquence from Valour wins those arms.  
 He who alone, *Jove, Hector, Sword and Fire*
- 385 So oft sustain'd, yields to one stroke of ire.  
 Th'unconquer'd sorrow conquers ; Then his blade  
 In haste unsheathe'd : Sure thou art mine, he said ;  
 Or seeks *Ulysses* this ? this shall conclude  
 All sense of wrong. And thee, so oft imbru'd  
 In *Pbygian* bloud, thy Lords maist now imbrue :
- 390 That none but *Ajax Ajax* may subdue.  
 This said ; his breast, till then with wounds ungor'd,  
 The deadly sword, where it could enter, bor'd.  
 Nor could draw back the steel with all his strength ;  
 Expell'd by gushing gore. The bloud at length,
- 395 A purple flower ingendred on the ground :  
 Created first by *Hyacinthus* wound.  
 The tender leaves indifferent letters paint :  
 Both of his name, and of the Gods complaint.  
 The Conqueror, now hoising sails, doth stand
- For mild *Hypsiphele's* and *Thoas Land* ;  
 400 (Defam'd by Womens cursed violence)  
 To fetch the shafts of *Hercules* from theace.

These.

These, with their owner, to the camp convey'd,  
Of that so long a war an end they made.

405 Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.

Th'unhappy wife of *Priam* after all,  
Her human figure lost : whose raving Sprite  
And uncouth howling foreign fields affright.  
The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungry fire  
To narrow *Hellespont* ; nor there expire.

410 That little bloud which *Priam's* age could shied,  
*Jove's* altar drink. By her anointed head  
*Apollo's* Priest they drag, her hands in vain  
To heaven upheld. The Victor *Greeks* constrain

415 The *Darden Dames* ; a deadly-hating prey :  
Who imbrace their Country Gods ; and while they may,  
Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence  
*Astyanax* threw from that tower ; from whence  
He had seen his father, by his mother shown,  
Fight for his Kingdoms safety, and his own.  
North-winds to Seas invite, and prosperous gales

420 Sing in their shrowds ; they haste to trim their Sails,  
The *Trojan Ladies* cry, Dear Soil, farewell !  
We're hal'd to loath'd captivity ! then fell  
On earth now kist : and leave with much delay,  
Their countries smoaking ruins. *Hecuba*  
Her sad departure to the last defers :

Now found among her childrens sepulchres,  
425 (A fight of ruth ! ) spread on their tombs, bewails,  
Their cold bones kissing : whom *Ulysses* hales  
From that sad comfort. Some of *Hector's* dust,  
Up-snatcht, delivers to her bosoms trust.  
Upon his tomb she left her hoary hairs  
(A poor Oblation ! ) mingled with her tears.

430 Oppos'd to *Ilium's* ruins lies a Land,  
Till'd by the *Bistones* ; in the Command  
Of *Polymnestor*. Danger to prevent,  
To him his father *Polydorus* sent :

And wisely ; had he not withal consign'd

435 A mass of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.  
His foster-child, when lingring *Ilium* drew  
To her last date, the *Thracian* Tyrant flew.  
Whom, as if he his murther with the slain  
Could cast away, he casts into the Main.

440 Now rode *Atrides* at the *Thracian* shoar ;  
Till winds forbore to storm ; and Seas to roar.

- When from the yawning earth *Achilles* rose;  
Like mighty as in life: whose looks disclose  
As stern a wrath, as when his lawless blade  
445 Was on *Atrides* drawn, and frowning, said:  
*Achæan*, O ingrateful! can you thus  
Depart? are our deserts intomb'd with us?  
Now honour me with what I covet most:  
Let slain *Polyxena* appease my Ghost.  
450 Then vanish't. They th' ungentle Ghost obey'd;  
And from her Mothers bosom drew the Maid,  
(High-soul'd, unhappy, more than feminine,) To his resembled tomb, life to resign  
With Rites infernal. Of her birth she thought:  
And now unto the bloody altar brought;  
455 Seeing her self the sacrifice prepar'd:  
And that *Neoptolemus* upon her star'd  
With Sword advanc'd, she said; untouched with dread:  
Our generous blood to your intentions shed,  
Dispatch; in throat or breast (I am prepar'd)  
460 Your weapon sheath. (With that her bosom bar'd),  
*Polyxena* doth servitude despise:  
And yet no God affects such sacrifice.  
I only wish my death might be unknown  
To my afflicted mother. She alone  
Disturbs the joys of death: though *Priam's* wife  
465 My death should less bewail, than her own life.  
Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid:  
That my free Soul may to the *Stygian* shade  
Untainted pass. If this be just, remove  
Your hand, I shall more acceptable prove  
Unto that God or Ghost, whate're he be,  
To whom I am offer'd, if my bloud be free.  
470 And if a dying tongue prevail at all,  
I, late great *Priam's* daughter, now a thrall,  
Solicite that my corps may not be sold;  
But given my mother: nor exchange for gold  
Sad rites of sepulture. In former years  
Sh'd had gold to give, now poor, accept her tears.  
475 This having said, for her, that would not weep,  
The people wept: the Priest could hardly keep  
His eyes from tears, yet did what he abhor'd,  
And in her proffered bosom thrust his sword.  
On doubling knees she sinks, with silent breath,  
And chearfully imbraceth smil'd-on Death.

Then

## 260 METAMORPHOSIS.

- 480 Then when she fell, she had a care to hide  
 What should be hid; and chafly decent di'd.  
 Her corps was carried by the *Trojan* dames:  
 Who in a funeral song repeat the names  
 Of *Priam's* mourn'd for Seed; what streams of gore  
 One House had spent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:  
 And thee, O royal Wife, entitled late
- 485 The mother-Queen, and Glory of that State:  
 A Captive now, cast by a scorned lot  
 On conquering *Ithacus*; refus'd, if not  
 Forbearing *Hector*. *Hector*, so renown'd,  
 A master hardly for his mother found.  
 She huggs the corps that such a spirit kept.
- 490 Who for her country, children, husband, wept  
 So oft; now weeps for her: her lips she prest,  
 Her wounds fills with her tears. Then beats her breast  
 Her hoary hair besmeard with clotted gore,  
 And bosom torn, this spake she; and much more.
- 495 Poor daughter, our last sorrow: (what is left  
 For fortunes spite!) by bloody death bereft  
 On thee I see my wounds. That of my seed  
 None may unwounded die, even thou must bleed.  
 In that a woman, thee I held secur'd:  
 But thou, O woman, suffer'it by the sword.  
 This bane of *Troy*, our utter ruin, who
- 500 So many of thy princely brothers slew,  
 Hath slain thee too. When he a corse was made  
 By *Paris* and *Apollo's* shafts, I said,  
 Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.  
 Now dead, to us as dreadful as before.
- 505 Against my race his ashes rise: his tomb  
 Presents a foe. O my unhappy womb!  
 T'his fury fruitful! Ruin'd *Troy* descends:  
 And sad succels the publick sorrow ends:  
 Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone  
 To us remains: our sorrows freshly groan.  
 I, late so potent, and so fortunate
- 510 In husband, sons, and height of human State,  
 To exile now am hal'd; despis'd, and torn  
 From my own sepulchres, from *Phrygia's* born  
 To serve *Penelope*, that while I sew  
 Or spin at her commandment, she may shew  
 Her slave to *Ithacensis* dames, and say,  
 Lo, *Hector's* mother, *Priam's* Hebeba.

My

- 515 My sorrows sole relief, so many loft,  
Is offer'd to appeale an hostile Ghost.  
Infernal sacrifices to the dead,  
Even to my foe, my cursed womb hath bred.  
Hard heart, why break'st thou not? What hopes ingage  
Thine expectation? Mischievous Old-age,  
For what reserv'st thou me? You cruel Powers,
- 520 Why lengthen you a poor old womans hours  
To see new funerals? O *Prism*, I  
May call thee happy, after ruin'd *Troy*.  
Happy in death. Thou feelest not this sad fate;  
Thou lost thy life together with thy state.  
Rich funerals attend thee, royal Maid;
- 525 And by thine Ancestors thou shalt be laid.  
O no! thy mothers tears, a heap of sand,  
Must now content thee in a foreign Land.  
All, all, is lost! Yet lives a little Boy
- 530 My last and yongest joy, when I could joy;  
For whom I condescend to live a space,  
Here foster'd by the courteous King of *Thrace*.  
Meanwhile why stay we with the cleansing flood  
To wash these wounds, and look besmear'd with bloud?  
Then with an aged pace, her hoary hairs
- 535 All torn and scattered, to the Sea repairs.  
And while the wretched said; You *Troades*,  
A Pitcher bring to draw the brinish Seas:  
She saw the cast-up corps of *Polydor*  
Struck full of wounds upon the beachy shoar.
- The Ladies shriek; she dumb with sorrow stood:
- 540 Whilst inward grief, her voice, her tears, her bloud,  
At once devour'd. And now, as if intranc'd,  
Stares on the earth; sometimes to heav'n advanc'd  
Her scouling brows: oft on his visage gaz'd;  
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,
- 545 Arm'd, and instructed, all on vengeance bent,  
Still Queen-like, destinates his punishment.  
And as a Lionnes, robb'd of her young,  
Pursues the unseen hunters steps: so, stung  
With fury, when her sorrow with her rage
- 550 Had join'd their powers; unmindful of her age,  
But not of former greatness, ran with speed  
To *Polymnestor*, author of this deed.  
And craving conference, the Tyrant told  
How she would shew him sums of hidden gold

- To give her *Polydor*. This held for true ;  
 He thirsty of his prey, with her withdrew.
- 355 And flattering her thus craftily begun :  
 Delay not, *Hecuba*, t' enrich thy son :  
 By all the Gods we justly will restore  
 What thou shalt give, and what thou gav'st before.  
 She with a truculent aspect beheld
- 560 The falsely swearing King ; with anger swell'd.  
 Then calls the captive dames, upon him flies ;  
 Who hides her fingers in his perjur'd eyes,  
 Extracts his eye-balls : more than usual strong,  
 With thirsty vengeance, and the sense of wrong,
- 565 Her hand drowns in his skull ; the roots up-tore  
 Of his lost sight, imbru'd with guilty gore.  
 The men of *Thracia* incensed for their King,  
 Weapons and stones at *Hecuba* now fling.  
 She, snarling, bites the follow'd flints, her chaps,
- 570 For speech extended, bark. Of whose mis-haps,  
 That place is nam'd. She, mindful of her old  
 Misfortunes, in *Sithonian* desarts howl'd.  
 The *Trojans*, *Grecians*, those who love or hate ;  
 Yea, all the Gods commiserate her fate,
- 575 Even iugniffl Juxo did to this descend ;  
 That *Hecuba* deserv'd not such an end.
- Aurora* had no leisure to lament,  
 (Although those arms she favour'd) the event  
 Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domestical
- 580 Afid nearer grief afflicts her, for the fall  
 Of *Memnon* ; whose life-bloud the Launce imbru'd  
 Of stern *Achilles*. This when first she view'd,  
 The rose dye, that deckt the Morns up-rise,  
 Grew forthwith pale, and clouds jimitur'd the skies.
- 585 Nor could indure to see his body laid  
 On funeral flames : but with her hair disyai'd,  
 As in that season, to high *Jove* repairs ;  
 And kneeling thus with tears, unfolds her cares.  
 To all inferiour, whom the sky sustains,
- (For mortals rarely honour me with Fanes )
- 590 A Goddess yet, I come : not to desire  
 Shrines, Festivals, nor Altars bright with fire ;  
 Yet should you weigh what I, a woman, do,  
 The night confine, and sacred day renew,  
 I merit such : such fruit not now our state ;
- 595 Not such desires affect the desolate.

- Of *Memnon* robb'd, who glorious arms in vain  
Bare for his Uncle, by *Achilles* slain  
In flower of youth (so would you Gods) come I.  
 600 O chief of Pow'rs, a mothers sorrow, by  
Some honour given him, lessen : death with fame  
Recomfort ! *Fove* aslents. When greedy flame  
Devour'd the funeral Pile; and curling fumes  
Day over-cast : as when bright *Sol* assumes  
From streams thick vapours, nor is seen below.  
 605 The flying sparkles dying jointly grow  
Into one body. Colour, form, life, spring  
To it from fire, which lightness now doth wing.  
First like a fowl, forthwith a fowl indeed:  
 610 Innumerable sisters of that breed :  
Together whisk their feathers. Thrice they round  
The funeral Pile ; thrice raise a mournful sound.  
In two battalions then divide their flight ;  
As t<sup>t</sup> like two strenuous nations fiercely fight :  
 615 Their opposite with beak and talons rend ;  
Cuff with their wings ; on sacrifice descend,  
Now dying, on the ashes of the dead :  
Rememb'reng they were of the Valiant bred.  
These new sprung fowl, men of their author call  
*Memmonides*. So sooner *Sol* through all  
The signs returns ; but re-inforc'd again  
 620 In civil war they die upon the slain.  
While others therefore do commiserate  
Poor barking *Hecuba* in her chang'd fate:  
*Aurora* her own grief intends ; renew's  
Her pious tears which fall on earth in dews.  
 625 Yet fates resist, that all the hopes of *Troy*  
Should perish with her towers. The Son and Joy  
Of *Cytherea*, with his household Gods,  
And aged Sire, his pious shoulders loads.  
Of so great wealth he only chose that prize,  
And his *Ascanius*: from *Antandros* flies  
By Seas, and shuns the wicked *Thracian* shoar,  
 630 Defil'd with bloud of murthered *Polydore*:  
With prosperous winds arriving with his train  
At *Phæbus* town, where *Ainus* then did reign,  
*Apollo*'s holy Priest; who, with the rest,  
Into the Temple leads his honour'd Guest :  
 635 The City, with the sacred places, shows,  
And trees held by *Latona* in her throwes.

Incense on flames, and wine on incense pour'd :  
In trails of slaughter'd beeves by fire devour'd ;  
His Guests conducts to Court : on carpet spread

- 640 With *Ceres* and *Lyaus* bounty fed.  
When thus *Anchises* ; O to *Phæbus* dear !  
I am deceiv'd, or, when I first was here,  
Four daughters and a son thy solace crown'd.  
He shook his head, with sacred fillets bound ;  
645 And sighing said, O most renown'd of men,  
I was the father of five children then,  
Whom now (such is the change of things ! ) you see  
Half childless : for my absent son to me  
Is of small comfort ; who, my Vice-roy, reigns  
650 In Sea-girt *Andros*, which his name retains.  
Him *Delius* with prophetick skill inspir'd.  
A gift past credit, still to be admir'd,  
My daughters *Bacchus* gave ; above their suit :  
That all they touch should presently transmute  
To wine, to corn, and to *Minerva's* oil.

- 655 Rich in the use. To purchase such a spoil,  
Great *Troy's* Depopulator, *Atreus* Heir,  
(Lest you should think we have not born a share  
In your mis-haps) with armed violence  
Enfosc'd them from me : charged to dispense  
660 That heavenly gift unto th' *Argolian* Host.  
They scape by flight : two to *Eubæa* crost ;  
Two fled to *Andros* : these the Souldier  
Pursu'd, and threatened (if unrender'd) war.  
Fear nature now subdu'd : his sisters were  
665 By him resign'd ; forgive a brothers fear.  
Not *Hector*, nor *Aeneas* then were by  
To guard his town, who so long guarded *Troy's*  
About to bind their captive arms in bands ;  
Rearing to heaven their yet unchained hands,  
670 O father *Bacchus* help ! While thus they pray'd,  
The Author of that gift presents his aid.  
(If such a loss may be accounted so)  
Yet how they lost their shapes I could not know ;  
Nor yet can tell. It self the sequel proves ;  
675 Converted to thy Wives white-feather'd Doves.  
With such discourse they entertain the feast :  
That ta'n'e away, dispose themselves to rest.  
With day they rose ; the Oracle exquire ;  
Who bids them to the x<sup>t</sup> ancient Nurse retire.

And

- And kindred shoars. Now ready to depart  
 680 The King presents rich gifts, wrought with rare art ;  
 A Scepter to *Anchises* gives : A brave  
 Robe, and a quiver, to *Ascanius* gave :  
 A cup t' *Eneas*, which surpass the rest ;  
 By *Theban Therses* sent him, once his Guest.  
*Mylean Alcon* made what *Therses* sent :  
 685 And carv'd thereon this ample argument.
- A City with seven gates of equal grace ;  
 These serve for names to character the place.  
 Before it, execuies, tombs, piles, bright fires,  
 Dames with spread hair, bare breasts, and torn attires ;  
 690 Decipher mourning : Nymphs appear to weep  
 For their dry Springs : Lap-searing Cankers creep  
 On naked trees : Goats lick the fodeles ground.  
 In mid of *Thebes*, *Orion's* daughters crown'd  
 With fillets stand : This proffers to the Sword.  
 695 Her manly breast ; her hands her death afford,  
 For common safety. All the people mourn ;  
 And with due funerals their bodies burn.  
 Yet lest the world should such a linage lose,  
 Two youths out of their virgin-ashes rose.  
 These Orphans wandring Fame *Corone* calls :  
 700 Who celebrate their mother's funerals.
- The antick bras with burnish't figures stain'd :  
 Whose brim neat wreathes of gilt *Acanthus* bind.  
 Nor were the *Trojan* gifts of les' expence :  
 Who gave a *Censer* for sweet Frankincense,  
 An ample Chalice of a curious mold ;  
 705 With these a crown, that shone with gems and gold.  
 In that the *Teuarians* sprung from *Teucre's* b'oud,  
 They sail to *Creet* : But Jove their stay with-stood.  
 Leaving those hundred Cities, now they stand  
 For wiht *Afsonia's* destinared strand.  
 710 Tost by rough Winter, and the wrath of Seas,  
 They anchor at the faithless *Strophades*.  
 Thence frighted by *Aello*, sail away  
 By steep *Dulichium*, stony *Ithaca*,  
*Samus*, high *Neritus* clas'd by the Main :  
 All subject to the sile *Ulysses* reign.  
 Then at *Ambracia* touch, the strife and grudge  
 Of angry Gods ; the image of the Judge  
 715 Behold, by them converted into stone :  
 Now by *Attican Apollo* known.

M

Then

## 266 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Then the Dodonian speaking Oak they view ;  
*Chœonia* where *Molossus* children flew  
 With aiding feathers from the impious flame;
- 720 Next to *Pheacia*, rich in Orchards came ;  
 Then to *Epirus* ; At *Butrotos* stai'd,  
 Whose Scpter now the *Pkrygian* Prophet swai'd ;  
 And seoresembled *Troy*. Fore-told of all  
 By *Priams Helenus*, that would be fal :
- 725 They reach *Sicaria*. This three tongues extends  
 Into circumfluent Seas. — *Pachinus* bends  
 To showy *Auster* ; flowry *Zepher* blows  
 On *Lilybans* brows ; *Polorus* shows  
 His cliffs to *Boreas*, and the frozen *Bear*  
 That shuns the *Ocean*. Under this they steer  
 And stretch their Oars, who favoured by the tide,
- 730 That night in *Zanclē*'s crooked harbour ride :  
 The right-side dangerous *Seylla*, turbulent  
*Charybdis* keeps the left ; on ruin'bent.  
 She belches swallowed ships from her profound ;  
 Her sable womb, dogs, ever rav'ning round ;  
 Yet bears a Virgins face : If all be true
- 735 That Poets sing, she was a virgin too.  
 By many sought, as many she despis'd :  
 To Nymphis of Seas, or Sea Nymphs highly priz'd,  
 She bearsher visits ; and to them discovers,  
 The history of her deluded Lovers :
- 740 To whom thus *Galatea*, sighing, said :  
 While *Scylla* comb'd her hair : You, lovely Maid,  
 Are lov'd of generous minded men, whom you  
 With safety may refuse, as now you do.  
 But I, great *Nereus*, and blue *Doris* Seed,
- 745 Great in so many lists of that breed ;  
 By shunning of the *Cyclops* love, provok'd  
 A sad revenge. Here tears her utterance chok'd.  
 These cleansed by the marble-finger'd maid ;  
 Who, having comforted the Goddess, said :
- Relate, O most ador'd, nor from me keep  
 The wretched cause that makes a Goddess weep ;  
 For I am faithful. *Nereis* consents
- 750 And thus her grief to *Gatys* daughter vents.  
 The Nymph *Simethis* bore a lovely Boy  
 To *Faunus*, *Acis* call'd ; to them a joy ;  
 To us a greater. For the sweetly fair  
 To me an innocent affection bare.

- 755 His blooming youth twice-told eight Birth-days crown,  
And cloath his cheeks with scarce appearing down,  
As I the gentle boy, so *Polypheme*  
My love pur'st; our loves alike extream.  
Whether my love to *Acis*, or my hate  
To him were more, I hardly can relate.  
Both infinite! O *Venus*, what a power
- 760 Hath thy command! He, still austere and sowr,  
A terror to the woods, from whom no guest  
With life escapes, accustomed to feast  
On human flesh; who all the Gods above,  
With them *Olympus* scorn'd; now stoops to love.  
Forgetful of his flocks and caves, a fire  
Feeds in his breast, inflamed with desire.
- 765 His feature now extends, now bends his care  
To please: with rakes he combs his stubborn hair;  
His bristles barbs with scithes: And by the brooks  
Unsolid mirror calms his dreadful looks:  
His thirst of bloud and love of slaughter cease;
- 770 Less cruel now: Ships come and go in peace.  
When *Telemus* came from *Sicilian Seas*,  
The Augur *Telemus Eurymides*,  
And said to *Polypheme*, Thy brows large sight  
Shall by *Ulysses* be depriv'd of light.
- 775 O fool, he laughing said, thou tell'it a lie;  
A female hath already stoln that eye.  
Thus flouts the Prophet's true prediction:  
And with extended paces stalks upon  
The burd'ned shoar; or weary, from the wave.
- 780 Beat beach retireth to his gloomy cave:  
A promontory thrusts into the main;  
Whose cliffe sides the breaking Seas restrain:  
The *Cyclop* this ascends; whose fleecy flock  
Unforced follow. Seated on a rock;
- 785 His staff, a well-grown Pine, before him cast,  
Sufficient for a yard-supporting mast:  
He blows his hundred reeds; whose squeaking fills  
The far-resounding Seas, and echoing hills.  
Hid in an hollow rock, and laid along
- 790 By *Acis* side, I heard him sing this song.
- 790 O *Galatea*, more than Lilly-white,  
More fresh than flowry meads, than glass more bright,  
Higher than Alder-trees, than kids more blithe,  
Smoother than shells whereon the surges drive,

## 268 METAMORPHOSIS,

- More wisht than Winters Sun, or Summers air,  
 795 More sweet than Grapes, than Apples far more rare,  
 Clearer than Ice, more seemly than tall Planes,  
 Softer than tender curds, or down of Swans,  
 More fair, if fixt, than gardens by the fall  
 Of Springs inchas'd. Though thus, thou art wihal  
 More fierce than salvage Bulls, who know no yoke,  
 800 Than waves more giddy, harder than the Oak,  
 Than Vines or Willow twigs more eas'ly bent,  
 More stiff than rocks, than streams more violent,  
 Prouder than Peacocks prais'd, more rash than fire,  
 Than Bears more cruel, sharper than the Brier,  
 805 Deaser than Seas, more fell than trod-on Snake ;  
 And, if I could, what I would from thee take,  
 More speedy than the hound pursued Hind,  
 Or chaled clouds, or than the flying wind.  
 If known to thee, thou wouldest thy flight repeat ;  
 810 Curie thy delay, and labour my content,  
 For I have cayes within the living stone :  
 To Summers heat, and Winters cold unknown :  
 Trees charg'd with Apples ; spreading Vines that hold  
 A purp'le Grape, and Grapes resembling Gold.  
 815 For the e I thef' preserve, affected Maid,  
 Thou Strawberries shalt gather in the shade.  
 Autumnal Cornels, Plums with azure rind,  
 And wax-like yellow of a generous kind ;  
 820 Nor shalt thou Chesnuts want if mine thou be,  
 Nor scalded Wildings, serv'd by every tree.  
 These e cks are ours ; in valleys many stray,  
 Woods many shades, at home as many stay.  
 Nor can I, should you ask, their number tell :  
 825 Who number theirs, are poor. How these excel,  
 Believe not me, but credit your own eyes :  
 See how thir udders part their straggling thighs.  
 I in my sheep coats have new-weaned Lambs :  
 And frisking Kids late taken from their dams.  
 830 New milk, stich curds and cream, with cheese well  
 Are never wanting for thy palats feast. (prest,  
 Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare  
 Of eatie purchase, or what are not rare :  
 Deer, red and fallow, Roes, light-footed Hares,  
 Nuts, scal'd from cliffs, and Doves produc'd by pairs.  
 835 A rugged Bears rough twins I found up on  
 The Mountain Iar, scarce from each other known.

For

- For thee to play with : Finding these, I said,  
My Minstrels you shall serve. Come lovely Maid,  
Come Galatea, from the surges rise,
- 840 Bright as the Morning ; nor our gifts despise.  
I know my self, mine image in the brook  
I lately saw, and therein pleasure took.  
Behold, how great ! Not Jupiter above  
(For much you talk I know no. of what Jove)  
Is larger siz'd : Curls on my brows display'd,  
Affright ; and like a Grove my shouleis shide.  
Nor let it your esteem of me impair,  
That all my body bristles with thick hair.  
Trees without leaves, and Horses without mains,  
Are sights unseemly ; grass adorns the Plains,
- 850 Wool sheep, and feathers fowl . A manly face  
A beard becomes : The skin rough bristles grace.  
Amid my fore-head shines one only light,  
Round, like a mighty shield, and clear of sight.  
The Sun all objects sees beneath the skie :  
And yet behold, the Sun hath but one eye,  
855 Besides your Seas obey my father's throne:  
I give you him for yours. Do you alone  
Vouchsafe me pity, and your suppliant hear :  
To you I only bow ; you only fear.  
Heaven, Jupiter, his lightning I despise :  
More dread the lightning of thy angry eyes.
- 860 And yet your scorn my patience lets wold move,  
Were all contempn'd. Why shold you Acis love,  
And slight the Cyclop ? Why to him more nice ?  
Although himself he please ; and p' easeth thee,  
(Which frets me most) could I your darling get,  
He then should find my strength and me like great.
- 865 His guns I could extract, squeeze out his brains,  
Throw his dishev'ered limbs about the plains :  
And if with thee he mingle, mix thy wave  
With his hot blood ; and make thy deep his grave.  
For O, I fry ! Despis'd affection burns  
With greater rage : My bulk to Aeneas turns.  
And all her flames are in my bosom pent :
- 870 Yet, Galatea, wilt not thou relent ?  
This fid, he rose ; (for I beheld him well :)  
Nor could stand still; but terrible and fell,  
Hurries about the woods and well-known coast ;  
Much like a Bull that hath his Heifer lost.

## 270 METAMORPHOSIS.

875 Who me and *Acis*, too secure, espi'd,  
And with a voice that suits a Cyclop, cri'd,  
This hour shall be the last of all your joys ;  
Affrighted *Etna* roared with the noise,

880 I under water div'd : He flying said ;  
Help *Galatea* ! You, O Parents, aid  
The utterly undone ; and entertain  
Your issue in the Empire where you reign.

885 A torn-off rock the following Cyclop threw :  
Whose corner over-whelmed *Acis* flew.  
We did, what could be licensed by Fate :

Resuming *Acis* to his Grand-sires state :  
The purple blood from his crusht body fled ;  
Which presently forsook the native red :

890 First like a rain-tinctoured stream appears ;  
Then crystalline. The rock in sunder tears :  
Whose crannies with up-starting reeds abound ;  
And in the breach insulting waves resound :

From whence a youth arose above the waft ;

895 His horned brows with quivering reeds imbrac't.  
'Twas wondrous strange : But that his looks appear  
More blue, and he more great, it *Acis* were.  
And so it was : Although he now became  
A living stream, which still preserves his name.

Here *Galatea* ends ; th' assembly brake ;  
900 To smiling Seas the Nymphs themselves betake.

*Scylla* returning, dares not trust the Deepes :  
But nayl, nigh the thirsty gravel keeps ;  
Or weary, in the more-sequestred-waves  
Her comely limbs in cooling water bathes.

905 Lo, *Glaucus* in the Sea but lately known,  
Transformed near *Eubean Anthedon*,  
Through yielding waves arrives : Rapt with her sight  
By gentle words attempts to stay her flight.

She faster fled : Who swift with fear ascends

910 A lofty hill, which near the shoar extends :  
Whose round congested summit, crown'd with wood,  
Did over-peer the under-swelling flood.

There stays, secured by the place ; nor knew

If God, or Monster : Much admires his hue,

His spreading locks, which all his shoulders vail ;

915 And hinder-parts, that bear a fishes tail.

Perceived ; leaning on a rock, he said :

I am no beast, nor prodigy, fair Maid :

Nor

- 920 Nor Proteus, Triton Achamantides,  
Are greater Gods, or more command in Seas,  
Yet once a mortal ; and did then frequent  
Th' affected Seas. On those my labour spent.  
Sometimes with nets I fishes hale to land :  
Sometimes the line directed with my wand.
- 925 The shoa: a meadow bounds ; whereof one side  
Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tide.  
On this nor horned cattel ever fed,  
Nor harmless sheep, nor goats on mountains bred.  
No Bees from hence their thighs with honey laid,
- 930 Those flowers no marriage-garlands ever made :  
That graftsne'r cut with lites. Of mortals I.  
First thither came ; my nets hung up to dry.  
While I expos'd the fishes which I took ;
- 935 By their credulity hung on my hook,  
Or matcht in nets ; (what would a lie behove ?  
Yet such it seems) my prey began to move,  
Display their fins, and swim as on the floud.  
While I neglect their stay, and wondering stood ;
- 940 They all by flight avoiding my command,  
Together left their owner, and the Land.  
Amaz'd, and doubting long ; the cause I sought,  
If either God, or Herb, this wonder wrought.  
What herb, said I, hath such a power ? In haste
- 945 An herb I pull'd, and gave it to my tast.
- 945 No sooner swallowed, but my entrails shook :  
When forthwith I another nature took :  
Nor could refrain ; but said, O Earth, my last  
Farewel receive ! In Seas my self I cast.
- 950 The Sea-gods now vouchsafing my receipt  
Into their sacred fellowships, intreat  
Both Tethys and Oceanus, that they  
Would take, what ever mortal was, away.
- 955 Whom now they hallow, and with charms nine times  
Repeated, purge me from my human crimes :  
And bad me dive beneath an hundred streams.
- 955 Forthwith the Rivers rusht from syndry Realms ;  
And Sea-rais'd Surges ro'l above my crown.  
As soon as streams retire, and Seas were down,  
Another body, and another mind,
- 960 Unlike the former, they to me assign'd.  
Thus much of Wonder I remember well,  
Thenceforth insensible of what beset.

Then first of all this Sea-green beard I saw,  
These dangling locks, which through the deep I draw:  
Broad shoulder-blades, blue arms of greater might;  
And thighs which in a fishes tail unite.

965 What boots this form? My grace with Gods of Seas?  
Or that a God? If thou affect not these?

While this he spake, and would have uttered more,  
*Coy Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore  
His Loves repulse; Whom strong desires transport  
To great *Titanian Circe's* horrid Court.

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OVID'S



# ovid's metamorphosis.

## THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Enchanted Scylla, limm'd with horrid shapes,  
 Becomes a Rock; Cercopeans turn'd to Apes.  
 Sybilla wears t' a Voice. Ulysses men  
 Transform'd to Swine, are re-transform'd agen.  
 Picus, a Bird: His Followers, Beasts. Despair  
 Rescues sad-singing Canens into Air.  
 The mates of Diomed unreconcil'd  
 Idalia turns to Fowl. An Olive wild  
 Rude Apulus deciphers. Turnus burns  
 Aeneas ships: These Berecyntia turns  
 To Sea-Nymphs; who Alcynous ship with joy  
 Behold a Rock. The Trojan flames destroy  
 Besieged Ardea; from whose ashes springs  
 A meager Hern, that bears them on her wings.  
 Aeneas Deify'd. Vertumnus tries  
 All shapes; Rhamnulia, for her cruelties,  
 Congeals proud Anaxarete to Stone,  
 Cold Fountains boil with heat. T' an heavenly throne  
 Mars Romulus assumes. Herilia  
 Like grace receives: Who join in equal sway.

**N**O W. Glorious, thron'd in turmid clouds, had past  
 High Etna; on the jaws of Typhon cast;  
 Cyclopien fields, where never Oxen drew  
 The furrowing plough, nor ever tillage knew;

- 3 Crookt *Zancre*: *Rhegium* on the other side;  
 The wrackful Straight, whose double bounds divide  
*Sicilia* from *Ausonia*: Forward drives  
 Through spacious *Tyrrhen*, at length arrives  
 At herby Hills, *Phœbean* Circe's seat,  
 With sundry forms of monstrous beasts replete.
- 10 When, mutually saluting, *Glaucus* said:
- O God, O Goddess, pity: On your aid  
 Alone relies, (if my desert might move  
 So dear a grace) the asswagement of my Love.  
 For none than I, *Titanis*, better knows
- 15 The power of herbs, that was transform'd by those,  
 To inform you better, in *Italia*,
- Against *Massena*, on a sandy Bay,  
 I *Scylla* saw: It shames me to recite  
 My flighted Courtship, answered by her flight.
- 20 Do thou, if charms avail, in charms untie  
 Thy sacred tongue: Or Sovereign Herbs apply,  
 If of more power. Yet I affect no cure,  
 Nor end of Love: Like heat let her endure.
- 25 But *Circe* (none to such desires more prone,  
 Or that the cause is in her self alone;  
 Or stung by *Venus* angry influence,  
 In that her Father publisht her offence)
- Repli'd: The willing with more ease pursue;  
 Who wish the same, whom equal flames subdue;
- 30 For thou O well deservt to be pursu'd:  
 Give hope, and, credit me, thou shalt be wo'd.  
 Rest therefore of thy beauty confident,  
 Lo! a Goddess, radiant *Sol*'s descent:
- In herbs so potent, and no les in charms;  
 Proffer my self, and pleasures to thy arms.
- 35 Scorn her that scorns thee; her that seeks, pursue:  
 And so at once be thou reveng'd of two:
- Glaucus* repli'd to her who taught him so:
- First shady groves shall on the billows grow,  
 And sea-weeds to the mountain tops remove;  
 Ere I (and *Scylla* living) change my love.
- 40 The Goddess fiets: Who since the neither could  
 Destroy a Deity, nor, loving, would  
 On her, prefer'd before her, beneath her ire:  
 And high incensed with repulst desire,  
 Forthwith infectious drugs of dire effects
- Together grinds, and *Hecat*'s charms injects.

- 45 A Sea-green robe puts on, the Count forsakes  
 Through throngs of fawning beasts: Her journey takes  
 To Rhigium oppolite to Zancl's shore;  
 And treads the troubled waves that loudly roar.
- 50 Running with unmet feet on that profound;  
 As if sh<sup>d</sup> had trod upon the solid ground.  
 A little Bay, by Scylla haunted, lies  
 Bent like a Bow; sconce from the Seas and Skies.  
 Distemper, when the high-pitcht Sun invades
- 55 The world with hottest beams, and shortest shades;  
 This with portentous poisons she pollutes;  
 Besprinkled with the juice of wicked roots:  
 In words dark and perplexed nine times th' ice  
 Inchantments mutters with her magick voice.  
 Now Scylla came; and, wading to the waste,  
 Beheld her lips with barking dogs imbrac't.  
 Starts back: At first not thinking that they were  
 Part of her self, but rates them, and d<sup>r</sup>th fear  
 Their threatening jaws: But those from whom she flies,  
 She with her hales. Then looking for her thighs,  
 Her legs, and feet; in stead of them she found
- 60 The mooths of Cerberus environ'd round  
 With rav'ning Curs: The backs of salvage beasts  
 Support her groins; whereon her belly rests.  
 Kind Glaucus wept; and Circe's bed refus'd:  
 Who had so cruelly her Art abus'd.
- 65 But *Seyla*, still remaining, Circe hares;  
 Who for that cause destro'd Ulysses mates.  
 And had the Trojan navy drown'd of late,  
 If not before transform'd by powerful Fates,  
 Into a Rock: The stony Prodigy  
 Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men fly.
- 70 This, and Charybdis past with stretched oars;  
 The Trojan fleet now near th' Ausonian shoars,  
 Cross winds, and violent, to Libya drove.  
 There, in her heart, and pilace, Dido gave  
 Æneas harbour: With impatience bears  
 Her husbands flight: Forthwith a Pile she rears,  
 Pretending sacrifice; and then doth fall
- 75 Upon his Sword: Deceiv'd, dectiving all.  
 Flying from Carthage, Eryx he re-gain'd;  
 There where his faithful friend Acestes reign'd.  
 His fathers funerals he re-solemniz'd,  
 He puts to Sea, with ships well-nigh surprised

## 276 METAMORPHOSIS,

By Iris flames, Hippoade's Command,  
The Sulphur-fuming Isles, the rocky Strand  
Of Acheloian Syrens leaving, lost  
His Pilot: To Imarine their croft,  
To Prochyta, and Pithecius, wall'd

50 With barren hills: So of her people call'd.  
For Jupiter, detesting much the slie  
And fraudulent Cercopians perjury,  
Into deformed beasts transform'd them then;  
Although unlike, appearing like to men:

95 Contracts their limbs, their noses from their brows  
He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plows;  
And, covering them with yellow hair, affords  
This dwelling; first depriving them of words,  
So much abus'd to perjury and wrongs:

100 Who jabber, and complain with stammering tongues.  
Then on the right-hand left Parthenope.

Misemos on the left, far-stretcht in Sea,  
So named of his Trumpeter: Thence, past  
By slimy Marshes, and anchor cast  
At Cumæ; entring long-lov'd Sibyls Caves.

105 A passage through obscure Avernus craves  
T' his Fathers Manes. She erects his eyes,  
Long fixt on earth, and with the Deities  
Reception fill'd, in sacred rage repli'd:  
Great things thou seekst, O thou so magnify'd  
For mighty deeds! Thy piety through flame,  
Thy arm through Armies consecrate thy name.

110 Yet fear not, Trojan, thy desires enjoy:  
T' Elysian Fields, th' infernal Monarchy,  
And Fathers shade, I will thy person guide:  
No way to noble Virtue is den'd.

Then to a golden bough directs his view,  
Which in Avernian Juno's Hort-yard grew:

115 And bad him pull it from the sacred tree.

Aeneas her obeys: And now doth see  
The spoils of dreadful Hell; his Grand-fires, lost  
In death, and great Anchises aged Ghost:  
There knows the customs of the Latian State;  
The toil of future war, and following fate.

120 Then, in retreat, his weary Rep appli'd:  
And by discourse with his Cumæan Guide  
His toil beguiles; as in that horrid way,  
Through gloomy twy-light, he re-mounts to Day,

Whether

- Whether, said he, thou bee'st a Deity,  
Or of the Gods belov'd; for ever I  
Will serve thee as a Goddess: And confess,  
That by thy favour I have won access  
Unto th' abodes of death; that by thee I  
Escape from his infernal Monarchy.  
And therefore will, when I to day return,  
A Temple build, and incense to thee burn.  
The Propheteſſ on him reverts her eye;
- 130 And ſighing, ſaid; I am no Deity:  
To mortals offer no immortal Dues:  
Lest ignorance thy gratitude abuse.  
Yet had been free from deaths impetuous power,  
Had I to *Phæbus* given my virgin flower.  
While hopeful; tempting me with gifts, he ſaid,  
135 Ask what thou wilt, my fair *Cumean* Maid,  
And take thy wish: I ſhew'd an heap of ſand;  
And wiſht as many birth-days as my hand  
Contained grains: Forgot to add the prime  
Of youthful years, which ſhould have crown'd my time.
- 140 Who this had granted also, if my bed  
He could have won. His gifts despis'd, I led  
A ſingle life, thoſe happier times are gone;  
And cragie age with trembling ſteps come on.  
Seven ages have I liv'd, and live I muſt  
145 Till years have equalled thoſe grains of dust.  
Three hundred Harveſts conſummate the ſum,  
Three hundred Vintages. The time will come,  
When length of days my body ſhall abate,  
And little leave in quantity or weight.  
None then will think, that I belov'd had been,
- 150 Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is ſeen,  
(Such change ſhall I endure) or will not know,  
Or elſe deny, that he had lov'd me ſo.  
No eye ſhall ſee me: Yet a voice alone  
Fate will afford, by which I ſhall be known.  
Thus *Sibyl*, as they climb'd that ſteep ascent,
- 155 Pious *Aeneas* through this *Stygian* vent  
At *Cuma* roſe: And ſacrificing came  
To ſhoars ſince called of his Nurſes name.  
*Neritian Macareus*, the friend  
Of *Ithacus* did here his travels end.  
Who knowing *Achaemenides*, of late  
160 On *Etna* left, admires to ſee his mate.

Long

## 278 METAMORPHOSIS,

Long given for dead. What chance, or God, said he,  
O Achæmenides, hath set thee free?

How comes a Grecian fouldier to be found  
In Trojan vessel? For what Country bound?

164 When Achæmenides: (not now forlorn,  
Now like himself, his rags not pina'd with thorn)  
May I fell Polyphemus behold again,  
Whose jaws o're-flow with bloud of strangers slain;  
If I this home prefer not far above.

*Ulysses* ship, or less *Aeneas* love

170 Than my own father, could I render more  
Than all my All, the recompence were poor.  
That now I speak, I breathe, Heaven, Sun-shine see  
(Can I unmindful or ungrateful be)  
Is by his bounty; that the Cyclops foul  
And hungry maw had not devour'd my soul:

175 That now I may be buried when I die;  
Or at the least, not in his entrails lie.  
O what an heart had I! With fear bereft  
Of soul and sense! When I behind was left,  
And saw your flight! I had an Out-cry made,  
180 But that afeard to have my self betray'd.  
Yours, almost had *Ulysses* ship destroïd:  
I saw him rive out of the mountains side  
A solid rock, and dart it on the Main:  
I saw the furious Giant once again,  
When mighty stones with monitrous strength he hung  
Like quarries by a warlike engine flung.

185 Lest ship should sink with waves and stones I fear:  
Not then rememb'ring, that I was not there.

He, when your flight had rescu'd you from death,  
O're *Aetna* paces; fighting clouds of breath:  
And groping in the woods, bereft of sight,

190 Encounters jutting rocks: Mad with despight  
Extends his bloody arms to under waves,  
The Greeks pursues with carles; and thus raves.

O wou'd some God *Ulysses* wou'd ingage,  
Or some of his, to my iniatiue rage!

I'd gnaw his heart, his living members rend,

195 Gulp down his blood till it again ascend,  
And crash his panting sinews. O, how light  
A losse, or none, were then my losse of sight!

This spake, and more, my joints pale horrour shook,  
To see his grim, and slaughter-sickened look,

His

200 His bloudy hands, his eyes deserted seat,  
 Vafts limbs, and beard with human gore concreet.  
 Death stood before mine eyes (my least dismay : )  
 Now thought my self sun puz'd; now, that I lay  
 Drown'd in his paunch. That time presents my view,  
 205 When two of ours on dashing stones he threw :  
 Then on them like a shagged Lion lies :  
 Their entrails, flesh, yet moving arteries,  
 White marrow, with crasht bones, at once devours,  
 210 I, sad, and bloudless stood : Fear chill'd my powers,  
 Seeing him eat, and cast the horrid food ;  
 Raw lumps of flesh, wine mixt with clotted bloud.  
 Even such a fate my wretched thoughts propound.  
 Long lying hid, afraid of every sound,  
 215 Abhorring death, yet coveting to die ;  
 With mait, and herbs repelling famine ;  
 Forlorn, to death, and torment left, at last  
 This ship esp'd : And wafting it, in haste  
 Ran to the shore, nor safety vainly seek ;  
 220 A Trojan vessel entertain'd a Greek  
 Now, worthy friend, your own adventures tell ;  
 And what, since first you pat to sea, befel  
 He told how Eolus reign'd in Thyscan Seas,  
 Storm-fettering Acotus Hippodates,  
 Who nobly gave to their Dulichian Guide  
 225 A wind, inclosed in an Oxes hide.  
 Nine days they sailed with successful gales ;  
 Sought shores descri'd : The tenth had blancht their  
 When greedy Sailers, thinking to have found  
 230 A mals of envi'd gold, the wind ambound'd.  
 This through rough seas the Navy backward drives,  
 Which at th' Eolian port again arrives  
 To Lestrigonian Lanus ancient town.  
 From thence, said he, we came. That Countries crown  
 Antiphates then wore. Three thither sent,  
 235 Two of us scarce by flight our death prevent :  
 The third the Lestrigonians teeth embux'd  
 With his hot gore. Antiphates pursu'd  
 Our flight ; incites his troops ; who tumbling down  
 Huge stones and trees, our men and vessels drown :  
 240 One scap't ; which us, and sad Ulysses bore.  
 Jointly our lost-companions we deplore ;  
 And grieving reach that Sea-environ'd land,  
 Which far from hence you see. Still may it stand.

Far

- 245 Far from my sight! Beware, thou Goddes Son,  
Just Trojan Prince, (for now the wars are done,  
With them for ever end our enmity,) From Circes Mansion, O *Eneas*, flye.  
There anchoring; mindful of the Cyclops strand,
- 250 And tell *Antiphates*, we fear to land.  
But casting lots, the lot elected us,  
Faithful *Polites*, sage *Eurylochus*,  
*Elpenor* prone to wine, and eighteen more  
To visit *Circe* on that unknown shore.  
Approaching, we before the Portal staid,
- 255 A thousand Lions, Bears, and Wolves invade  
Our hearts with fear, which needed not, for they  
Instead of teeth their flattering tails display,  
And fawning follow; till their hand-maids came
- 260 And led us through that Marble-cover'd frame  
Unto their Mistriis. On a throne of State,  
She in a sumptuous inward-chamber late:  
With gold her under garment richly shone;  
And over it a purple Mantle thrown,
- Nereides*, and Nymphs, nor carded wool,  
265 Nor following twine with busie fingers pull:  
But weeds dispose in order; mingled flowers  
Select in maunds, and herbs of different powers,  
At her direction: Who the vertue knew  
Of every simple, of their compounds too;
- 270 And gives them their due weight. Saluted, she  
Salures again; her chearful looks as free,  
As her full bounty to supply our need.  
Who bids her ready damels mix with speed  
The pulp of Barley, Honey, Curds, strong wines;
- 275 And to this sweet receipt hid juices joins.  
Then gave the cup with her own sacred hand;  
Which thirstily we drunk, while with her wand  
The direful Goddes strokes our crowns, I shame  
To tell; yet tell; I presently became
- 280 With bristles rough: Thinking as I was wonr,  
T' have spoke, and shew'd my grief in words, I grunt.  
My looks hung down, my mouth extends r' a snout,  
My stiffer neck with swelling brawn sticks out;  
And go upon these hands, wherewith of late
- I took the cup. With those whom frightful fate  
285 Had thus un-mann'd (so great a potency  
In potions lurks) included in a sty.

Alone

Alone *Eurylochus* the Shape of Swine

Avoids : Alone refus'd the proffered wine.

Which had not he rejected, with the rest

Himself had been a bristle-bearing Beast.

Nor should *Ulysses* our mis-haps have known :

290 Or forced *Circe* to restore his own.

Peace-bearing *Hermes* gave him a white flower ;

Call'd *Moly* by the Gods ; of wonderous power,

Sprung from a Sable root : Inform'd withal

By heavenly counsel, enters *Circe's* Hall.

295 Proffering th' insidious Cup, her magick wand

About to raise he thrust her from her stand ;

And with drawn sword the trembling Goddess frights.

When vowed faith with her fair hands she plights ;

And grac't him with her nuptial bed : Who then

Demands in dowry his transfigur'd men.

Sprinkled with better juice, her wand reverst,

300 Above our crowns, and charms with charms disperst ;

The more she fings, we grow the more upright,

Our bristles shed, our cloven feet unite,

Shoulders and arms posses their former grace.

305 With tears our weeping General we embrace

And hang about his neck : Nor scarce a word

Breathes through our lips, but such as thanks afford.

From hence our Pass was for a year deferr'd ;

In that long time much saw I, and much heard :

310 Of which, a Maid (one of the four, prepar'd

For sacred service) closely this declar'd.

For while my Chief with *Circe* sports alone,

She shew'd a young mans Image of white stone

315 Clos'd in a shrine, with crowns imbellished ;

Who bore a Wood-pecker upon his head.

Demanding whose it was, why placed there,

Why he that Bird upon his summit bare ?

I will, repli'd she, O *Macareus*, tell

In this my Mistres power : Observe me well.

320 *Saturnian Picus* in *Ausonia* reign'd,

Who geaceous horses for the batteI train'd.

His form, such as you see : Whom had you known,

You would have thought this feature were his own.

His mind as beautiful. Nor yet could he

325 Four Gracian wraftlings in th' Olympicks see.

The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountains born,

His looks attract : Nor Nymphs of fountains scorn

- To sue for pity. Those whom *Albula*,  
*Numicus*, *Anio*. *Almo* short of way,  
330 And heady *Nor* sustain: The shady Floud  
Of *Farfarus*, the *Scythian Cythias* woo'd.  
Environ'd marshes, and neighbouring Lakes.  
Yet for one onely Nymph the rest forsakes:  
Whom whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the fair  
*Venilia* to the two fac'd *Janus* bare.
- 335 The Maid, now marriageable, honoured  
*Laurentian Picas* with her nuptial bed.  
Her beauty admirable: Yet more fam'd  
For artful songs; and thereof *Canens* nam'd.  
Her voicc the woods and rocks to passion moves;  
Tames salvage beast, the troubled Rivers smooths,  
Detains their hasty course, and, when she sings,  
340 The birds neglect the labour of their wings,  
While her sweet voice coelestial musick yields,  
Young *Picus* follows in *Laurentian Fields*,  
The salvage Bore, upon a fiery Steed,  
Arm'd with two darts: Clad in a *Tyrian* weed  
345 With gold close-buckled. Thither also came  
The Daughter of the Sun; who left her name  
Retaining fields, and on those fruitful hills  
Her sacred lap with dewy Simples fills.  
Seeing unseen, his sight her sensc amaz'd:  
350 The gathered herbs tell from her as she gaz'd:  
Whose bones a marrow-melting flame enclos'd;  
But when she her distraction had compos'd,  
About t' impart her wish, the following press,  
And swiftness of his horse, forbid access.  
355 Thou shalt not so escape, said she, although  
The winds should wing thee; it my self I know,  
If herbs retain their power, if charms at least  
My trust deceive not. Then creates a Beast  
Without a body, bid to run before  
360 The King's pursuit; and made the airy Bore  
To take a thicker, where no horle could force  
His barr'd access. He leaves his foaming horse  
On foot to follow a deceitful Shade.  
With equal hopes: And through the forest straid.  
365 New Vows she straight conceiveth, aid implores:  
And Gods unknown with unknown charms adores.  
Wherewithin'r'd t' eclipse the pale-fac't Moon:  
And cloud her Father's splendour at high Noon,

And

And now with pitchy fogs obscures the day.

370 From earth exhal'd. His Guard mistake their way,  
In that deceitful Night, and from him strai'd.  
When she, the time and place befitting, said:

By those fair eyes, which have enthralled mine ;  
And by that all-alluring face of thine,  
Which makes a Goddesse sue ; asswage the fire  
By thee incenst ; and take unto thy Sire

375 The all-illuminating Sun : Nor prove  
Hard-hearted to *Tritonian Circes* love.

Her, and her prayers, despis'd. What e're thou art,  
I am not thine, said he, my captive heart  
Another holds ; and may she hold it long,

380 Nor with a stranger will I ever wrong  
Our nuptial faith, so long as Nature gives  
Life to my veins, and *Janus* daughter lives.

*Titania*, tempting oft, as oft in vain ;  
Thou shalt not scape my vengeance, nor again  
Return to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can do,  
A wronged Lover, and a Woman too,

Thou shalt, said she, by sad experience prove :

385 For I a Woman, wrong'd, and wrong'd in love:  
Twice turns she to the East, twice to the West :  
Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charnis ex-  
He flies ; at his unwonted speed admir'd, (prest,  
Then saw the feathers, which his skin attir'd :

390 Who forthwith seeks the woods ; and angry still,  
Hard Oaks assails, and wounds them with his bill.  
His wings the purple of his cloak assume :  
The gold that claspt his garment turns to plume,

395 And now his neck with golden circle chains :  
Of *Picus* nothing but his name remains.

The Courters *Picus* call, and seek him round  
About the fields, that was not to be found.

Yet *Girce* find (for now the day grew fair,

400 The Sun and Winds set free to cleanse the air)  
And charge her with true crimes, their King demand  
With threatening looks, and weapons in their hand.

She sprinkles them with juice of wicked might,  
From *Erebus* and *Chaos* conjures *Night*,

405 With all her Gods ; and *Hecate* intreats,  
With tedious mumblings. Woods forsake their seats,  
Their leaves look pale ; Herbs blush with drops of gore,  
Earth groans, dogs howl, rocks hoarsly seem to roar :

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- 410 Upon the tainted ground black Serpents slide;  
And through the air unbodi'd spirits glide.  
Frighted with terrors, as they trembling stand,  
She strokes their wondering faces with her wand:  
Forthwith the shapes of salvage beasts invest
- 415 Their former forms; not one his own possest.  
*Phœbus* now entring the *Tartessian Main*,  
Sad *Canens* with her Eyes and Soul, in vain  
Expect's her Spouse. Her servants she excites  
To run about the woods with blazing lights.
- 420 Who not content to weep, to tear her hair,  
And beat her breasts (though these express her care)  
In haste forsakes her roof; and frantic, strays  
Through broad-sped fields. Six nights, as many days,  
Without or sleep, or sustenance, she fled
- 425 O're hills and dales, the way which fortune led.  
Now tir'd with grief and travel, *Tyber* last  
Beheld the Nymph: On his cool banks she cast  
Her feeble limbs: There weeps, and weeping sung  
Her sorrows with a softly warbling tongue.
- 430 Even so the dying Swan with low-rais'd breath,  
Sings her own exequies before her death.  
At length her marrow melts with griefs despair:  
And by degrees she vanisheth to air.  
Yet still the place doth memorize her fame:
- 435 Which of the Nymph the Rurals *Canens* name.  
In that long year, much, and such deeds as theft  
I saw and heard. Un-nerv'd with slothful ease,  
Again we put to Sea: By *Circe* told  
Of our hard passage, and the manifold  
Disasters to ensue, I grew afraid
- 440 (I must confess) and here arriving, staid.  
*Macareus* ends. *Cajeta* Urn-inclos'd,  
This verse had on her marble tomb impos'd.  
Here, with due fires, my pious Nurse-child me  
*Cajeta* burnt; from Grecian fires set free.
- 445 They loose their cables from the graffie strand:  
Avoiding *Circe*'s guileful palace, stand  
For those tall groves, where *Tyber*, dark with shades,  
In *Tyrrhen* Seas his sandy streams unlades.  
The throne of *Faunus* son, the *Latian* star  
*Lavinia* gains; but not without a war.
- 450 War with a furious Nation is commenc'd:  
Stern *Turnus* for his promis'd wife incens'd;

While

- While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* swarms ;  
 Hard victory long fought with pensive arms,  
 To get Recruits from foreign States they try :
- 455 Nor *Trojans*, nor *Rutulians* want supply.  
 Nor to *Evauder's* town *Aeneas* went  
 In vain : Though vainly *Venulus* was sent  
 To banisht *Iomed's* City, late immur'd :  
 Those fields *Japygian Daunus* had assur'd  
 To him in dowry. When *Venulus* had done
- 460 His ambassie to *Tydeus* warlike son :  
 The Prince excus'd his aid : As loth to draw  
 The subjects of his aged father-in-law  
 T' unnecessary war : That none remain  
 Of his to arm. Lest you should think I feign :
- 465 Though repetition Sorrow renovates ;  
 Yet, whiel suffer, hear the worst of fates.
- After that *Pergamus* our prey became,  
 And lofty *Ilium* fed the *Grecian* flame,  
 A Virgin, for a Virgins rape, let fall  
 Her vengeance, to *Oleus* due, on all.
- 470 Scattered on faithless Seas with furious storms,  
 We, wretched *Grecians*, suffer'd all the forms  
 Of horrour: Lightning, night, show'rs, wrath of skies,  
 Of Seas, and dire *Capharean* cruelties.  
 T' abridge the story of so sad a fate ;  
 Now *Priam* would have pitied our estate.
- 475 Yet *Pallas* snatched me from the swallowing Main ;  
 Then from my ungrateful Country chas'd again.  
 For *Venus*, mindful of her ancient wound,  
 New woes inflicts. Much on the vast Profound,  
 Much suffering in terrestial conflicts I
- 480 Oft call'd them happy, whom the injury  
 Of publick tempests, and the harbourless  
*Caphareus* drown'd : Envi'd in our distress  
 The worst endur'd ; with Seas and battels tir'd,  
 My men an end of their long toil delir'd.
- 485 But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made  
 By usual slaughter. What remains, (he laid)  
 O mates, which now our patience would eschew ?  
 Though willing, what can *Cythareus* do  
 More than sh'hath done? when worse mis-haps affright,  
 Than prayers avail: but when mis-fortunes spight  
 Her worst inflicts, then fear is of no use :
- 490 And height of ills security produce.

Let

Let *Venus* hear : Although she hate us all  
(As all she hates that serve our General:)  
Yet let us all despise her empty hate ;  
Whose Power hath made us so unfortunate.

*Pleuronion Acmon* angry *Venus* stung :

- 495 Revenge reviving with his lavish tongue.  
Few like his words : They most severely chid  
His tongues excess. About to have repli'd,  
His speech, and path of speech, at once grew small,  
His hair converts to plume ; plumes cover all
- 500 His neck, back, bosom : Larger feathers spring  
From his rough arm, his arm was now a wing.  
His feet divide to toes, hard horn extends  
From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.  
*Rhetenor, Nyctenus, Lycus, Abas, Ide,*
- 505 Admire ! and in their admiration tri'd  
Like destiny. Most of my Souldiers grew  
Forthwith new Fowl ; and round about us flew.  
If you inquire, what shape their own un-mans ;  
They are not, yet are like to silver Swans.
- 510 These barren fields, with this poor remnant, I,  
As son-in-law to *Daunus*, scarce enjoy.  
Thus far *Oenides*. *Venus* forsakes  
*Tyrides* Kingdom ; by *Puteoli* takes  
His way, and through *Mesapia* : There survey'd  
A Cave, environ'd with a sylvan shade,  
Distilling streams, by half-goat *Pan* possest :  
515 Whicherst the Wood-nymphs with their beauties blest.  
They terrif'd at first with sudden dread,  
From home-bred *Apulus*, the shepherd, fled :  
Straight, taking heart, despised his pursuit :
- 520 And danced with a measure-keeping foot.  
He scoffs : Their motion clown-like imitates :  
Nor only raileth, but obscenely prates ;  
Nor ceaseth till a tree invests his throat.  
A tree whose berries his behaviour note.  
An Olive wild, which bitter fruit affords,
- 525 Becomes dis-leasned with his bitter words.  
Th' Embassadour returns without the sought  
*Aetolian* succours : The *Rutulians* fought  
Gainst foes and fortune ; of that hope depriv'd :  
Whole streams of blood from mutual wounds deriv'd.
- 530 Lo, fire-brands to the Navy *Turnus* bears :  
And what escaped drowning, burning fears.

Pith,

Pitch, Rozen, and like ready food for fire,  
Now *Vulcan* feed : The hungry flames aspire  
Up to the Sails along the lofty mast ;  
And catch the yards, with curling smoke imbrac't.

535 But when the Mother of the Gods beheld  
Those blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* fell'd :  
Loud Shalms and Cymbals usher'd her repair :  
Who, drawn by bridled Lions through the air,  
Thus said : Thy wicked hands to small effect,

540 O *Tirrus*, violate what we protect.  
Nor shall the greedy fire a part of those  
Tall woods devour, which sheltred our repose.  
With that she thunders, pouring down a main  
Thick storms of skipping hail, and clouds of rain.

545 Th' *Astraean* Sons in swift concursions join ;  
Tossing the troubled air, and *Neptune's* brine.  
One she imploies, whose speed the rest out-strips ;  
That brake the Cables of the *Pbrygian* Ships,  
And drove them under the high-swellung Floud.  
The timber softens, flesh proceeds from wood,  
The crooked Stern to heads and faces grows,  
The Oars to swimming legs, fine feet, and toes ;  
What were their holds, to slender fides are grown,  
The lengthful keel presenting the back-bone ;  
The yards to arms, to hair the tackling grew :

555 As formerly, so now, their colour blue.  
And they, but lately of their flouds afraid ;  
Now in the flouds, with Virgin pastime, plai'd.  
These Sea-Nymphs, born on mountains, celebrate  
The Seas, forgetful of their former state.  
Yet weighing, what themselves so oft eydur'd.

560 On high-wrought waves, oft sinking ships secur'd ;  
Excepting such, as *Grecians* carry : Those  
They hate, yet mindful of the *Trojan* woes.  
Who saw *Ulysses* ships in surges quell'd  
With pleased eyes ; with pleated eyes beheld  
*Alcsnous* ship, in swiftneis next to none,

565 Unmoveable ; the wood transform'd to stone.

'I was thought this wondrous prodigie would fight  
The *Rutuli*, and make them cease from fight.  
Both par're persist, both have their Gods to friend ;  
And V. no less potent : Nor contend  
570 Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latimus* crown,  
Nor dotal Kingdom ; but for fair renown :

Asham'd

- Afham'd to lay their bruised arms aside,  
Till death to conquest had the quarrel tri'd.  
*Venus* her son victorious-sees at length,  
Great *Turnus* fell; strong *Ardea* falls, of strength  
While *Turnus* stood, devour'd by barbarous flame,  
575 In dying cinders buried. From the same  
A Fowl, unknown to former ages, springs;  
And fans the ashes with her hovering wings.  
Pale colour, leanness, shrieking sounds of woe,  
The image of a captive City show.  
Who also still the Cities name retains:  
580 And with self-beating wings of Fate complains.  
And now *Eneas* virtues terminate  
The wrath of Gods, and *Juno*'s ancient hate.  
An opulent foundation having laid  
For young *Julus*, by his merit made  
585 Now fit for Heaven: The Power, who rules in Love,  
The Gods solicits; then, imbracing *Jove*:  
O Father, never yet to me unkind;  
Now O enlarge the bounty of thy mind.  
A Deity, mean, so it a Deity be,  
590 *Eneas* give; that art to him by me  
A Grand-father: Th' unamiable realms  
Suffice it once t' have seen, and *Stygiay* streams.  
The Gods agree; nor *Juno*'s looks dissent,  
Who with a cheerful freness forward bent.  
Then *Jove*; He well deserves a Deity:  
595 Thy fute, fair Daughter, to thy wish enjoy.  
She, joyful, thanks returns: And through the air,  
Drawn by her yoked Doves, lights on the bare  
*Laurentian* shoars; where smooth *Numicius* creeps  
Through whisp'ring reeds into the neighbour Deep.  
600 Who bids him from *Eneas* wash away  
All unto death obnoxious, and convey  
It silently to Seas. The horned Floud  
Obeys; and what sublists by mortal food,  
With water purg'd, and only left behind  
His better parts. His mother the refin'd  
605 Anoints with sacred Odours, and his lips  
In *Nectar*, mingled with *Ambrofit*, dips;  
So deify'd: Whom *Indiges* Rome calls;  
Honour'd with altars, shrines, and festi  
610 Two-nam'd *Ascanius* *Latium* then obey'd,  
And *Alba*. Next, the Scepter *Sylvius* sway'd.

- His Son *Latinus* held that ancient name,  
And crown. Him *Epitus*, renown'd by Fame,  
Succeeds. Then *Capis*. *Capetus*, his Son  
Succeeded him. Next *Tiberine* begun
- 65 His reign; who, drown'd in *Thuscan* waters, gave  
Those streams his name: Who *Remulus* got, and brave  
Soul'd *Aureta*. But *Remulus* was slain  
With thunder; Who the Thunderer durst feign.  
More moderate *Acrota* reign'd his throne
- 620 To *Aventine*, upon the Mount whereon  
He reign'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retains.  
Over the *Palatines* next *Procus* reigns.  
*Pomona* flourisht in those times of ease:  
Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,
- None fruitful Hort-yards held in more repute;
- 625 Or took more care to propagate their fruit.  
Whereof so nam'd. Nor streams, nor shady groves,  
But trees producing generous burthens loves.  
Her hand an hook, and not a javelin bare:  
Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughs that dare
- 630 Transcend their bounds: now slits the bark, the bud  
Inserts; infore'd to nurse anothers brood.  
Nor suffers them to suffer thirst, but brings  
To moisture-sucking roots, soft-sliding Springs.  
Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
- To loves unknown desires: yet to defend
- 635 Her self from rapeful Rurals, round about  
Her Hort-yard walls; t' avoid, and keep them out.  
What left the skipping *Satyres* unslay'd;  
Rude *Pan*, whose horns Pine-bristled garlands stade;
- Silenus*, still more youthful than his years;
- 640 Or he who thieves with hook and members fears,  
To tast her sweetnes; but far more than all  
*Vertumnus* loves; yet were his hopes as small.  
How often, like a painful Reaper, came  
Laden with weighty sheaves; and seem'd the same:
- 645 Oft wreaths of new-mow'd grafts his brows array,  
As though then exercis'd in making hay.  
A goad now in his hardned hands he bears,  
And newly seemes to have unyok'd his Steers.  
Oft Vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hook
- 650 Corrects, and dresses; oft a Ladder took  
To gather fruit: now with his sword the God  
A Souldier seems; an Angler with his rod:

And various figures daily multiplies  
To win access, and please his longing eyes.

Now, with a staff, an old-wife counterfeits;

655 On heary hair a painted Mitro sets.

The Hort-yard entring, he admires the fair

And pleasant fruits: So much, said he, more rare

Than all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enjoy,

Hail sportless flower of Maiden chastity:

660 And kist the prais'd. Nor did the Virgin know,  
(So innocent) that old-wives kist not so.

Then, sitting on a bank, observeth how

The pregnant boughs with Autumns burthen bow.

Hard by, an Elm with purple clusters shin'd:

This prailing, with the vine so closely join'd:

665 Yet, saith he, if this Elm should grow alone,  
Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none:  
And so this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,  
If but disjoin'd, would creep upon the ground.  
Yet art not thou by such examples led:

670 But shun'lt the pleasures of an happy bed.

I would thou wert: not *Helen* was so fough't,  
Nor she, for whom the lustful *Centnares* fough't,  
As thou shouldest be; no nor the wife of bold  
Or cautelous *Ulysses*. Yet, behold

Though thou averse to all, and all eschue;

675 A thousand men, Gods, Demi-gods, pursue  
The constant Scorn, and every deathless Power  
Which *Alba*'s high and shady hills imbower.  
If thou art wise, and would'st well married be;  
Or an old woman trust, who, credit me,  
Affection thee more than all the rest, refuse

680 These common woors, and *Vustumus* choose.

Accept me for his gage; since so well none

Can know him; by himself not better known.

He is no wanderer; this his delight:

Nor loves, like common lovers, at first sight.

Thou art the first, so thou the last shall be;

685 His life he only dedicates to thee.

Besides, his youth perpetual; excellent

His beauty; and all shapes can represent

Wish what you will, whatever hath a name:

Such in all you see him. Your delights, the same:

The little-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;

690 Which joyfully he still accepts from you.

But neither what these pregnant trees produce  
He now desires, nor herbs of pleasant juice :  
Nor ought, but only You. O pity take :  
And what I speak, suppose *Vertumnus* spake.

Revengeful Gods, *Idalia*, still severe  
To such as slight her, and *Rhamnusia*, fear,  
The more to fright you from so foul a crime,  
Receive (since much I know from aged Time)  
A story, generally through *Cyprus* known ;  
To mollifie an heart more hard than stone.

Iphis, of humble birth, by chance did view  
The high-born *Anaxarete*, who drew  
Her bloud from *Teucer*. Seeing her, his eyes  
Extract a fire, wherein his bosom fries.  
Long struggling, when no reason could reclaim  
His fury, to her house the Suppliant came.

Now to her Nurse his wretched love displai'd ;  
And by her foster'd hopes implor'd her aid ;  
Now humbly sues to some of most repute  
In her affection, to prefer his sute.

The pleading Wax his sad lines often bears,  
Oft Myrtle garlands, sprinkled with his tears,  
Hangs on the posts : on the hard threshold laid  
His tender sides, his sighs the doors upbraid.  
But she more cruel than the Seas, imbroil'd  
With rising storms ; more hard than Iron, boil'd

In fire-red furnaces ; or rooted rocks ;  
Disdains the lover, and his passion mocks.  
Who to her froward deeds adds bitter words  
Of no less scorn ; nor hope to love affords.  
Impatient of his torment, and her hate ;  
These words his last, he utters at her gate :

O *Anaxarete*, thou hast o're-come !  
Nor shall my life be longer wearisome  
To thy disdain. Triumph, O too unkind !  
Sing *Paeans*, and thy brews with Laurel bind !  
Thou hast o're-come ; lo, willingly I die :  
Proceed, and celebrate thy cruel joy.

Yet is there something in me, ne'retheleſs,  
That thou wilt praise ; and my deserts confess.  
Think how my love and life together left  
My breast : at once of two clear lights bereft.  
Nor rumour, but even I will death present  
In such a form, as shall thy pride content ;

## 292 METAMORPHOSIS,

But, O you Gods, if you our actions see,

( This only I implore) remember me!

Let after-ages celebrate my name:

And what you take from life, afford to fame.

Then heaves his meager arms and watry eyes

735 To those known posts, oft crown'd with wreaths, and tie

An halter to the top. Such wreaths, he said,

Blest please, hard-hearted, and inhuman Maid!

Then, turning toward her, he forward sprung:

740 When by the neck th' unhappy Lover hung:

Struck by his sprawling feet, wide open fly

The sounding doors; and that sad deed descry.

The servants shriek; the Vainly-raised bore

T'his mothers house; his father dead before,

745 His breathless corps lie in her bosom plac'd;

And in her arms his heartless limbs imbrac'd.

Lamenting long, as woful parents use;

And having paid a woful mothers dues;

The mournful Funeral through the City led:

And to prepared fires conveys the dead.

This sorrowful Procession passing by

750 Her house, which bordered on the way, their cry

To th' ears of *Anaxarete* arrives:

Whom now stern *Nemesis* to ruin drives.

Wee'l see, said she, these sad solemnities:

And forthwith to the lofty window hies.

755 Whence, seeing *Iphis* on his fatal bed,

Her eyes grew stiff; blood from her v'sage fled,

Usurpt by paleness. Striving to retire,

Her feet stuck fast; nor could to her desire

Divert her looks; the hardness of her heart

760 It self dilated into every part.

This *Salamis* yet keeps, to clear your doubt,

In *Venus* Temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.

Inform'd by this, O lovely Nymph, decline

Thy former pride, and to thy Lover join.

765 So may thy growing fruits survive the frost:

Nor ripening by the rapeful winds be lost.

When this the God, who can all shapes induc,

Had said in vain: again himself he grew:

Th' abiliments of heartless age depos'd,

And such himself unto the Nymph disclos'd,

770 As when the Sun, subduing with his rays

The muffling clouds, his golden brow displays.

Who

Who force prepares : of force there was no need ;  
Struck with his beauty, mutually, they bleed.

Unjust *Amulius*, next th' *Ausonian State*  
By strength usurpt. The Nephews to the late

775 Deposed *Numitor*, him re-inthroned ;  
Who *Rome*, in *Pales* Feasts, immur'd with stone :

Now *Tatius* leads the *Sabine* Sires to war.

*Tarpeia's* hands her fathers gates unbar,  
To death with armlets prest ; her treasons need,

780 The *Sabine* Sires like silent Wolves proceed.

T' invade their sleeping sons, and seek to seize  
Upon their gates ; barr'd by *Hades*.

One *Juno* opens : though no noise at all  
The hinges made ; yet by the bars loud fall.

785 To *Venus* known : who this had shut ; but knew  
That Gods may not, what Gods have done, undol.

*Ausonian* Nymphs the places bordering  
To *Tatius* held, incensed with a Spring.

Their aid sh' implores. The Nymphs could not deny

790 A fate so just, but all their floods untie.

As yet the Fane of *Tatius* open stood :

Nor was their way impeached by the flood.

Beneath the fruitful Spring they Sulphur turn ;  
Whose hollow veins with black Bitumen burn.

795 With these the vapours penetrate below ;

And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* snow,

The fire it self in fervour dare provoke ;

New-both the posts with flagrant moisture smoke.

These new-rais'd streams the *Sabine* Power exclude,

800 Till *Mars* his Soldiers had their arms indu'd.

By *Romulus* then in battalia led :

The *Roman* fields the slaughtered *Sabines* spread ;

Their own, the *Romans* : Fathers, Sons-in-law,

With wicked steel, blood from each other draw.

805 At length conclude a peace ; nor would contend

Unto the last. Two Kings one throne ascend

With equal rule. But noble *Tatius* slain,

Both Nations under *Romulus* remain.

When *Mars* laid by his shining cask ; and then

Thus spake unto the Sire of Gods, and men :

810 Now, Father, is the time ( since *Rome* is grown

To such a greatness, and depends on One )

To put in act thy never-failing word ;

And *Romulus* an heavenly throne afford :

- You, in a Synod of the Gods, profest  
 315 (Which still I carry in my thankful breast)  
 That one of mine (this O now ratifie!)  
 Should be advanc'd unto the starry sky.
- Jove condescends: with clouds the day benights;  
 And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
- 320 Mars, at the sign of his assumption,  
 Leans on his Lance, and strongly vaults upon  
 His bloody chariot; lashes his hot horses  
 With sounding whips, and their full speed inforses:  
 Who, scouring down the airy region, stai'd  
 On fair mount *Pala:ine*, obscur'd with shade:
- 325 There *Romulus* assumeth from his throne,  
 Rendring not King-like justice to his own.  
 Rapt through the air, his mortal members wast,  
 Like melting Bullets by a Slinger cast:  
 More heavenly fair, more fit for lofty shrines;  
 Our great and scarlet-robd *Quirinus* shines.
- 330 Then *Juno* to the said *Hersilia*  
 (Lost in her sorrow) by a crooked way  
 Sent *Iris* to deliver this Command:  
 Star of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine Land*;
- 335 Thy sexes glory: worthy then, the vow  
 Of such an husband; of *Quirinus* now;  
 Suppress thy tears. If thy desire to see  
 Thy husband so exceed, then follow me  
 Unto those woods which on mount *Quirin* spring;  
 And shade the Temple of the *Roman King*.
- 340 *Iris* obeys: and by her painted Bow  
 To earth descending, told *Hersilia* so.  
 When she, scarce lifting up her modest eyes:  
 O Goddess, (which of all the Deities  
 I know not; sure a Goddess) thou clear light  
 Conduct me, O conduct me to the sight
- 345 Of my dear Lord: which when the Fates shall shew;  
 They heaven on me, with all their gifts bestow.  
 Then, with *Thaumantias*, entring the high  
*Romulian Hills*, a Star shot from the sky,  
 Whose golden beams inflam'd *Hersilia's* hair:
- 350 When both together mount th' enlightened Air.  
 The builder of the *Roman City* took  
 Her in his arms, and forthwith chang'd her look;  
 To whom the name of *Ora* he assign'd.  
 This Goddess now is to *Quirinus* join'd.



# OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS.

## THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Black stones convert to White.* Pythagoras

*In Ilium's lingring war Euphorbus war.*

*Of transmigrations, of the change of things,  
And strange effects, the learned Samian sings.*

*Recur'd Hippolytus is deify'd;*

*Whom safer Age, and name of Virbius hide.*

*Aegaria thaws into a Spring.* From Earth

*Prophetick Tages takes his wondrous birth.*

*A Spear a Tree.* Grove Cippus virtues shun

*The Crown, his horns present.* Apollo's Son

*Assumes a Serpents shape.* The Soul of War,

*Great Caesar, slain, becomes a Blazing Star.*

**M**ean-while a man is sought that might sustain  
So great a burthen, and succeed the reign  
Of such a King: when true Fora-shewing  
To God-like Numa decommates the same. (Fame)  
He, with his Sabine rites unsatisfi'd,  
To greater things his able mind appli'd  
In Natures search. Incited with these cares,  
He leaves his Country Gures, and repairs  
To Croto't City: asks, what Grecian hand  
Those walls erected on Italian Land?  
A Native then, in time and knowledge old,  
Who much had heard and seen, this story told;

Jove's son, enricht with his Iberian prey,

Came from the Ocean to Lacinia

With happy steps : who, while his cattel fed  
Upon the tender clover, entered

15 Heroick Crotos roof ; a welcom Guest :

And his long travel recreates with rest.

Who said, departing ; In the following age  
A City here shall stand. A true prelge.

There was one Mycilius, Argolian

Alemonys issue : in those times, no man

20 More by the Gods affected. He, who bears

The dreadful Club, to him in sleep appears

And said : Be gone, thy Countreys bounds forfake ;  
To stony Asarus thy journey take.

And threatens vengeance if he disobey.

25 The God and sleep together flew away.

He, rising, on the Vilon meditates :

Which in his doubtful Soul he long debates.

The God commands ; the Law forbids to go ;  
Death due to such as left their Country so.

Clear Sol in Seas his radiant forehead vail'd,

30 Swart Night her brows exalts, with stars impal'd ;

The self-same God the same command repeats ;

And greater plagues to disobedience threats.

Afraid, he now prepares to change his own

35 For foreign seats. Thisthrough the City blown ;

Accus'd for breach of Laws, arraign'd, and try'd ;

They prove the fact, not by himself deni'd.

His hands and eyes then lifting to the sky :

O thou, whom twice Six Labours deifie ;

40 Alifit, that art the author of my crime !

White stones and black they us'd in former time ;

The white acquit ; the black the pris'ner cast :

And in such sort this heavy sentence past,

Black stunes all threw into the fatal Uni :

But all to white, turn'd out to number, turn.

45 Thus by Alcides power the sad Decree

Was strangely chang'd, and Mycilius set free.

Who, thanking Amphitryoniades,

With a full fore-wind crost th' Ionian Seas,

Lacedemonian Tarentum past,

50 Fair Sybaris, Neathus running fast

By Salentinum, Thiskin's crooked Bay,

High Temes, and strong Japygia.

Scarce searching all that shoars Sea-beaten bound,  
The fatal mouth of *Aesopus* out-found.

55 A Tomb, hard by, the sacred bones inclos'd  
Of famous *Croto*: here, as erst impos'd,

*Alemonius* son erects his City-walls:  
Which of th' intombed he *Crotona* calls.

Of this Original, this City boasts:

Built by a *Grecian* on *Italian* coasts:

60 Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did flee

From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyranny;

Preferring voluntary banishment:

Though far from heaven, his mind's divine ascent

Drew near the Gods: what Natures self denies

To human sight, he saw with his Soulseyes.

65 All apprehended in his ample breast,

And studious cares; his knowledge he profest

To silent and admiring men, and taught

The Worlds original, past human thought:

What Nature was, what God: the cause of things;

From whence the Snow, from whence the Lightning

70 Whether Jove thunder, or the winds, that rake (springs;

The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;

What course the Stars observ'd; what-e're lay hid

From vulgar sense: and first of all forbid

With slaughtered creatures to defile our boards:

In such, though unbeliev'd, yet learned Words.

75 Forbear, your selves, O Mortals, to pollute

With wicked food: fields smile with corn, ripe fruit

Weighs down their booughs, plump grapes their vines;

There are sweet herbs, and savory roots, which fire (fire)

May mollifie; milk, honey redolent

80 With flowers of thyme, thy palate to content:

The prodigal Earth abounds with gentle food;

Affording banquets without death or bloud;

Bruit beasts with flesh their rav'nous hunger's cloy;

And yet not all, in pastures horses joy:

So flocks and herds. But those whom Nature hath

85 Indu'd with cruelty, and salvage wrath

(Wolves, Bears, *Armenian* Tigers, Lions) in

Hot blood delight. How horrible a Sin,

That intrails bleeding intrail's should intomb!

That greedy flesh, by flesh should fat become!

90 While by one creatures death another lives!

Of all which, Earth, our wealthy Mother, gives:

## 298 METAMORPHOSIS,

Can nothing please, unless thy teeth thou imbrue  
In wounds, and dire Cyclopean fate renew ?

Nor satiate the greedy luxury

95 Of thy rude paunch, except another die :

But that old Age, that innocent estate,

Which we the Golden call ; was fortunate

In herbs, and fruits, her lips with blood undi'd.

Then Fowl through air their wings in safety pli'd ;

100 The Hare, then fearless, wandered o're the plain ;

Nor Fish by their credulity were ta'ne.

Not treacherous, nor fearing treachery,

All liv'd secure. When he, who did envy

(What God so'ere it was) those harmless cates,

105 And cramp'd his guts with flesh ; set one the gates

To cruel Crimes, First, Slaughter without harm

(I must confess) to Piety, did warm

(Which might suffice) the recking steel in blood

Of salvage Beasts, which made our lives their food :

110 Though kill'd ; not to be eaten. Sin now more

Audacious ; the first sacrifice, the Boar

Was thought to merit death ; who bladed corn

Up-rooting, left the husbandman forlorn.

Vine-brouzing Goats at Bacchus afar slain,

115 Fed his revenge : in both, their guile their bane.

You Sheep, what ill did you ? a gentle beast,

Whose udders swell with Nectar, born t' invest

Exposed man with your soft wool : and are

Alive, than dead, more profitable far.

120 Or what the Ox : a creature without guile,

So innocent, so simple ; born for toil.

He most ungrateful is, deserving ill

The gift of corr. that can unyoke, then kill.

His painful Hind : that neck with ax to wound

125 In service gall'd, that had the stubborn ground

So often till'd ; so many crops brought in.

Yet notcontent therewith, t' ascribe the fun

To guiltless Gods : as if the Powers on high

In death of labour-bearing Oxen joy.

130 A spotless sacrifice, fair to behold,

('t is dealt to please) with ribbands strickt, and gold,

Stands at the altar, hearing prayers unknown !

And sees the meal upon his fore-head thrown,

Got by his to : the knife smear'd in his gore,

135 By fortune in he Layer seen before.

The

- The entrals, from the panting body rent,  
Forthwith they search, to know the Gods intent.  
Whence springs so dire an appetite in man  
To interdicted food? O mortals, can,  
Or dare, you feed on flesh? henceforth forbear,  
140 I you intreat, and to my words give ear:  
When limbs of slaughtered Beeves become your meat;  
Then thinkt, and know, that you your servants eat.  
*Phæbus* inspires; his Spirit we obey:  
My *Delphos*, heaven it self, I will display;  
145 The Oracle of that great Power unfold:  
And sing what long lay hid; what none of old  
Could apprehend. I long to walk among  
The lofty stars: dull earth despis'd, I long  
To back the clouds, to sit on *Atlas* crown:  
150 And from that height on erring men look down  
That reason want: those thus to animate  
That fear to die; t'unfold the book of Fate.  
O you, whom horrors of cold death affright;  
Why fear you *Styx*, vain names, and endless Night?  
155 The dreams of Poets, and feign'd miseries  
Of forged Hell? Whether last flames surprize,  
Or Age devour your bodies; they nor grieve,  
Nor suffer pains. Our Souls for ever live:  
Yet evermore their ancient houes leave  
To live in new; which them, as *Gussts*, receive.  
160 In *Trojan* wars, I (I remember well)  
*Euphorbus* was, *Pant hous* son; and fell  
By *Menelaus* Lance: my shiled again  
At *Argos* late I saw, in *Juno's* Fane.  
165 All altar, nothing finally decays:  
Hither and thither still the Spirit strays;  
Guest to all Bodies: out of beasts it flies  
To men, from men to beasts; and never dies.  
As pliant wax each new impression takes;  
170 Fixt to no form, but still the old forakes;  
Yet it the same: so souls the same abide,  
Though various figures their reception hide.  
Then lest thy greedy belly should destroy  
(I prophesie) depreised Piety,  
Forbear t' expulse thy kindreds Ghosts with food  
175 By death procur'd, nor nourish bloud with bloud.  
Since on so vast a Sea, my Sails unfurld,  
And stretch to rising winds; in all the World

There's.

## 300 METAMORPHOSIS,

- There's nothing permanent ; all ebb and flow :  
 Each image form'd to wander to and fro.  
 Even time, with restless motion slides away
- 180 Like living streams : nor can swift Rivers stay,  
 Nor light-heil'd Hours. As billow billow drives,  
 Driven by the following ; as the next arrives  
 To chase the former : times so fly, pursue  
 At once each other ; and are ever new :  
 What was before, is not ; what was not, is :
- 185 All in a moment change from that to this.  
 See, how the Night on Light extends her shades :  
 See, how the Light the gloomy Night invades.  
 Nor such Heav'ns hue, when Midnight crowns repose,  
 As when bright *Lucifer* his taper shows :
- 190 Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day  
 Th' enlightened World reigns to *Phæbus* sway.  
 His raised Shield, Earths shadow scarcely fled,  
 Looks ruddy ; and low-sinking, looks as red,  
 Yet bright at Noon ; because that purer skie
- 195 Doth far from Earth, and her contagion flee.  
 Nor can Night-wandring *Dian*'s wavering light  
 Be ever equal, or the same : this night  
 Less than the following, if her horns she fill ;  
 If she contract her Circle, greater still.
- 200 Doth not the image of our age appear  
 In the successive quarters of the year ?  
 The Spring-tide, tender-sucking infancy  
 Resembling : then the juiceful blade sprouts high ;  
 Though tender, weak, yet hope to ploughmen yields.
- 205 All things then flourish : flowers the gaudy fields  
 With colours paint : no virtue yet in leaves.  
 Then following Summer greater strength receives :  
 A lusty Youth : no age more strength acquires,  
 More fruitful, or more burning in desires.
- Matured Autumn, heat of youth allay'd,
- 210 The sober mean 'twixt youth and age, more staid  
 And temperate, in Summers wane repairs :  
 His reverend temples sprinkled with gray hairs.  
 Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,  
 With trembling steps ; his head or baird or white :  
 So change our bodies without rest or stay.
- 215 What we were yesterday, nor what to day,  
 Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men  
 The seeds and hope ; the womb our mansion when :

Kind

- Kind Nature shew'd her curuing; not content  
 That our vext bodies shoula be longer pent  
 In mothers stretched intrails, forthwith bare  
 220 Them from that prison, to the open air.  
 We strengthles lie, when first of light possest:  
 Straight creep upon all four, much like a Beast:  
 Then, staggering with weak nerves, stand by degrees,  
 And by some stay support our feeble knees:  
 225 Now, lusty, swiftly run. Our Youth then past,  
 And those our milder times, we post in hast  
 To inevitable Age: this last devours  
 The former, and demolisheth their powers.  
 Old *Milo* wept when he his arms beheld,  
 230 Which late the strongest beast in strength excell'd,  
 Big, as *Alcides* brawns, in flaggy hide  
 Now hanging by slack sinews: *Helen* cry'd  
 When she beheld her wrinkles in her glas;  
 And asks her self, why she twice ravish't was.  
 Still-eating Time, and thou, O envious Age,  
 235 All ruinate: diminisht by the rage  
 Of your devouring teeth. All that have breath  
 Consume, and languish by a lingring death.  
 Nor can these Elements stand at a stay:  
 But by exchanging alter every day.  
 Th' eternal World four bodies comprehends,  
 240 Ingendring all. The heavy Earth descends  
 To Water, clogg'd with weight: to light aspire,  
 Deprest by none, pure Air, and purer Fire.  
 And though they have their several seats; yet all  
 Of these are made, to these again they fall.  
 245 Resolved Earth to Water rarifies;  
 To Air extenuated Waters rise;  
 The Air, when it self again refines  
 To elemental Fire extracted, shines.  
 They in like order back again repair:  
 250 The grosser Fire condenseth into Air;  
 Air into Water: Water thickning, then  
 Grows solid, and converts to Earth agen.  
 None holds his own: for Nature ever joys  
 In changes, and with new forms the old supplies;  
 In all the World not any perish quite;  
 255 But only are in various habits dight.  
 For, to begin to be, what we before  
 Were not, is to be born; to die, no more.

Tban

## 302 METAMORPHOSIS,

Than ceasing to be such: although the frame  
Be changeable, the substance is the same,  
For nothing long continues in one mold.

- 260 You Ages, you to Silver grew from Gold;  
To Brass from Silver; and to Ir'n from Brass.  
Even places oft such change of fortunes pass:  
Where once was solid Land, Seas have I seen;  
And solid Land, where once deep Seas have been.  
265 Shells, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground;  
And Anchors have on mountain tops been found.  
Torrents have made a valley of a plain;  
High hills by Deluges born to the Main.  
Deep standing lakes funk dry by thirsty sand;  
And on late thirsty earth now Lakes do stand.  
Here Nature, in her changes manifold,  
270 Sends forth new fountains; there slurs up the old.  
Streams, with impetuous earthquakes, heretofore  
Have broken forth; or funk, and run no more.  
So *Lycus*, swallowed by the yawning Earth,  
Takes in another world his second birth.  
275 So *Erasmus*, now is hid, now yields  
His rising waters to *Argolian* fields.  
And *Mysus*, his first head and banks disclaim'd,  
Elsewhere ascends, and is *Caicus* nam'd.  
Cool *Amaseius* watering *Sicity*,  
280 Now fills his banks, now leaves his chanel dry.  
Men formerly drunk of *Anigris* streams:  
Not to be drunk (if any thing by dreams  
The Poets tell) since *Centauris* therein wash'd  
Their wounds, by great *Aclides* arrows galst.  
285 So *Hypatis* deriv'd from *Scythian* hills,  
Long sweet, with bitter streams his chanel fills.  
*Antissa*, *Tyrus*, and *Egyptian Phare*,  
The floods imbrac'd: yet now no Islands are.  
Th'old Planter knew *Leucadia* Continent:  
290 Which now the Sea hath from *Epirus* rent:  
So *Zancale* once on *Italy* confia'd;  
Till interposing waves their bounds disjoyn'd.  
If *Bura* and *Hilice* (Grecian Towns)  
You seek; behold, the Sea their glory drowns:  
Whose buildings, and declined walls, below  
295 Th'ambitious flood as yet the Sailers show.  
An Hill by *Pytthean Træzen* mounts, uncrown'd  
With sylvan shades, which once was level ground.

Act

- For furious winds (a story to admire)  
 Pent in blind caverns, struggling to expire ;  
 300 And vainly seeking to enjoy th' extent  
 Of freer air, the prison wanting vent ;  
 Puffs up the hollow earth extended so,  
 As when with swelling breath we bladders blow.  
 305 The tumor of the place remained still,  
 In time grown solid, like a lofty hill.  
 To speak a little more of many things,  
 Both heard and known ; New habits fundry Springs  
 Now give, now take. Horn'd *Hammens* at high Noon  
 310 Is cold ; hot at Sun-rise, and setting Sun.  
 Wood, put in bubbling *Athamas* is fir'd,  
 The Moon then farthest from the Sun retird :  
*Ciconian* streams congeal his guts to stome  
 That thereof drinks : and what therein is thrown,  
 315 *Crathis*, and *Cybaris* (from your mountains told)  
 Colour the hair like Amber, or pure Gold.  
 Some Fountains, of a more prodigious kind,  
 Not only change the body, but the mind.  
 Who hath not heard of obscene *Salmacis* ?  
 320 Of th' *Ethiopian* Lake ? for who of this,  
 But only taft, their wits no longer keep,  
 Or forthwith fall into a deadly sleep.  
 Who at *Clitorius* Fountain thirst remove ;  
 Loath wine, and abstinent, mere water love.  
 Whether it by antipathy expel  
 325 Desire of wine ; or (as the Natives tell)  
*Melampus* having with his herbs and charms,  
 Snatcht *Praetus* frantick daughters from the harms  
 Of entred Furies, their wits physick cast  
 Into this Spring ; infusing such distast.  
 With streams to these oppos'd, *Lyncestus* flows :  
 330 They reel, as drunk, who drink too much of those.  
 A Lake in fair *Arcadia* stands of old.  
 Call'd *Pheneus* ; suspected, as two-fold :  
 Fear, and forbear, to drink thereof by night :  
 By night unwholsom, wholsom by day-light.  
 335 So other lakes and streams have other power.  
*Ortygia* floated once, fixt at this hour :  
 Once *Argo* fear'd the jutting *Cyanes* ;  
 Which rooted now, relift both winds and Seas.  
 340 Nor *Etna*, burning with embowell'd fire,  
 Shall ever, or did always, flames expire.

## 304 METAMORPHOSIS,

- For whether *Tellus* be an Animal,  
Have lungs, and mouths that smoking fumes exhale ;  
Her organs alter, when her motions close
- 345 These yawning passages, and open those.  
Or whether winds, in caves impris'ned, rage ;  
Jostling the stones, and minerals which have  
The seed of fire, inkindled with their rage ;  
Their furious flames the falling winds allwage.
- 350 Or if Bitumen do the fire proyoke ;  
Or sulphur burning with more subtil smoke :  
When Earth that food and oily nourishment  
Withdraws, the matter by long feeding spent ;  
The hungry fire of sustenance bereft,
- 355 Ill-brooking famine, leaves by being left.  
In *Hyperborean Pallene* live  
A People, if to fame we credit give,  
Who, diving three times thrice in *Triton's lake*,  
Of fowl the feathers and the figure take :
- 360 The like, they say, the *Scythian* Witches do  
With Magick Oils : incredible, though true,  
If we may trust to trial : see you not  
Small creatures of corrupted flesh begot ?  
Bury your slaughtred Steer, (a thing in use)
- 365 And his corrupte'd bowels will produce  
Flow'r-sucking Bees ; who, like their parent slain,  
Love labour, fields, and toil in hope of gain.  
Hornets from buried horses take their birth.  
Break off the Crabs bent claws, and in the earth
- 370 Bury the rest ; a Scorpion without fail  
From thence will creep, and menace with his tail.  
The Caterpillars, who their cob-webs weave  
On tender leaves, (as Hinds from proof receive),  
Convert to poi'sous Butterflies in time.
- 375 Green Frogs, engendred by the seed of slime,  
First without feet, then legs assume, now strong  
And apt to swim, their hinder-parts more long  
Than are their former, fram'd to skip and jump.  
The Bears deformed birth is but a lump.
- 380 Of living flesh : when licked by the Old,  
It takes a form agreeing with the mold.  
Who sees the Young of honey-bearing Bees  
In their sextangular inclosure, sees  
Their bodies limbless ! these unformed things
- In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.

The

- 385 The star-imbellisht Fowl, which Juno loyes,  
 • Jove's Armour-bearer, Cytherea's Doves,  
 And birds of every kind; did we not know  
 Them hatcht of eggs, who would conjecture so?
- 390 Some think the pith of dead men, Snakes becomes;  
 When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.  
 Yet these from others do derive their birth.  
 One only Fowl there is in all the Earth,  
 Call'd by th' *Affryians*, Phoenix, who the wane  
 Of age repairs, and sows her self again.  
 Nor feeds on grain nor herbs, but on the gum  
 Of Frankincense, and juicy Amotum.
- 395 Now, when her life five ages hath fulfill'd,  
 A nest her horned beak and talon build  
 Upon the crownet of a trembling Palm:  
 This strew'd with Cassia, Spikenard, precious Balm,  
 Bruis'd Cinnamon, and Myrrh; thereon she bends  
 400 Her body, and her age in Odours ends.  
 This breeding Corps a little Phenix bears:  
 Which is it self to live as many years,  
 Grown strong; that load now able to transfer,  
 405 Her cradle, and her parents sepulchre,  
 Devoutly carries to *Hyperton*'s town:  
 And on his flamy Altar lays it down.  
 If these be wonderful, admire like strange  
 410 *Hyena*'s, who their sex so often change:  
 Those foodless creatures, fed by air alone;  
 Who every colour, which they touch, put on.  
 The Lynx, first brought from conquered *India*  
 By vine-bound *Bacchus*, his hot pits, they say,  
 415 Congeals to stone. So Coral, which below  
 The water is a liumber weed, doth grow  
 Stone-hard, when toucht by air. But Day will end,  
 And *Phabas* panting Steeds to Seas descend,  
 Before my scant Oration could persue  
 420 All sorts of shapes, that change their old for new.  
 For this we see in all is general,  
 Some Nations gather strength, and others fall.  
*Troy*, rich and powerful, which so proudly stood:  
 That could for ten years spend such streams of blood;  
 For buildings, only her old ruins shows;  
 425 For riches, tombs; which slaughtered Sires inclose:  
*Sparta*, *Mycene*, were of *Greece* the flowers;  
 So *Cetrop*'s City, and *Amphion*'s towers:

Now

Now glorious Sparta lies upon the ground ;  
Lofty Mycenæ hardly to be found.

430 Of Oedipus his Thebes, what now remains,  
Or of Pandion's Athens, but their names ?

Now fame reports that Rome by Dardan's sons  
Begins to rise, where yellow Tyber runs  
From fountful Apennines ; and there the great  
Foundation of so brige a fabrick seat.

This therefore shall by changing propagate,

435 And give the World an Head. Of such a fate  
The Prophets have divin'd. And this of old,  
As I remember, Priams Helen told  
To sad Aeneas, of all hope forlorn,

In sinking Troy's eclipse. O Goddess-born,

If our Apollo can presage at all,

440 Troy, thou in safety, shalt not wholly fall.  
Both fire and sword shall give thy virtue way,  
Flying, with thee, thou Ilium shalt convey ;  
Until thou find a Land, as yet unknown,  
To Troy and thee, more friendly than thy own.

A City built by Phrygians I foresee,

445 So great none ever was, is, or shall be.  
Others shall make it great : but he, whose birth  
Springs from Julus, Sovereign of the Earth,  
He, having rul'd the World, shall then ascend  
Æthereal throns, and heaven shall be his end.

450 This, I remember, with prophetick tongue,  
Sage Helen to divine Aeneas sung.  
We joy to see our kindred's City grow ;  
The Phrygians happy in their overthrow.  
But left our heedless Steeds too far should range

From their proposed course ; All duffer change :

The heavens themselves, what under them is found ;

455 Earth, what thereon, or what is under ground.  
We, of the World apart, since we as well  
Have Souls and Bodies, which in Beasts may dwell :

To those, which may your parents Souls invest,

460 Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least :  
Let us both safety and respect afford :  
Nor heap their bowels on Thyestes hoord.  
How ill injur'd ! to shed the blood of Man,

How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can

465 Afunder cut the throat of Calves, and hears  
The bellowing breeder with relentless ears,

- Or silly Kids, which like poor infants cry,  
 Stick with his knife! or his voracity  
 Feed with the fowl he fed! O, to what ill  
 Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill!
- 470 Let oxen till the ground, and dye with age:  
 Let sheep defend thee from the Winters rage:  
 Goats bring their udders to thy pail. Away  
 With nets, gins, snares, and arts that do betray:
- 475 Deceive not birds with lime, nor Deer inclose  
 With terrors, nor thy hairs to fish expose.  
 The hurtful kill: yet only kill: nor eat  
 Defiling flesh, but feed on fitter meat.
- 480 With other, and the like Philosophy  
 Instructed, *Numa*, now return'd, was by  
 Th' intreating *Latins* crown'd. Taught by his Bride  
 The Nymph *Egeria*, by the Muses guide,  
 Religion institutes, a People rude  
 And prone to war, with Laws and Peace indu'd.
- 485 His reign and age resign'd to funeral,  
 Plebeians, Roman Dames, Patricians, all  
 For *Numa* mourn. His wife the City fled:  
 Hid in *Aricia*'s Vale, the ground her bed,  
 The woods her shroud, disturbs with groans and cries  
*Orestean Diana's* sacrifice.
- 490 How oft the Nymphs, who haunt that Grove and Lake  
 Reprov'd her tears, and words of comfort spake!  
 How oft the *Theban* Hero, moderate  
 Thy sorrow, said! nor only is thy fate  
 To be deplo'red: on worse misfortunes look,
- 495 And you will yours with greater patience brook.  
 Would mine were no Example to appease  
 So sad a grief: yet mine your grief may ease.  
 Perhaps y'have heard of one *Hippolytus*,  
 By Step-dame's fraud, and father's credulous  
 Belief, bequeath'd to death. Admire you may  
 That I am he, if credit, what I say:
- 500 Whom *Phaedra* formerly solicited,  
 But vainly, to defile my fathers bed.  
 Fearing detection, or in that refus'd,  
 She turns the crime, and me of her's accus'd.  
 My father, banishing the innocent,
- 505 Along with me his winged curses sent.  
 Toward *Pylcean* *Trazen* me my chariot bore:  
 And driving now by the *Corinthian* shoar,

- The smooth Seas swell ; a monstrous billow rises,  
Which, rouling like a mountain, greater grows.
- 510 Then, bellowing, at the top asunder rends :  
When from the breach, breast-high, a Bull ascends :  
Who at his dreadful mouth and nostrils spouts  
Part of the Sea. Fear all my followers routs :  
But my afflicted mind was all this while
- 515 Utterly'd ; intending my exile.  
When the hot horses start, erect their ears,  
With horror rapt, and chased by their fears,  
O're ragged rocks the totter'd chariot drew :  
In vain I strive their fury to subdue,
- 520 The bits all froth'd with foam, with all my strength :  
Pull the stretcht reins, I lying at full length :  
Nor had their heady fright my strength o'regone,  
Had not the fervent wheel, which rolls upon  
The bearing Axletree, rush't on a stump ;
- 525 Which brake, and fell in funder with that jump :  
Thrown from my chariot, in the reins fast-bound  
My guts dragg'd out alive, my sinews wound  
About the stump, my limbs in pieces hal'd ;  
Some stuck beh'ind, some at the chariot trail'd ;
- 530 My bones then breaking crackt, not any whole,  
While I exhal'd my faint and weary Soul.  
No part of all my parts you could have found,  
That might be known : for all was but one wound.
- 535 Now say, self-torred Nymph, or can, or dare  
You your calamities with ours compare ?  
I also saw those Realms, to Day unknown :  
And bath'd my wounds in smoking Phlegeton.  
Had not Apollo's Son imployd the aid
- 540 Of his great Art ; I with the dead had stay'd.  
But when by potent herbs, and Paon's skill,  
I was restor'd, against stern Plat's will :  
Left I, if seen, might envy have procur'd :  
Me, friendly Cynthia with a cloud immur'd :
- 545 And that, though seen, I might be hurt by none ;  
She added age, and left my face unknown.  
Whether in Delos, doubting, or in Crete,  
Rejecting Crete and Delos as unmeet,  
She plac'd me here. Nor would I should retain
- 550 The memory of One by horses slain :  
But said ; Henceforward *Virbius* be thy name.  
That west *Hippolytus* : though thou the same.

545 One of the lesser Gods, here, in this Grove.

I *Cynthia* serve : preserved by her love.

But others miseries could not abate

*Aegeria's* sorrows, nor prevent her fate.

Who, couched at the bases of an hill,

Thaws into tears, that stream-like ran ; until

550 Apollo's sister, pitying her woes,

Turn'd her t' a Spring ; whose current ever flows.

The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd,

No less than when the *Tyrrhen* Plough-man gaz'd

555 Upon the fatal-clod, that mov'd alone :

And for an human shape, exchang'd its own.

With infant lips, what was but earth of late,

Reveal'd the mysteries of future fate :

Whom Natives *Tages* call'd. He first of all

Th' *Hetrurians* taught to tell what would befall.

Or when astonisht *Romulus* of old

560 Did, on mount *Palatine*, his Launce behold

To flourish with green leaves : the fixed foot

Stood not on Steel, but on a living root.

Which, now no weapon, spreading arms display'd,

And gave admirers unexpected shade.

565 Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glass

Beheld his horns, which his belief surpass'd.

Who lifting oft his fingers to his Brow,

Felt what before he saw : nor longer now

Condemns his sight. Return'd with victory,

570 His eyes and horns erecting to the sky :

You Gods, what e're these prodigies portend,

If prosperous, he said, let them descend

On *Romans*, and on *Rome* : but if they be

Unfortunate, O let them fall on me.

An Altar then of living turf erects,

575 The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine injects,

And with the panting intrails of a beast

New slain, consults, to know the Gods behest.

This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,

And saw therein endeavours that excell'd,

Although obscure, he from the sacrifice

580 To *Cippus* horns converts his steady eyes :

Hail King, to thee, and to those horns of thine,

This place, and *Latian* towers, their rule reign.

Delay not, enter thou the yielding gate.

Hast, *Cippus*, harkt such is the Will of Fate.

Then

## 310 METAMORPHOSIS,

- Thou shalt be crown'd a King upon that day :  
 And safely an eternal Scepter sway.
- 585 He, starting back, from *Rome* diverts his face :  
 And said, you Gods, far hence this Omen chase.  
 Better that I in banishment grow old,  
 Than me, a King, the Capitol behold.  
 Hiding his horns with leavy ornaments,
- 590 The people and grave Senate he converts,  
 Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,  
 And praying first (as was the custom) said:
- Unless expell'd your City, here is one  
 595 Will be your King ; though not by name, yet known  
 By his strange horns. I heard the Augur say,  
 If once in *Rome*, you all should him obey.
- He might unstop'd have entred without fear :  
 But I withstood, though none to me more near.
- 600 But he, *Quirites*, into exile sent:  
 Or, if he merit such a punishment,  
 Bind him in heavy chains, and keep him sure:  
 Or with the Tyrant's death your fears secure.
- The troubled people such a murmuring make ;  
 605 As when far off the roaring surges rake  
 On ratling shoars ; or when loud *Eurus* breaks  
 Through tufted Pines : then one distinctly speaks  
 In this confusion, asking, Which is he ?  
 All seeking for the horns they could not see.
- Cippus* repli'd ; 'Tis I for whom you look.
- 610 Then from his head (with-held) his garland took ;  
 And shew'd the horns which on his forehead grew.  
 Not one but sigh'd, and down his count'nce threw :  
 And those clear brows ( a thing beyond belief )  
 Adorn'd with merit, they behold with grief.
- Nor suffer him his honour to debase :
- 615 But on his head a Laurel Garland place.  
 And since he his own entrance did withstand  
 The Nobles, in due favour, so much Land  
 To *Cippus* gave, as well two Oxen might  
 Round with a Plough from morning until night.
- The monumental figure of his horns,
- 620 So much admir'd, the golden Posts adorns.
- Now Muses, Goddesses of Verse, relate,  
 ( You know, nor years your memory abate )
- How *Aesculapius* in our City found
- 625 A Temple, by circumfluent *Tiber* bound.

A deadly

- A deadly plague the *Latian* air defil'd:  
 Souls from their seats the pale disease exil'd.  
 Wearied with funerals, when physick fail'd ;  
 Nor any human industry prevail'd ;
- 630 They seek celestial aid. To *Delphos* sent,  
 Built in the round Earths navel, and present  
 Their prayers to *Phœbus* ; that he would descend  
 To their relief, and give their woes an end.  
 His Temple, Laurel, and his Quiver shake :
- 635 Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod spake :  
 What here you seek, you nearer should have sought :  
 And seek it nearer yet. *Apollo* ought  
 Not now to cure you, but *Apollo's* Seed.
- 640 Go with success ; and fetch my son with speed.  
 The Senate having heard this Oracle,  
 The City search, where *Phœbus* Son should dwell :  
 The shoar of *Epidaur*e the Legate seeks :
- 645 Their anchouring, h' intreats th' assembled Greeks  
 To send their God : who might th' *Ausonian* State  
 To health restore ; and urg'd the charge of Fate.  
 They vary in opinion, some assent  
 To send this succour ; many, not content  
 To lose their own in giving others aid,
- 650 Strive to retain him, and the rest dissuade.  
 While thus they doubt, the Day declin'd his Light :  
 And Earth-born shadows cloth'd the world in Night.  
 The Health-giving God, in sleep, appears to stand
- 655 As in his Fane : a staff in his left hand ;  
 And stroking with his right his reverend beard ;  
 From his hope-rendring breast these words were heard :  
 Fear not, I come ; my shape I will forsake.
- 660 View, and mark well this staff infolding Snake :  
 Such will I seem, yet shew of greater size ;  
 So great as may a Deity comprise.
- He with the Voice, with him and Voice away  
 Sleep flew : fled Sleep pursu'd by cheerful Day.
- 665 The stars now vanquish'd by the morning flame ;  
 The doubtful Nobles to the Temple came,  
 Intreat him by celestial signs to shew  
 Whether he were content to stay or go.
- This hardly faid, the God in Serpents shroud,
- 670 His high crest gold-like glistening, hit aloud.  
 His Statue, Altar, Gates, the Marble floor,  
 And golden roof, shook at th' approaching Pow'r.

He,

## 312 METAMORPHOSIS,

- He, in his Fane, breast-high his body rais'd :  
Rolling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
- 675 All tremble. The chaste Priest, his tresses ty'd  
With sacred fillet, know the God, and cry'd,  
'Tis he! 'tis he! all you that present are  
Pray with your hearts and tongues: O heav'ly Fair,  
Propitious prove to these who thee implore!
- 680 All that were there the present Power adore ?  
Reiterating what the Priest had said :  
With heart and tongue the *Romans* also pray'd.  
He, by the motion of his lofty crest,  
And doubled hisles, signs to their request.
- 685 Then sliding down the polisht stairs, his look  
Reverts on his old altars; now forsook :  
Salutes his shrine, and Temple deckt with towers ;  
Then creeping on the ground, strewd with fresh flowers,  
Indenteth through the City ; stopping where
- 690 The Harbor is defended by a Peer.  
The following troops, and those whose zeals assist  
In honouring him, with gentle looks dismiss'd ;  
He climbs th' *Ausonian* ship : which felt the weight,  
And sunk with bearing of so great a freight.
- 695 The joyful *Romans* offering an the strand  
A Bull to *Neptune*: anchor weigh, and land  
Forsoke with easie gales. Rais'd on his train,  
He, leaning, looks upon the blue-wav'd Main.
- 700 Through *Ionian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* born,  
They fell with *Italy* on the sixth morn.  
*Lacinian Juno's* Fane, *Scyllæan* shoars,  
*Japygia* past, they shun with nimble oars  
*Amphryssian* rocks; *Ceraunian*, whether cleft;
- 705 *Romechium*, *Caulon*, and *Narycia* left ;  
*Sicilian* Straits o'recome, and wrackful Seas;  
Sail by the mansion of *Hippodates* :  
By *Tenessa*, it metals fruitful ; by  
*Leucosia*, and tho *Pesian* Rosary.
- Near *Capree*, and *Minerva's* Fore-land row,  
710 *Surrentine* hills, where wines so generous grow ;  
*Heraclea*, *Stabiae*, *Naples* born to ease,  
*Cumaean* *Sibyls* Temple: next to these,  
*Hoc Batha*: *Linternum*, sweet with Mastick flow'rs,  
*Vulturum*, who his sandy chanel scours,
- 715 *Sinuessa*, swarming with white Snakes, ill-air'd,  
*Nimuræ*, and where piety prepar'd

- His Nurse a tomb: Forthwith the mansion make  
Of fell *Antiphates*; and then the Lake.  
Besieged *Trachas*: Thence directly bore  
To *Circe's Isle*, and *Astium's* solid shore.
- 720 The Sea now swelling high, this harbour holds  
The Sail-wing'd ship. The God his wreaths unfolds;  
And, with huge doublings, o're the yellow sand  
Slides to his father's Temple on that strand:  
Rough waves asswag'd, the *Epidaurian Guest*  
His fathers' Altar leaves; to Seaward preft,  
725 Slicing the sandy shore with rustling scales:  
And, by her stern the ship ascending, fails:  
Till he to *Castrum*, to *Lavinia's* name.  
Retaining Seat, and mouth of *Tyber* came.  
All hither throng; sons, daughters, mothers, fires;
- 730 The Nuns who keep the *Phrygian Vesta's* fires,  
With loud salutes of joy. On either side  
The River, as the Veil stems the tide,  
Altars, with incense fed, the air perfume:
- 735 And knives from sacrifices heat assume.  
*Rome* entring, the Worlds Head, He winds about  
The lofty Mast; and from on high thrusts out  
His glittering head, to chuse a fitting place.
- 740 The arms of *Tyber* do an Isle embrace,  
Which equal stream from either bank divides;  
Thither *Apollo's* sacred Serpent slides,  
Who now, celestial shape assuming, ends  
Their miseries, and health to all extends.
- 745 He here, a foreign Power, makes his abode.  
In his own City *Cesar* is a God.  
Glorious in Peace and War: Whom wars furcease  
With triumphs crown'd, his government in peace.  
Nor race of wonder with such quickness run;
- 750 More make a blazing Star, than his great Son.  
For of all *Cesars* acts, none may compare  
With his adopting so divine an Heir.  
For, was it more r' o'ecome the *British Isle*;  
Fili the seven mouths of paper-bearing *Nile*
- 755 With conquering sails? *Numidian* rebelling  
In *Mithridates* to subject to *Rome*?  
Meriting many, to triumph for some?  
Than him beget, in whose dominion  
The Gods so abundantly have favour'd man?
- To the other they a Deity decreed?

## 374 METAMORPHOSIS,

- 750 That this might not from mortal birth proceed.  
 Which when fair *Venus* saw; and saw withal,  
 Conspiring weapons threat the High-Priests fall;  
 Her colour fled: To every God she met,  
 She said, behold, what snares for me are set!
- 755 To murther me in him how Treason strives;  
 Who only of *Julus* race survives!  
 Still must I undeferv'd afflictions bear!  
 How lately wounded by *Tydides* spear!
- 760 Now ill defended *Troy* again is lost:  
 My son *Eneas*, with long errors lost  
 On wrathful Seas, I saw descend to Hell!  
 Then war with *Turmus*; or, the truth to tell,  
 With *Juno* rather, How remember I
- 765 Old harms sustain'd in my posterity!  
 I, through this fear, all former fears forget.  
 Lo, they their wicked swords against me whet:  
 O help! restrain their furies! nor, for shame,  
 With th' High-Priests bloud extinguish *Vesta*'s flame.
- Thus through all heav'n, her sorrows vainly speak;
- 770 And melt the Gods: Whosince they could not break  
 The ancient Sisters adamantine doom,  
 By sure Ostents demonstrate Woes to come.  
 Arms, clashing in the air with clouds o're-cast:  
 Terrible Trumpets, and the Cornet's blast,
- 775 Proclaim the murther: *Sol*'s afflicted look,  
 And pale eclipse, the World with terror strook.  
 Oft, Meteors through the air their flames extend:  
 Oft, drops of blood from purple clouds descend.  
 Black rust obscures dim *Lucifer*'s aspect:
- 780 And *Cynthia*'s chariot bloody stains infect.  
 The *Stygian* Owl each where disturbs their sleep  
 With ominous screeches: Ivory Statues weep.  
 The sacred Groves resound with yelling cries,  
 And fearful menaces. No sacrifice
- 785 The Gods appease: The headless inwards show  
 Signs of succeding Tumults, Death, and Wo.  
 Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,  
 And holy Temples howl. From sad abodes  
 The Dead arise, and wander here and there:
- 790 *Rome* trembling, both with Earthquakes, and with fear  
 These warnings of the Gods no changes wrought  
 In Fate, or Treason. Murd'rous swords were brought  
 In to the Temple: For no place might sore  
 2. With such a slaughter, but the sacred Court.

Th

- Then *Venus* smote her breast: Who sought to shrowd  
And snatch him thence in that Æthereal cloud,  
Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage convey'd:  
And freed *Eneas* from *Tyndides* blade.
- Daughter, said *Jove*, canst thou resist the doom  
Of conquering Fates? Into their mansion come:  
There shalt thou see Decrees that needs must pass,
- Writ in huge folds of solid steel and brass,  
Which safe, eternal, ever fixed there,  
My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruin fear.  
In lasting Adamant there maist thou read,  
What shall to thy great Progeny succeed.
- I read, remember well, and will relate
- What may inform thee in succeeding fate,  
He, whom thou striv'st to save, his Race hath run  
Of Time and Glory: Whom thou, and his Son  
Shall make in heav'n a God; on Earth, with pray'r  
And Temples dignify'd. His names great Heir
- Alone his load shall bear; and strongly shall  
By our conduct revenge his Fathers fall.
- By his good fortune *Mutina* shall own  
To him her peace: *Pbarfalian* fields shall low,  
With blood; blood twice *Philippi* shall imbrue:
- On red *Sicilian* Seas he shall subdue  
A mighty name. Th' *Egyptian* Spouse shall fall,  
Ill trusting to her *Roman* General;  
To make our stately *Capitol* obey  
Her proud *Canopus*, shall in vain assay.
- What need I of these barbarous people tell,  
And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell?
- He shall the habitable Earth command;  
And stretch his Empire over Sea and Land.  
Peace giv'n to Earth; he shall convert his care  
To civil Rule, just Laws; and by his fair  
Example virtue guide. Then looking to
- The future times, and Nephews to enue:  
A Son shall bless him from an holy womb,  
To him he shall resign his name, and room:  
Nor shall, till full of age, ascend th' abodes  
Of heav'nly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.
- Meanwhile from this slain corps his Soul convey  
Unto the Stars, and give it a clear Ray:  
That *Julius* may with friendly influence  
Shine on our Capitol and Court from thence.

This

## 316 METAMORPHOSIS,

- This said : Invisible fair *Venus* stood  
Amid the Senate ; from his corps, with blood  
 845 Defil'd, her *Cæsar's* new-fled spirit bare  
To heaven, nor suffer'd to resolve to air.  
And, as in her soft bosom born, she might  
Perceive it take a Power, and gather light,  
When once let loose, it forthwith upward flew ;  
And after it long blazing tresses drew.
- 850 The radiant Star his Sons great acts beheld ;  
Out-shining his : And joy'd to be excell'd.  
Though he would have his Fathers deeds prefer'd  
Before his own : Yet free-tongu'd Fame deser'd  
By no commandment, yields n̄ avoided Bayes  
To his clear brows ; and but in this gain-says :
- 855 So *Astreus* yields to *Agamemnon's* fame ;  
*Egeus* so to *Theseus* : *Peleus* name  
Stoops to *Achilles*. That I may confer  
Th' illustrious to their equals, *Jupiter*  
So *Saturn* raps. *Jove* rules the arched sky ;  
And triple world ; the Earths vast Monarchy
- 860 T' *Augustus* bowes : Both Fathers, and both sway.  
You Gods, *Aeneas* guides, who made your way  
Through fire and sword ; you Gods of men become ;  
*Quirinus*, Father of triumphant *Rome* ;  
Thou *Mars*, invincible *Quirinus* Sire,  
Chast *Vesta*, with thy ever-burning fire,  
Among great *Cæsar's* Household-Gods inshrin'd ;  
Domestick *Phebus*, with his *Vesta* join'd ;  
 865 Thou *Jove* whom in *Tarpeian* towers we adore ;  
And You, all You, whom Poets may emplore :  
Slow be that day, and after I am dead,  
Wherein *Augustus*, of the world the Head,  
Leaving the Earth, shall unto heav'n repair ;
- 870 And favour those that seek to him by prayer.  
And now the work is ended, which *Jove's* rage,  
Nor fire, nor sword shall raze, nor eating Age.  
Come when it will my deaths uncertain hour ;  
Which of this body only hath a power :  
Yet shall my better part transcend the skie ;
- 875 And my immortal name shall never die.  
For wherefo're the *Roman* Eagles spred  
Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read :  
And, if we Poets true presages give,  
I, in my Fame, eternally shall live.

F. I. N. I. S.

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